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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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JAN. 8, 1921

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A PASTEL BY NEYSA McMEIN

GEORGE WESTON – FREDERICK ORIN BARTLETT – W. L. GEORGE
ISAAC F. MARCOSSON – IRVIN S. COBB – GEORGE KIBBE TURNER

Don't overlook Fruit in the Winter Menu

What You Can Do With a Can of Apricots

From a single No. 2½ can of DEL MONTE Apricots, it is possible to make either three or four different dishes, one for each meal of the day, and in adequate portions to serve six people. And this economy of DEL MONTE Apricots, as shown below, is but an illustration of the easy, practical economy of the whole DEL MONTE line.

GROUP ONE

Four dishes made from one can of Apricots

Apricot Omelet (For Breakfast)

Beat 5 egg yolks until light, add ½ cup of warm water and fold in 5 stiffly beaten egg whites. Melt 1 tablespoon of fat in a frying pan and tip the pan so that it is thoroughly greased. Pour in the well-seasoned omelet mixture and bake. Drain and slice ½ cup (½ can) Del Monte Apricots. Spread ½ the omelet with part of these and fold. Turn out on a platter, garnish with the remainder of the Apricots and serve immediately.

Apricot Jelly (For Luncheon)

Apricot Jelly may be served with mayonnaise as a salad or with a custard sauce as a light dessert. Dissolve 1 envelope of softened gelatine in 1 cup of boiling water. Add the syrup from the one can of Del Monte Apricots—about 1½ cups—½ cup of sugar and the juice of one orange. Pour into a wet mold and set aside until firm.

Apricot Compote (For Dinner)

A nourishing dessert, healthful even for the children. Drain and arrange ½ cup (½ can) Del Monte Apricots in individual greased molds, pack with boiled rice, cover and steam 15 minutes. Serve with cream or a sweet sauce.

Apricot Relish

Delicious with either meat or fish. To ½ cup (½ can) Del Monte Apricots—the remainder of our can—mashed, add the juice and grated rind of 1 orange, ½ teaspoon each of cinnamon and nutmeg, ½ cup of vinegar and ½ cup of brown sugar. Cook until thick.

GROUP TWO

Three dishes made from one can of Apricots

Apricot Cereal Chops (For Breakfast)

Make a stiff mush from 1½ cups of boiling salted water and ½ cup of oatmeal. Pour into a wet loaf pan and cool. Cut in thick slices and shape to resemble chops, roll in crumbs and brown in a frying pan. Insert short lengths of uncooked macaroni in one end, arrange on a hot platter, surround with ½ cup (½ can) Del Monte Apricots and serve all with the hot syrup from the Apricots.

Apricot and Pimiento Salad (For Luncheon)

Slice ½ cup (½ can) Del Monte Apricots and 3 Del Monte Red Pimientos, arrange on lettuce and serve with either mayonnaise or French dressing.

Individual Apricot Charlotte Russe (For Dinner)

Cut a sponge cake into squares and split each square. On each layer place slices of Del Monte Apricots, about ½ cup (the remaining ½ can). Dot the top of each piece with whipped cream and serve.

SEND FOR THIS BOOK

"Del Monte Recipes of Flavor," our new book, containing hundreds of similarly economical ways to serve canned foods, will help you add tasty, healthful variety to mid-winter meals. Send for a free copy; address Department E, California Packing Corporation, San Francisco, Cal.

The DEL MONTE shield on canned foods stands for highest quality and finest flavor, insured by a rigid and scientific inspection made possible only through long experience and ceaseless devotion to the DEL MONTE ideal of perfection.

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Prove the supreme goodness of DEL MONTE products by serving them now. Let the high quality of the many varieties in the DEL MONTE line add to your daily enjoyment in supplying the fresher elements so necessary to the well-balanced winter menu.

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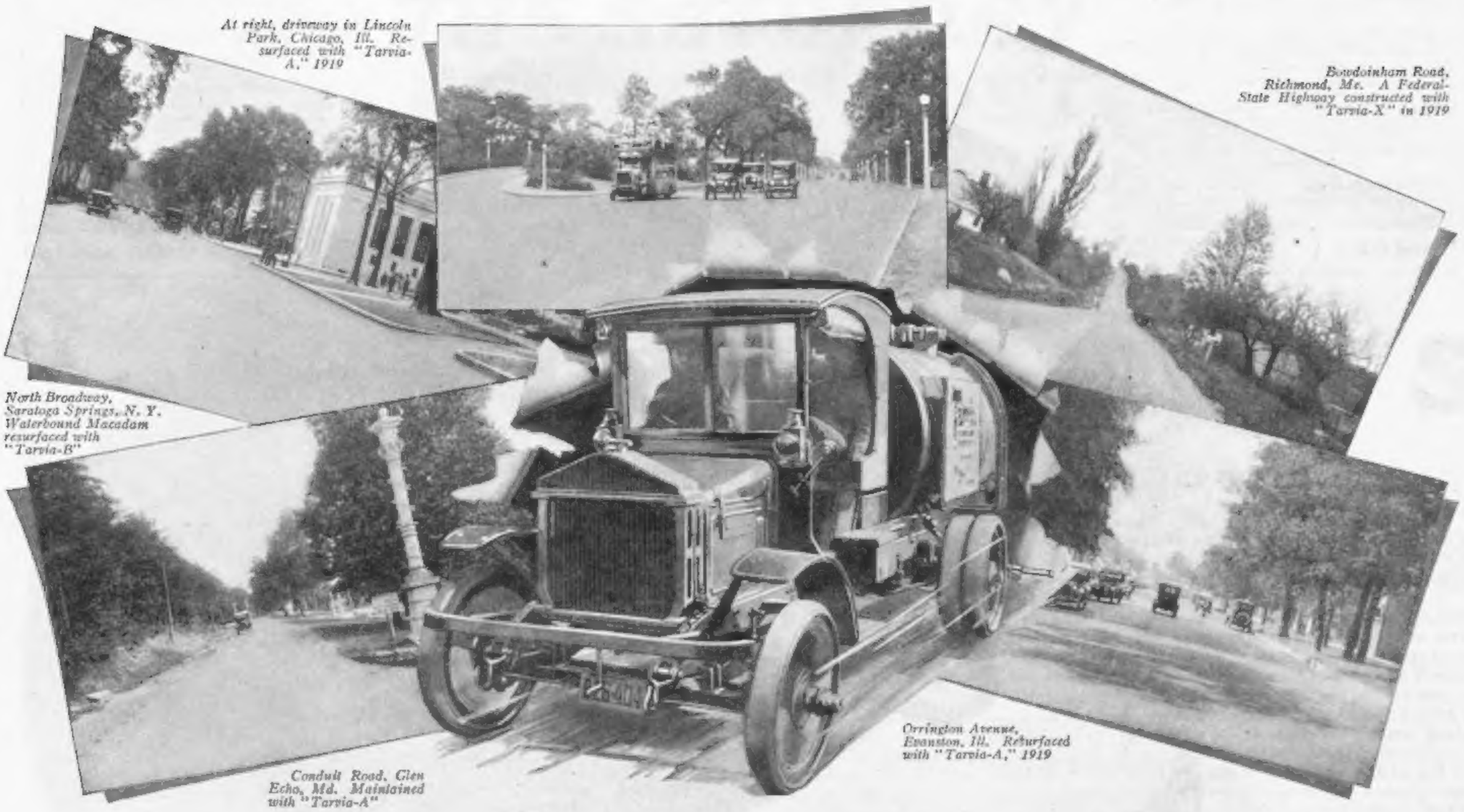
At right, driveway in Lincoln Park, Chicago, Ill. Resurfaced with "Tarvia-A." 1919
Bowdoinham Road, Richmond, Me. A Federal-State Highway constructed with "Tarvia-X" in 1919
North Broadway, Saratoga Springs, N. Y. Waterbound Macadam resurfaced with "Tarvia-B"
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Orrington Avenue, Evanston, Ill. Resurfaced with "Tarvia-A," 1919

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JAN SMUTS

By Isaac F. Marcosson

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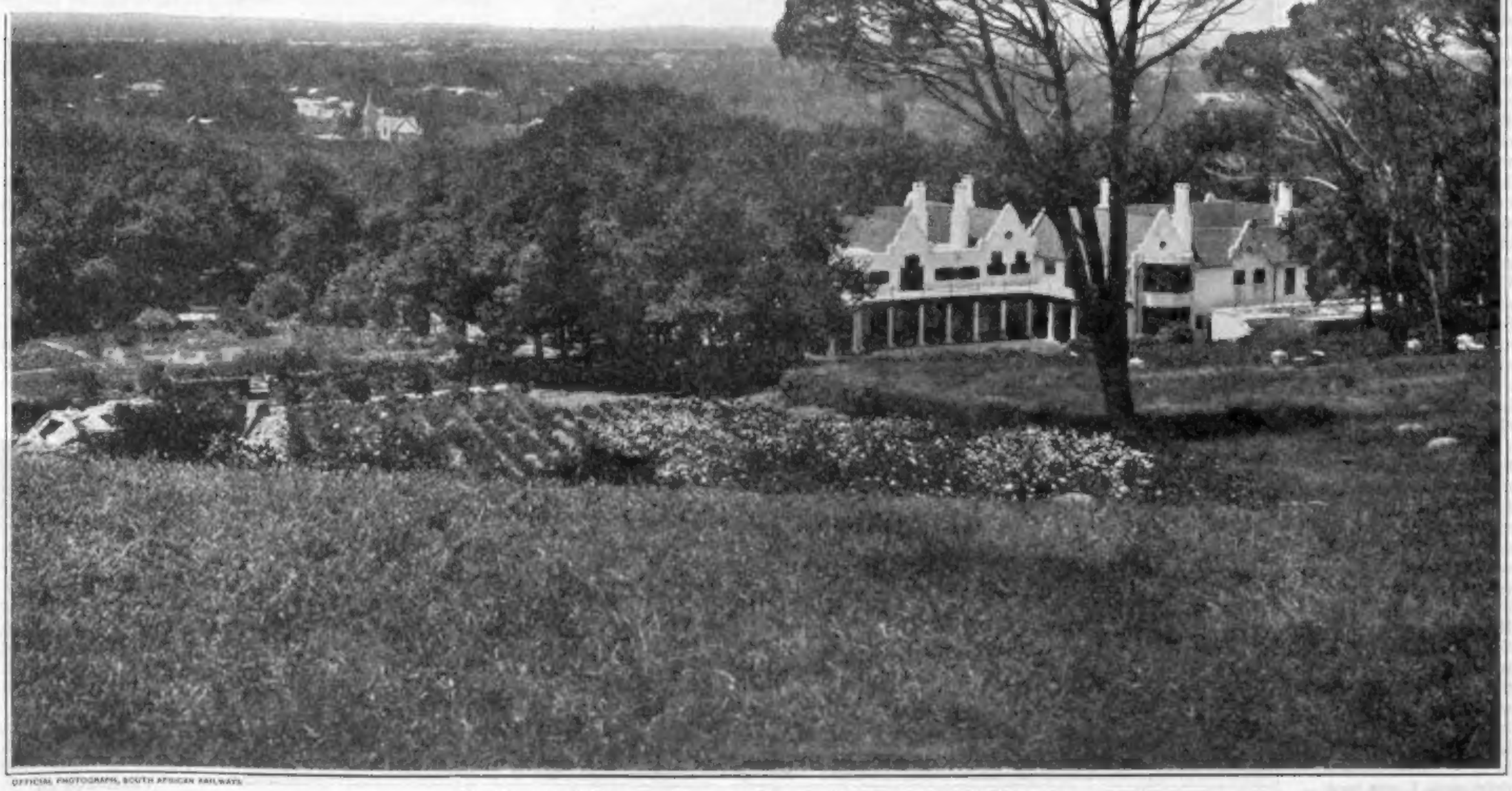
Right Hon. J. C. Smuts

TURN the searchlight on the political and economic chaos that has followed the Great War and you find a surprising lack of real leadership. Out of the mists that enshroud the world welter only three commanding personalities emerge. In England, Lloyd George survives amid the storm of party clash and civil discord. Down in Greece, Venizelos remains an impressive figure of high ideals and uncompromising patriotism. Smuts, youngest of the trio, looms up as the most brilliant statesman of his day, and his career has just entered upon a new phase.

He is the dominating actor in a drama that not only affects the destiny of the whole British Empire, but has significance for every civilized nation. The quality of striking contrast has always been his. The one-time Boer general, who fought Roberts and Kitchener twenty years ago, is battling to-day with equal tenacity for the integrity of the imperial union born of that war. Not in all history, perhaps, is revealed a more picturesque situation than obtains in South Africa to-day. You have the whole Nationalist movement crystallized into a single compelling episode. In a word, it is present-day Ireland duplicated without violence.

I met General Smuts often during the Great War. He stood out as the most intellectually alert and in some respects the most distinguished figure along the array of nation guiders with whom I talked, and I interviewed them all. I saw him as he sat in the British War Cabinet when the German hosts were sweeping across the Western Front and when the German submarines were making a shambles of the high seas. I heard him speak with persuasive force on public occasions, and he was like a beacon in the gloom. He had come to England in 1917 as the representative of General Botha, the Prime Minister of the Union of South Africa, to attend the imperial conference and to remain a comparatively short time. So great was the need of him that he did not go home until after the peace had been signed. He signed the treaty under protest, because he believed it was uneconomic, and it has developed into the irritant that he prophesied it would be.

In those war days when we forgathered Smuts often talked of the world that would be. The real father of the League-of-Nations idea, he believed that out of the immense travail would develop a larger fraternity, economically sound and without sentimentality; in plain language, a brotherhood without bunk. It was a great and yet a practical dream.



OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH, SOUTH AFRICAN RAILWAYS

The House and Gardens at Groote Schuur, With Capetown in the Distance

More than once he asked me to come to South Africa. I needed little urging. From my boyhood the land of Cecil Rhodes has always held a lure for me. Smuts invested it with fresh interest. So I went.

The Smuts that I found at close range on his native heath, wearing the mantle of the departed Botha, carrying on a government with a minority and with the shadow of an internecine war brooding on the horizon, was the same serene, clear-thinking strategist who had raised his voice in the Allied councils.

Then the enemy was the German and the task was to destroy the menace of militarism. Now it was his own unreconstructed Boer—blood of his blood—and behind that Boer the larger problem of a rent and dissatisfied universe, waging peace as bitterly as it waged war. Smuts the dreamer was again Smuts the fighter, with the fight of his life on his hands.

Thus it came about that I found myself in Capetown. Everybody goes out to South Africa from England on those Union Castle boats so familiar to all readers of English novels. Like the P. & O. vessels that Kipling wrote about in his Indian stories, they are among the favorite first aids to the makers of fiction. Hosts of heroes in books—and some in real life—sail each year to their romantic fate aboard them.

It was the first day of the South African winter when I arrived, but back here in America spring was in full bloom. I looked out on the same view that had thrilled the Portuguese adventurers of the fifteenth century when they swept for the first time into Table Bay. Behind the harbor rose Table Mountain, and stretching from it downward to the sea was a land with verdure clad; aglare with the African sun that was to scorch my path for months to come.

Critical Days in the Statesman's Career

CAPETOWN nestles at the foot, so to speak, of a vast flat-topped mass of granite unique among the natural elevations of the world. She is another melting pot. Here mingle Kafir and Boer, Basuto and Britisher, East Indian and Zulu. The hardy rancher and fortune hunter from the North Country rub shoulders with the globe trotter. In the bustling streets modern taxicabs vie for space with antiquated hansoms bearing names like Never Say Die, Home Sweet Home or Honeysuckle. All the horse-drawn public vehicles have names.

You get a familiar feel of America in this South African country, and especially in the Cape Colony, which is a place of fruits, flowers and sunshine resembling our own California. There is the sense of newness in the atmosphere, and something of the abandon that you encounter among the people of Australia and certain parts of Canada. It comes from life spent in the open and the spirit of pioneering that within a comparatively short time has wrested a huge domain from the savage.

What strikes the observer at once is the sharp conflict of race, first between black and white, and then between Briton and Boer. South of the Zambesi River—and this includes practically the whole Union of South Africa—the native outnumbers the white six to one, and he is increasing at a much greater rate than the European. Race lies at the root of the whole South African trouble, and the racial reconciliation that Rhodes and Botha set their hopes upon remains an elusive quantity.

I got a hint of what Smuts was up against the moment I arrived. I had cabled him of my coming, and he sent an orderly to the steamer with a note of welcome inviting me to lunch with him at the House of Parliament the next day. In the letter, among other things, he said, "You will find this a really interesting country, full of curious problems." How curious they were I was soon to find out.

I called for him at his modest book-lined office in a street behind the Parliament Buildings, and we walked together to the House. Heretofore I had only seen him in the uniform of a lieutenant general in the British Army. Now he wore a loose-fitting sack suit, and a slouch hat was jammed down on his head. In the change from khaki to mufti—and few men can stand up under this transition without losing some of the character of their personal appearance—he remained a striking figure. There is something wistful in his face, an indescribable look that projects itself not only through you, but far beyond. It is not exactly preoccupation, but a highly developed concentration. This look seemed to be enhanced by the ordeal through which he was then passing. In his springy walk was a suggestion of pugnacity. His whole manner was that of a man in action and who exults in it. Roosevelt had the same characteristic, but he displayed it with much more animation.

We sat down in the crowded dining room of the House of Parliament, where the Prime Minister had invited a group of Cabinet Ministers and leading business men of Capetown. Around us seethed a noisy swirl which reflected the turmoil of the South African political situation. Parliament had just convened after a historic election in which the Nationalists, the bitter antagonists of Botha and Smuts, had elected a majority of representatives for the first time. Smuts was hanging on to the Premiership by his teeth. A sharp division of vote, likely at any moment, would have overthrown the government. It meant the accession of a régime hostile to Britain.

In that restaurant, as throughout the whole Union, Smuts was at that moment literally the observed of all observers. Far off in London the powers that be were praying that this blond and bearded Boer could successfully man the imperial breach. Yet he sat there smiling and unafraid, and the company that he had assembled discussed a variety of subjects that ranged from the fall in exchange to the possibilities of the wheat crop in America.

That luncheon was the first of various meetings with Smuts. Some were amid the tumult of debate or in the shadow of the legislative halls; others out in the country at Groote Schuur, the Prime Minister's residence, where we walked amid the gardens that Cecil Rhodes loved, or sat in the rooms where that Colossus thought in terms of continents. It was a liberal education.

Before we can go into what Smuts said during these interviews it is important to know briefly the whole approach to the crowded hour that is making the fullest test of his resource and statesmanship. Clearly to understand it you must first know something about the Boer and his long, stubborn struggle for independence which ended in the battle and blood of the Boer War.

Capetown, the melting pot, is merely a miniature of the larger boiling caldron of race which is the Union of South Africa. In America we also have an astonishing mixture of bloods, but with the exception of the Bolshevists our population is loyally dedicated to the American flag and the institutions it represents. With us Latin, Slav, Celt and Saxon have blended the strain that proved its mettle as Americans all under the Stars and Stripes in France. We have given succor and sanctuary to the oppressed of many lands, and these foreign elements in the main have not only been grateful, but have proved to be distinct assets in our national expansion. We are a merged people.

With South Africa the situation is somewhat different. The roots of civilization there were planted by the Dutch in the days of the Dutch East India Company, when Holland was a mighty world power. The Dutchman is a tenacious and stubborn person.

Although the Huguenots emigrated to the Cape in considerable force in the seventeenth century and intermarried with the transplanted Hollanders, the Dutch strain, and with it the Dutch characteristics, predominated, and they have helped to shape South African history ever since. This is why the Boer is still referred to in popular parlance as a Dutchman.

The Dutch have always been a proud and liberty-loving people, as the Duke of Alva and the Spaniards learned to their cost. This inherited desire for freedom has flamed in the hearts of the Boers. In the early African days they preferred to journey on to the wild and unknown places rather than sacrifice their independence. What is known as The Great Trek of the thirties, which opened up the Transvaal and subsequently the Orange Free State and Natal, was due entirely to unrest among the Cape Boers. There is something of the epic in the narrative of those doughty, psalm-singing trekkers who, like the Mormons in the American West, went forth in their canvas-covered wagons with a rifle in one hand and the Bible in the other. They fought the savage, endured untold hardships and met Fate with a grim smile on their lips. It took Britain nearly three costly years to subdue their descendants, an untrained army of farmers. When you see the people and the land you understand the reason why.

The Boer Liking for Aloofness

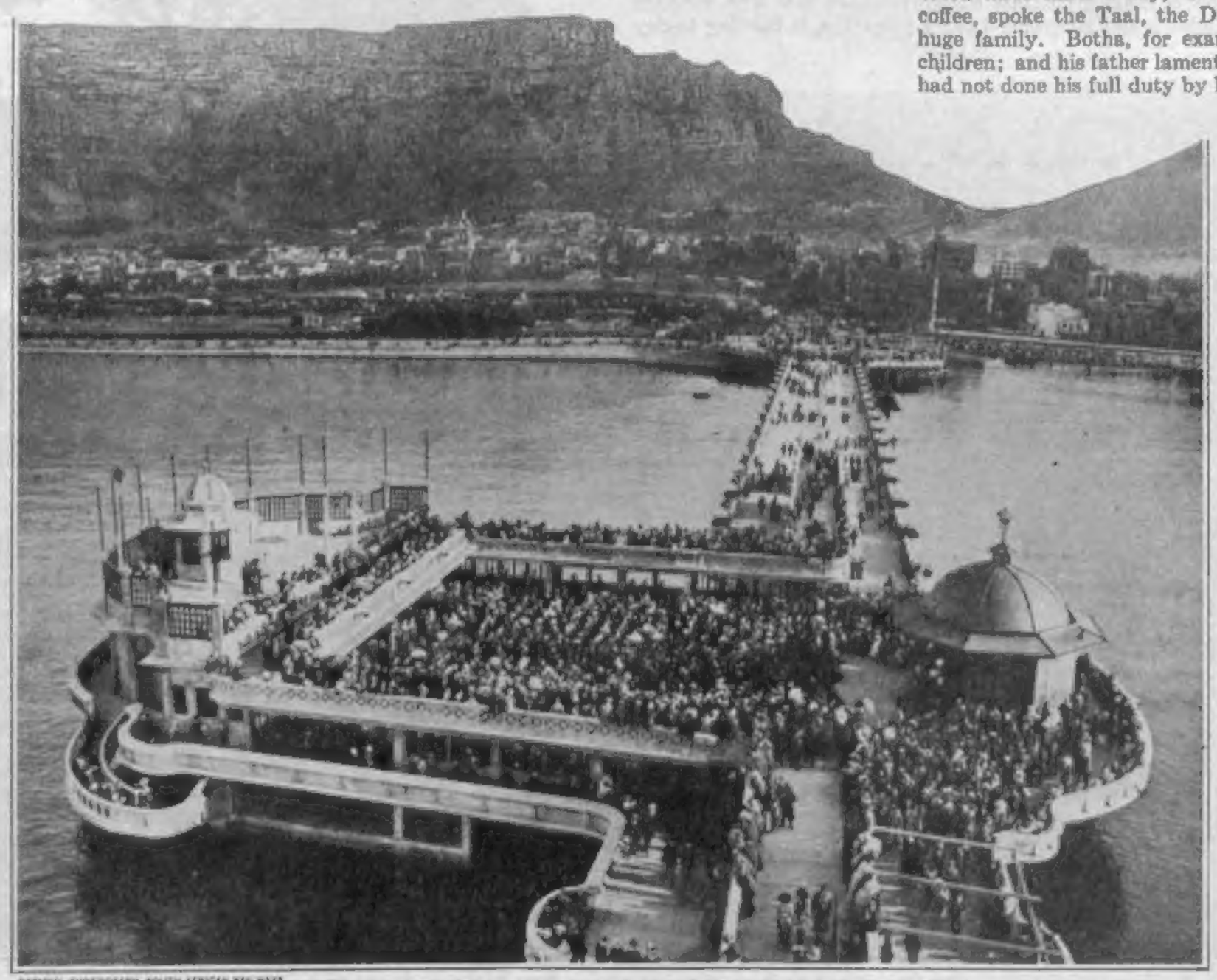
A REVELATION of the Boer character, therefore, is an index to the South African tangle of to-day. His enemies call the Boer a combination of cunning and childishness. As a matter of fact, the Boer is distinct among individualists. Oom Paul Kruger was a type. A fairly familiar story will concretely illustrate what lies within and behind the race. On one occasion his thumb was nearly severed in an accident. With his pocket knife he cut off the finger, bound up the wound with a rag and went about his business.

The old Boer—and the type survives—was a Puritan who loved his five-thousand-acre farm, where he could neither see nor hear his neighbors; who read the Good Word three times a day, drank prodigious quantities of coffee, spoke the Taal, the Dutch dialect, and reared a huge family. Botha, for example, was one of thirteen children; and his father lamented to his dying day that he had not done his full duty by his country!

Isolation was the Boer fetish. This instinct for aloofness—principally racial—animates the sincere wing of the Nationalist Party to-day. Men like Botha and Smuts and their followers adapted themselves to assimilation, but there remained the bitter-end element that rebelled in arms against the constituted authority in 1914. This element now seeks to achieve through more peaceful ends what it sought to do by force the moment Britain became involved in the Great War. The reason for the revolt of 1914, in a paragraph, was Britain's call to arms. The unreconstructed Boers refused to fight for the power that humbled them in 1902. They seized the moment to make a try for what they called emancipation.

To go back for a moment—when the British conquered the

(Continued on Page 36)



OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH, SOUTH AFRICAN RAILWAYS

The Adderley Street Pier, Capetown. The City Nestles at the Foot of a Vast Flat-Topped Mass of Granite

THE OPEN DOOR

By George Weston

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE E. WOLFE

AS YOU leave the elevator on the top floor of the Palatine Building you see a long hall that may vaguely remind you of those old cloisters which were built in an age when commerce was written with a small "c" and the ladies no more thought of doing the shimmy than men dreamed of questioning the divine right of kings. Especially on a holiday, when the light was dim, you could almost imagine that you were in the hall of a long line of cells in which monks were bending over their books or mending their other tunics or even exchanging—in whispers—a bit of that spicy gossip in which old men have ever excelled the ladies. But if you had been there on the day and hour when this, our story, opens, you would have seen at once that whatever might have been the keynotes of the business carried on behind that double line of doors, poverty, celibacy and fixed rules of discipline were certainly not among them.

With each arrival of the elevator prosperous-looking men passed down the hall and disappeared into offices which let out a crescendo of modern business music as the doors opened and shut—a crescendo of music whose tempo was the staccato of typewriters—allegretto, con spirito, con furia—according to the skill of the martial maidens who so incessantly punished their machines. Young clerks came and went to the tune of the same music, worldly-wise beyond their years, and looking like young Atlases with little worlds of business on their shoulders. Uniformed messenger boys came and went with messages in the crowns of their caps, their legs and minds already in long trousers, though the down of youth was still upon their cheeks. From their wilted appearance you would have seen that the city was sweltering in the heat of a summer afternoon; and from the manner of their arrival and departure you would have seen that in spite of the heat each was on a definite errand, all had some place to go.

All? Well, nearly all. At the moment when this story opens Marley stepped out of the elevator, and though he walked briskly for a few steps in order to deceive the elevator man, as soon as the car had dropped from sight he walked uncertainly to a window which overlooked the baking city below and stood there irresolute, resting a valise on the sill.

"I ought to have kept at it this morning when it was cooler," he told himself, "instead of dodging into the public library and reading Hydriotaphia. However, better a late start, I suppose, than none at all."

He walked to the end of the hall slowly, as though to muffled drums. Then suddenly throwing his shoulders back and assuming that look of cheerful confidence which was so strongly recommended in his Instruction Book for Salesmen, he opened the door of the last office and briskly stepped inside. Almost immediately he was stopped by a railing, beyond which sat an office boy fanning himself like a sybaritic young Cerberus guarding the Kingdom of Dis.

"I'd like to see the lady who has charge of buying your typewriter supplies," began Marley, still with that air of cheerful confidence which the book so strongly recommended.

"Will you please take her this card?"

"This Letter. It's Been Following Me Round the City for the Last Six Weeks"

The card was a large affair, with the following line printed in red ink in the corner: "Presented by Mellwyn A. Marley."

"Nothin' doin'," said the boy. "Girls are busy, and we got all the supplies we want."

"Just a moment, please. I have a very special offer ——"

"Nothin' doin', nothin' doin'!" repeated the sybaritic young Cerberus, carelessly dropping the card in his waste-basket.

Marley smiled—or at least he tried to—and essayed a bit of that old-time courtesy with which he sometimes tried to save his self-respect.

"I thank you. Good day," said he, and closed himself out in the hall.

At the next door he paused again, irresolute for a few moments, his heart sinking as he knew it would always sink at the probable rebuff before him.

"All our supplies bought by purchasing agent downtown," the next young Cerberus barked up at him.

"I thank you," said Marley, and again he closed himself out into the hall as though thankful for the privacy which the corridor afforded him. At the third door he almost forgot the air of cheerful confidence so strongly recommended by the instruction book, and at the thirteenth door it was completely gone—finally faded like the last fading grin of She of Cheshire. Coming out of the fourteenth door he found a man in a blue uniform waiting for him.

"Look here, my friend," began the latter, looking anything but friendly, "did'n'cher see that sign downstairs—'No Canvassers Allowed In This Building'? I'm a special officer—see this badge?—and I want to tell you to beat it while the beating's good."

"I thank you for your courtesy," said Marley with a grave little bow.

"None o' your kiddin' now! Beat it!"

"Thank you, I will."

As Marley rang for the elevator a line of the classics, almost forgotten, rose to his memory:

> Adversity stretcheth our days, and trouble makes such tedious nights that Time forgetteth its wings.

"It's right, God knows," sighed Marley as he stepped into the car. "Still," he reflected, "there's always one way out."

II

THIS last idea—this one way out—had been growing rapidly in Marley's mind of late. The seed had probably fallen there when the judge had sentenced him to his year's imprisonment—the sentence to be suspended as long as he behaved and didn't get himself into trouble again. As a matter of fact, he had always been something of a fatalist, as classical students are apt to be, and if arrest and conviction had been planned beforehand for him, why not this other thing as well? If nothing more, there was a certain dignity to it; and whether or not it ended mortal troubles, at least there was a sporting chance, and it ought to be worth a try.

Upon reaching the lobby he stood round for a few minutes, in no particular hurry to venture out into the heat-baked street; but catching sight of Old Boy Blue coming toward him again as though on pleasure bent he stepped out and crossed the street. There was a pawnshop there, with an awning over its window that made a patch of shade upon the sidewalk. For a time Marley stood there looking at the heat waves that rose from the asphalt and mopping his face with a handkerchief which he had washed himself the night before.

"I ought to have kept at it this morning," he reproached himself again. "Unless she gets her four dollars to-night she won't unlock my room; and if I can't get in ——"

It came to him then with a faint shock of surprise that he wouldn't greatly care if he couldn't get in.

"If she doesn't let me in, I'll have to stay out—that's all," he quietly reasoned; and summing world-old doubts into a world-old question, he as quietly sighed and asked himself, "What's the use?"

For one thing, as lately he had begun to see for the first time, other men had incentive and he had none.

"They either have families—or mean to have them," he thought, "or else they're full of ambition, or something like

She Sang it Gently, as Though Not to Waken the Night

that. Myself, though, somehow this last six months I haven't cared much whether school keeps or not—and just lately I haven't cared at all. Maybe that's why I'm such a poor salesman," he added with a dim flash of insight. "I don't really care a great deal whether I sell or not, and so I have no steam."

At that he gave himself a rueful smile and turned to a puzzle which had occupied his mind of late.

"I wonder how it's all going to end," he thought, still gazing out at the sun-baked street. "'Every situation that has a beginning must in reason have an end.' Well, mine certainly had a beginning, and it seems to me just lately that it's getting near the end. Now what do you want?" he asked below his breath.

A cop was strolling by and giving him a long, hard look—taking him in from his shabby derby to his equally shabby shoes.

"Perhaps he thinks he knows me," thought Marley, wincing a little, as he always did when the memory of his arrest came back to him. "He looks as though he'll go to the corner and then come back and tell me to beat it while the beating's good."

One of his odd thoughts came to him then.

"To beat it while the beating's good," he repeated. "That could be taken in more ways than one."

As though to pretend that he was there on business, Marley turned and looked into the pawnshop window.

It was then, for the first time, that he saw the gun.

III

IN A VELVET tray it lay—an automatic, twenty-five caliber, of the size which is generally described as vest pocket. Had it been an ordinary revolver, rusty round the cylinder, its hammer raised like an adder's head, Marley would hardly have looked at it once, and then perhaps with a shudder. But there was something paradoxical in its size that appealed to him, as a Chesterton essay appealed to him, or the biting satires of Juvenal.

"'Six shots—twenty dollars,'" he read. "Just to think, if this pretty little Delilah could speak at the right time and place, six of the greatest living Samsons would pass right out—as through an open door—and go to solve whatever mysteries there are on the other side."

It was, indeed, a pretty thing in spite of its possibilities. Its barrel was an iridescent blue that gleamed like the darkest shade of a peacock's feather, and its grip was mother-of-pearl. One might imagine such a weapon guarding the jewels of Beauty—small enough, as it was, to lay hidden in the hand; but as deadly, for its purpose, as the gun of a battleship.

"Delilah, yes," thought Marley, still staring as though fascinated, "and doesn't even have to bother to cut their hair. And whatever there is on the other side of the door, it can't be any worse for me than this side has been for the last twelve months—yes, and getting worse all the time."

Another of his odd thoughts came to him.

"Such a dainty little thing, you are," he continued, "and such a brilliant conversationalist too. All you have to do is to make one short remark, and after that a man wouldn't have to bother about room rent or doctor's bills or shabby clothes or people he used to know being ashamed to speak to him now—or anything else in the world."

Indeed the longer he looked at it the more he experienced a growing desire to own it, if only to feel his hand round its grip, to know that it was in his pocket, to take it out unobserved and weigh it in his hand and admire its workmanship—and reflect upon the epic possibilities of the thing.

"Six shots—twenty dollars," he read again, suddenly nodding his head. "All right, Delilah, I'm going to try for you."

IV

THERE was purpose in Mell's step as he braved the heat-baked street again and made for an office building round the corner; and having arrived there, there was purpose in the manner with which he opened the farthest door on the top floor and spoke to young Cerberus. The air of cheerful confidence so strongly recommended by the instruction book was gone, and in his eyes instead was a glance that said, "You throw my card in the basket, young bucko, and I'll throw you right in after it."

His first four calls, though received with respect, were empty of results, but at the fifth Purpose began to win, as Purpose always wins when matched to battle with I-Don't-Greatly-Care.

Over the railing a girl in the corner was frowning at a letter she had written. Putting it down, she began to examine the ribbon on her machine.

"Ah-ha," thought Mell, reading the signs; and quite unheeding Cerberus he called out, "Ribbon getting worn?"

"Yes," she said, "I think it's torn."

Still paying no heed to Cerberus, Mell swung the gate and strode to her desk.

"I'm just in time," he said. "That's my business—typewriter ribbons and carbon papers. You want the same color? Then if you like I'll put a new ribbon on for you, and you won't have to dirty your hands."

"Well," she hesitated, "I certainly do need a new one."

"It's always best to keep a few ribbons on hand," began Mell as he worked. "I'll show you my combination offer in a minute—six ribbons with a box of carbon papers thrown in for nothing."

That night when the sales manager looked over Mell's report sheet he permitted himself a grudging nod of approval.

"You're looking up," he said.

"Yes, thank you," said Mell. "Five good names there. I'd like an advance of five dollars, please."

As he started for the elevated a few minutes later he went out of his way to have another look at Delilah.

Yes, she was still there. And the next night she was there—and the next. But on the fourth night, if you had been going past that pawnshop window, you would have looked for Delilah in vain.

She had found a new home in Mell's pocket, his hand gently cuddled round her. It was probably due to the latter circumstance that as he left the shop another saying of the ancients rose to his mind:

Man always possesses, close to his hand, all the means necessary for his own happiness.

"How well the old boys knew!" breathed Mell, gently cuddling Delilah again. "It's just as I have always said—you cannot beat the classics."

V

HE FOUND, upon reflection, that he had still a few things to do.

"Telemachus, ere faring forth upon his great adventure, first tried to set his house in order," he told himself with one of his rueful smiles. Still it wouldn't take long.

Some months before, after an illness following one of his periodic attempts at manual labor, he had written to an old chum, Willis Carden, asking for a loan. A few days later he had received a check for twenty-five dollars unaccompanied by any letter. At first Mell had been tempted to return it, but in the end he turned it over to his doctor.

"I'd like to pay that back," he thought, "before I go ——"

Purpose still driving him, he paid it back within two weeks, and then, nothing staying his downward course, he made the acquaintance of that peculiar quality which is sometimes called posthumous pride.

"The body of a shabbily dressed man was discovered in a vacant lot near Lassen's brewery last evening," he read in the paper one morning.

Mell didn't like that, and out of this dislike grew a desire that had something fantastic about it; almost as fantastic as that other strange desire which had led to his arrest and his disgrace.

"When they find me," he promised himself, "I'll have the story read that he was a well-dressed man—and it won't be near an abandoned brewery either. Hail and farewell. Why, even when they pushed the prisoners out into the arena I'll bet they used to trim them up a little to make a good show!"

He was sitting on a bench overlooking Riverside Drive; and starting with thinking of the arena, he ended by comparing the scene before him to the days of ancient Rome.

"Patrician and plebe," he thought, "dignified matrons and dancing girls, chariots and foot passengers—times haven't changed much. Hadrian's Tomb and the Appian Way. Hail and farewell. I must go downtown and get my outfit started."

That night he went home with a pair of silk hose and a necktie to match. These he locked in his trunk, and so started one of the queerest hope chests that the mind of man has yet conceived. October was well advanced when the last purchase was made; and then one night Mell tried them all on in his room, and had a one-sided chat with Delilah—a sort of dress rehearsal.

"It's a shame to take them off again," he thought.

He stood here then for nearly five minutes, as though listening, and then he counted his money.

"Twenty-four cents," he told himself, "and to-morrow looks like rain."

He went downstairs then, still in his glad array, buying a purple aster at the corner and threading it in his buttonhole. The four pennies left he gave to the boy. Thus appareled, he walked rather slowly and rather solemnly over to Riverside Drive, a cane upon his arm and Delilah in his pocket.

"I wish there was a moon," he thought as he crossed at Grant's Tomb. "Still, one can't have everything."

Solemnly picking his way, he walked down one of the paths that lead to the park, looking for a bench that was shielded from sight of the road.

"Here's one," he told himself. "M-m-m-m—but there's a girl on it."

He was walking past when the reflection of a lamp shone upon the girl's face, and particularly upon two large tears that were rolling down her cheeks; and for one startling moment it didn't seem to be the face of a girl, but a pale and shimmering mask of mortal woe.

Mell saw, but like the Levite of old he kept right on. When a man is about to make his hail and farewell he has troubles of his own.

"Still"—he thought, his steps gradually slowing.

He finally stopped altogether, and thoughtfully swung his cane.

"Hang it!" he muttered and, suddenly turning, he went back to the bench.

She was still there—a pale, slight little figure, one of her elbows resting on a suitcase by her side—the youngest child, one might have thought, of the valiant Mrs. Partington, trying to push back an ocean of tears with a particularly small handkerchief.

"Pardon me, please," said Mell in his gentlest voice. "But—er—can I help you in any way?"

VI

HER reply, though mute, was probably instinctive; and champions of the human race who claim the superiority of the featherless biped over every other form of life might well reflect upon her action. Being thus addressed by one of the natural protectors of her sex, she gave him a startled look, and then glanced first to the right and then to the left as though in search of brass buttons and a locust club, the buttons to signify authority to swing the club and

the club to defend her against one of her natural protectors. No guardian of the law, however, appearing in the view, she grasped her suitcase and started to rise.

"She thinks I'm a masher," thought Mell at her first glance. "It's the flower in my buttonhole, I suppose, and the cane, and all that." And aloud he said: "No, please don't go. I was only just passing by and I thought you were in trouble. You see—well—I'm in trouble myself, though I shan't be very much longer; so I happen to know how it feels."

At that she gave him another look, and though she kept her hand upon the handle of her suitcase, she made no further motion to rise, but glanced out over the river at the ships at anchor, as though he were not there. She was younger and slighter, Mell saw, than he had thought, and as he looked down upon her, undecided whether to go or not, the two things that impressed themselves upon his mind the deepest were the color of her cheeks, cold and pale like the cheeks of an old woman who has given up hope, and the length of her eyelashes sweeping against the background of her cheeks in a curve of innocent beauty—the eyelashes of a young girl who has never yet been called upon to hide or show or otherwise adorn a look of love.

"You're sure I can't help you?" he asked.

Still looking at the ships, she made no audible reply, but her lips formed the word "No."

"I'm sorry." He half turned to go. "I hate to leave you like this, though. I know if I had a sister ——"

He broke off from that and listened to a distant peal of thunder. "Besides it's going to rain." Again he stopped, frowning at himself for the jerkiness of his speech, and yet perhaps knowing from something deeper than reason that Humanity and Sympathy should always walk together when Trouble hovers near. "You see," he continued, "I am just about to start on a very long journey, and I believe it would help me a little if I could help somebody else in trouble—before I go."

She spoke to him then for the first time.

"I'm all right," she said almost below her breath.

"You're sure?"

She looked up at him and started to give him an even glance, probably to reënforce the answer which she was about to make; but whatever it was that she saw in Mell's eyes, it held her. It might have been the light of his own sad experience for the past year; or it might have been the reflection of some of those eternal truths and understandings which the classics had taught him. Whatever it was, she suddenly became little Miss Partington again, and almost unconsciously she managed to ease her heart of the knowledge which had brought her to that lone bench:

"Now—now everybody thinks—thinks I'm sick—and they're afraid to have me round, I guess, for fear they'll catch it."

As she cried she coughed; and hearing the cough, Mell looked again at her pallor and the slightness of her figure. While he looked two splotches of color began to stain her cheeks.

"God help her!" breathed Mell to himself, and quietly seated himself on the other side of the suitcase.

Above them on the Drive, invisible because of the darkness and the shrubbery, the charioteers roared by, hastening home perhaps before the advancing storm. In the darkness below the great ships swung at anchor, with the infinitely greater Palisades beyond. Round them and over them hung the beelike hum of the city at night, broken now and then by the siren of a ferry or the clang of a train. And yet, as though the scene were staged by Olympian gods, Mell and the girl remained alone in that short winding path of the park, undisturbed by any shuffling feet of humankind.

"Don't cry—please don't cry," said Mell, and patted the suitcase with his nearest hand.

"I—I can't help it."

Leaning over a little, he became conscious of some small object pressing into his side.

"What—oh, yes! Delilah," he thought, and put his hand in his pocket to move her.

As his palm closed over the clean, cool mother-of-pearl he looked at the girl, who was coughing now as though she would never stop, and then for a moment he glanced over his shoulder at the invisible charioteers who were roaring with such magnificence round and round the arena.

"Cæsar—Imperator," thought Mell with a prickle in his scalp. "We, who are about to die, salute you!"

VII

THE thunder rumbled nearer; spots of rain began to fall.

"You'd better make for shelter," said Mell. "It won't do your cold any good, you know, to be caught in the rain like this."

She had stopped crying then, and the color had gone from her cheeks.

"No, you go," she said. "I'm all right here."

"But you can't stay here if it begins raining hard."

"Can't I?" she indifferently asked.

"She means to," thought Mell, and drawing upon his own experiences with indifference, he wisely began to guess that she had found the door of her room locked against her that afternoon.

"No rings—no jewelry," he thought. "I'll bet she had to pawn the lot just to pay her bill and get her suitcase out."

It was a brave suitcase—morocco leather with two brass locks and a leather tag with the card, "Miss Louis Morris Wilday," showing through its transparent window; a suitcase obviously that spoke—and almost sang—of better days.

Yes, and for all her indifference, it was a brave little figure that sat by the side of it, looking down at the river so steadily and never flinching even when a large raindrop fell with a whispered "Pish!" on the back of her hand.

"If you'd only go up to Grant's Tomb," said Mell, "at least you'd be dry in the doorway."

She made no answer.

The thunder grew nearer. The rain settled down into a smart shower and presently promised to pour.

"Locked out, all right," thought Mell, with a glance at the motionless figure by his side; and aloud he said: "Now this won't do, you know. It's a funny thing, but I was just going out of town, and while I'm away, of course, I shan't be able to use my room. It's a shame to let it stay idle. Do you know, they tell me that rooms are scarce, and I believe you've been looking all day for a place and couldn't find one. So while I'm away, of course, you can have my room. I'll show you the house and leave you at the door."

She made no sign.

"It's—it's a nice room," said Mell, going on more slowly, like an inexperienced spider running out of thread, "and a perfectly respectable house. Of course, it isn't Fifth Avenue, or anything like that, you know. But it's a room—a shelter—you understand?"

Still she didn't speak, and the brim of her hat was turned now so that he couldn't see her face. Imperceptibly she must have changed her position, for her shoulder lightly leaned against Mell's. At that he frowned a little, and ceased to sing the glories of his room.

"Well, shall we start?" he said.

Her only answer was to lean a little more heavily against him, her head drooped lower yet.

(Continued on Page 61)

"I Hate to Leave You Like This, Though. I Know if I Had a Sister ——"

In the Nature of a Preliminary Announcement

By IRVIN S. COBB

ILLUSTRATED BY RAY ROHN

WE CANNOT live for ourselves alone. This is an axiomatic conclusion regarding which there can be no discussion. It is incontrovertible, provable and proven. All human experience, which is another name for history, testifies to its veritability. So, too, does Nature. Take the skunk, now. In form graceful, in coloring attractive, in appearance—at a distance—altogether charming of aspect; such, in brief, is the skunk. But the skunk lives only for himself. Whatever is worth while about him he keeps for his own selfish uses. The baser side of his nature, the least pleasant side, he gives to the world.

What is the result? Outside his own family circle he has fewer friends than almost any creature known. He is shunned socially. He is destroyed, whenever found, without compunction. Formerly skunks were numerous throughout our country; now in many of our more thickly settled Northern states, and notably in New England, they are almost as scarce as Democrats. The skunk's peltry is handsome; his fur is thick and soft. But for purposes of ornamentation he enjoys none save a transient vogue. One's mind involuntarily reverts to thoughts of the skunk's modes and habits, and—especially if one is a woman—one leaves off wearing skunk and takes to wearing kolinsky, which from its name I judge to be some kind of Polish squirrel or mink or opossum. So we see that even beyond the grave the skunk's reputation for living only for and unto himself endures to make his memory unpopular.

Or for further comparison let us enter the vegetable kingdom and consider the raisin. Until very recently the raisin had not come into its own. Scientists pointed approvingly to its nutritive values, but the world in general could not be induced to make of the raisin a favored and a favorite article of diet. To many of us it seemed leathery, withered, fit only for sparse usage in buns and coffee cake. Eaten raw, it quickly cloyed the palate; eaten in a cooked state it frequently was dry and well-nigh tasteless. Yet all along it had secret powers, inner resources. Prohibition had to come before a people found out what these beneficial attributes really were and how to employ them. To-day the raisin has a score of friends and well-wishers where before it had one, or at the most two. The raisin has quit living for itself—and multitudes love and cherish it accordingly.

One might go on indefinitely multiplying examples. But I feel that I have established my point and bedrocked my moral. This having been done, I come now to the real motive for which the foregoing has been introductory and preliminary. This is a selfish age in which we live. The tendencies of the times and the trend of recent events in the world have conspired to make it so. It would appear, therefore, to be the duty of each and every one of us to quit living entirely for our individual selves and to live more for humanity. Such gifts as we may have should be developed for the benefit of the race, and bestowed, through suitable and available channels, not so much for the sake of possible profit to the original creator or the original possessor, but for the sake of the good which may be done thereby.

Little Helps for Big Problems

SPEAKING personally, I wish to state that here of late I have been trying to practice what now I preach. It is along the line of social betterment that I have especially focused my thoughts and whatever of the inventive faculty I may possess. Odd times I endeavor to think up things which will be worth while. I have several very excellent ideas under way, so to speak. For instance, there is my antigrapefruit-juice device for the protection of the human eye. This is only partially worked out. The completed product is to be a neat eye shade, fitted with an automatic shutter, to be worn by persons sitting adjacent to or opposite other persons who are eating grapefruit. It will be a good thing for the eye; it will be good for the temper of the owner of the eye. It will save from embarrassment the person who is spooning away at the grapefruit. It may also be used to advantage in case of a dill pickle instead of a grapefruit. No home will be complete without it.

My Form Was All Wrong, My Stance Was Awful, My Swing Was Frightful, But I Did Have on Golf Stockings

Then there is my little self-acting machine which will enable a woman to assign any number of persons, from eight to eighteen, at a table without putting a husband next to a wife, or a wife facing a husband, or two women side by side, or two men side by side; and which also will prevent a congestion of members of the same sex at either or both ends of the table. This, I figure, will be a great social boon. It will obviate the inevitable brain strain beforehand on the part of the hostess if she is planning a formal dinner, and by the same token will prevent the inevitable confusion and shuffling about of guests at the moment of beginning the meal, if it is an informal affair.

Woman is rapidly taking her ordained place as full partner in the business of the world. We may as well be getting reconciled now as later to the prospect of a President of the United States buttoning down the back. Anyone who attended the two national conventions of 1920, or who kept a watchful eye on the late campaign, can envisage such a contingency bulking against the sky line of the not-so-very-far-distant future. Nearly every artificial barrier which formerly marked a more or less artificial and arbitrary division between the sexes has been removed. The rule against women's smoking in public long ago was lifted. I look for the ladies' tee to go next. Woman has developed a capacity for the executive and the constructive in all the departments of life. But with all this conceded, the woman does not live who can figure out the seating arrangements for eight persons at a table without having to repeat the process at least twice before it suits her. She may be one of those housekeeping paragons who can draft and cast a dinner party, including guest list, menu, favors and flowers, all in ten minutes, while she is doing up her hair. Even so, she gets into deep waters if she puts off until the last moment the detail of assigning the place cards. I am not sure a man could handle the job any better, but up to now this almost exclusively has been a woman's work. It is for the benefit of harassed womanhood that the little apparatus which I have it in mind to perfect will be offered to the attention of the buying public. The happy possessor of this invention merely will press a series of buttons, and the thing will be done instantly and done right. The soup will not go cold while the guests are milling about the dining room and being shooed into seats and then shooed out of them again. The first stages of a dinner party will no longer suggest a Wild Western round-up.

As I say, I have not yet perfected these handy articles. I merely am responsible for the broad general ideas of them. To someone with a knack for mechanics I must intrust the details. Unfortunately I have no knack for mechanics myself. If given plenty of time, possibly I might take a wheelbarrow apart, but I doubt whether I could reassemble it again. To me a monkey wrench is a mass of unsolvable intricacies. Get me beyond shoe-trees and nut picks and buttonhooks and at once I am adrift upon uncharted and mysterious seas. This defect in my make-up has retarded me on the constructive side, and as a result neither of the devices named has as yet been put upon the market. The same is true of my apparatus for the relief of women who have contracted the auction-room habit.

By legislation and by popular agitation we have checked the indiscriminate sale of narcotics, but until I busied myself in the matter nothing had been done to rescue women from the deadly bidding-in vice—a vice which so often threatens not only bankruptcy for their husbands but destruction for their own peace of mind.

Consider the sad case of a confirmed bidder-in. Her once happy home is overflowing with junk which, as the trade term goes, was knocked down to her. Her attic is crowded with atrocities for which there is no room elsewhere in the house. Her afternoons are given over to auctions and her evenings to vain regrets for the useless and unsuitable things which she bought while the fever was on her. There are thousands upon thousands of such women in our land. What can we do to save them from themselves? I have the answer. At least I almost have it.

When Eyebrows Were Abolished

SUCH a woman, faring forth of an afternoon, will wear a set of my self-operating curbers or restrainers. To the casual observer it will merely appear that she has on rather elaborate earrings; also that she is wearing a pair of matched gold bracelets. Closer scrutiny will reveal the fact that the bracelets are attached by means of ornamental gold links to a handsome girdle about her waist, and also that slender golden uprights or braces extend downward behind her ears, vanishing inside the collar of her gown. When first displayed in public these objects may attract attention, may even invite curiosity; but it has been my observation that a woman can get used to wearing anything, however conspicuous, which has been approved with the stamp of fashion, and that with equal facility a man can get used to seeing her wearing it.

Through several thousand years men had been accustomed to their women having eyebrows. But here a year or two back, when eyebrows were abolished, we quickly rallied from the shock of the innovation and lost interest in the spectacle of a woman going about with practically nothing to mark the recent site of her eyebrows except a faint trace, as the chemist would say. To-day's startling eccentricity in the feminine wardrobe becomes to-morrow's commonplace. Sartorially speaking, a man's better half now very often is his improper fraction. But who cares? She cares least of all. Statistics prove that the women with the largest feet are uniformly addicted to wearing white shoes; and we know that the maiden with the most acutely bowed legs invariably buys the shortest skirt she can find; and likewise that she who has a spine like a relief map of the Canadian Rockies always has her evening gowns cut very low in the back so that we can study her mountain range instead of merely suspecting it.

So my patent restraining arrangement will be popular because it will be the mode. I mean to insure this by

inducing the authorities to think up the new styles to indorse it. As I said before, a victim of the auction-room habit will adjust it upon her person when garbing herself for the street. Downtown the passion which consumes her—the passion which she has tried vainly to combat, but which is stronger than her own will—guides her footsteps into the auctioneer's establishment. The auctioneer puts up something or other and invites bids. Probably it is a thing for which she has no particular need; but it is characteristic of the mania that the less need the habitué has for an object the more apt is she at the moment of its being offered to covet it.

Moved by an emotion beyond her control, she opens her mouth to make a bid and seeks to raise her hand in order to catch the auctioneer's eye. Instantaneously the flexing of her muscles acts directly upon a hidden mechanism operating from the fulcrum of her elbow. The things which looked like earrings slip downward and outward, pressing firmly against the points of her jaws and preventing the utterance of a single intelligible word. Simultaneously a ratchet takes up the slack of the jeweled chain about her waist, thus drawing her hands in closely to her sides. The harder she strives to speak or to gesticulate the more relentless becomes the pressure on cheek bone and wrist joint.

She sits, then, mute and gestureless. True, she may wriggle slightly, but not even an auctioneer can translate the meaning of a wriggle into dollars and cents. Someone else bids in the object, whereupon the spasm of desire passes from her. She relaxes, and at once, with only a slight clicking sound, her gags slip back into their former place, again to become earrings, and the handcuffs turn once more into bracelets. Just as soon as I can enlist the assistance of an expert in cogs and levers and such things I expect that my automatic auction-room restrainers will be patented and put on sale in the best retail shops.

The Blessed Art of Forgetting

AT PRESENT, however, the greatest idea of all the ideas which from time to time have come to me is occupying my spare hours. Here I am not handicapped by my ignorance of things mechanical, for the mechanics of this thing are mental and not physical. While others have been concerning themselves with lesser boons to humanity, such as compiling dependable recipes for home brews and the like, I have been giving my attention to a project of infinitely greater consequence in its potentialities for spreading happiness broadcast among the masses. I refer to my marvelous antimemory formula, or course in sustained and systematic forgetting. Let me explain:

Every reader of our periodicals must have been impressed by the amount of paid space lately given over to the exploiting of systems for improving the memory of the individual. Advertising, like many other things, seems to move in cycles. It ebbs and it flows. It has its vogues and its crotchets. Now one commodity is prominently to the fore, now another. A few years ago no popular magazine went to press lacking full-page displays featuring illustrations of young Greek gods attired in form-fitting vestments of a simplicity which would have led to arrests had the original models dared to venture upon the public highways attired as they were attired in their pictures. All the world discussed the improved one-piece undergarment. But recently, it seems to me, these memory-improving systems have taken the commanding position away from the union suit.

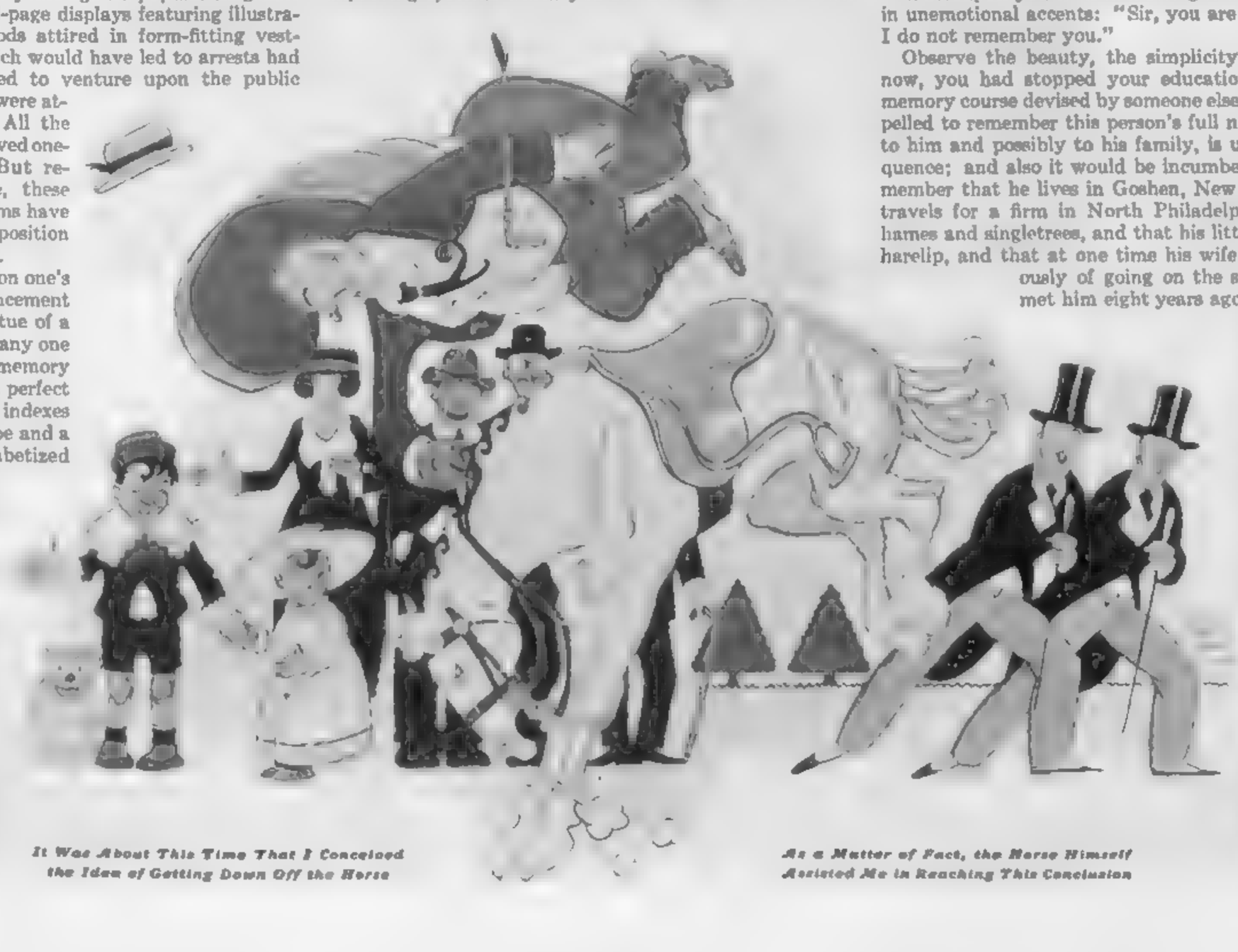
In the advertising section one's eye falls upon a pronouncement setting forth how, by virtue of a few easy lessons by mail, any one of us may so perfect our memory that our brain becomes a perfect filing system, with card indexes where the lobes used to be and a budget of mentally alphabetized information tucked away beneath each separate convolution. We read about a mental wizard, an intellectual prodigy, who never forgets anybody he ever saw or anything he ever heard or read. His likeness is reproduced. To our eye he seems a person of average appearance, an ordinary individual wearing the conventional turned-down collar with plain black tie. About him, as depicted, there is nothing suggestive of exceptional hidden powers. But, mark you, the man has gifts. Turn to the text, which, like a frame about a vignette, incloses his half-tone likeness. On a certain occasion—so the statement runs—this man, standing in a hotel lobby, singled out from the passing throng another man, bearing no distinguishing marks, and advanced upon him and took him by the hand and without a moment's hesitation hailed him as follows:

"Why, how do you do, Mr. Horace J. Begone? How's everything in your home town of Peoria? Remember you? Why, my dear sir, of course I do! We met three years ago at the annual convention of the national association of yeast manufacturers in Little Rock, Arkansas. Tell me, Mr. Begone, how is Mrs. Begone? And how are your three charming daughters? And how is your lumbago? And what ever became of your dog Rollo, which at that time was threatened with the mange?"

Nor is this all. Shortly thereafter, tearing himself away from the flattered Mr. Begone, this marvelous being repairs to the festal board in the large banqueting hall hard by. There he performs intellectual feats yet more astonishing. Sitting on the right hand of the chairman, he is introduced to fifty men, all of whom until that moment have been entire strangers to him. An hour later, when the dinner is over, he rises up in his place, and without having taken a single note he calls off the name of each man to whom he has been introduced—not only that man's last name, but his Christian name and his middle initial, if he has one. Offhand he can remember your telephone number, your hat size, anything. All you have to do is to quote the figures in his hearing. His memory does the rest. He knows more telephone numbers than Central.

Nor is this all, either. Possessing this marvelous faculty, he has also the ability to impart the secret of it to others. All the inventors of the new memory systems who advertise—and their name is legion—have this same power to communicate the gift to others. There are published affidavits to prove that this is readily possible. A signed and attested statement is offered by a gentleman whose memory was formerly so faulty that frequently when going home at night he tried to get into the wrong house. Only his timely action in taking somebody or other's memory course saved him from being arrested as a burglar. Yet now, offhand, he can tell off the house number of every house in the city of nearly a hundred thousand inhabitants where he resides. Strangers bring their children to his house to hear him call off door numbers. He is now giving his entire time to remembering door numbers. He is famous. His company is courted. Familiarly he is known as Door Number Ike.

Now mind you, I have no quarrel with any of these memory-training courses. I take it there is no argument against the statement that a man is better qualified for carrying on the business or the calling in which he is engaged if he can improve his memory. But nevertheless I maintain that when it comes to insuring peace of mind and a greater measure of happiness in life for the individual my antimemory course will be superior to any of these memory-improving systems which you see advertised. The other plan avowedly causes you to remember all the people you ever met; my plan will cause you promptly to forget most of them. Merely by association of certain mental pictures with certain common words you are immediately enabled to disremember those persons whom any sane individual would naturally prefer to forget. You permanently disremember bill collectors, professional reformers, confirmed office seekers, moving-picture ingénues, ladies with a consuming mission in life, promoters of private propagandas, married persons of either sex who are misunderstood in the home and are craving sympathy from outside sources; men who have devoted their lives to learning how to make a perfect salad dressing and who go about bragging about it; men who constantly deplore the fact that under prohibition people are now drinking who did not drink before; parents of precocious children who are acting as press agents for their gifted offspring; and many other varieties and subvarieties too numerous to mention.



It Was About This Time That I Conceived the Idea of Getting Down Off the Horse

As a Matter of Fact, the Horse Himself Assisted Me in Reaching This Conclusion

How to Paralyze the Memory

YOU behold approaching you a bore—unmistakably a bore; a bore you met somewhere and by whom you grievously were punished. Immediately you think of the word "auger." You conjure up a brain picture of an auger digging deep and ever deeper into a block of wood. The auger suggests a boring operation; the block of wood reminds you of your own consciousness and of how often in the past you have suffered boredom at the hands of the approaching bore and other bores like unto him. The trick is done. You have absolutely no recollection of ever having seen him before. You give him the stony and unresponsive eye. You have him beaten before ever he can start.

By virtue of mental processes easily mastered and only slightly more complicated than the one just sketchily described you will forever and eternally forget all the dreary dinners which you have attended, the bad shows through which you have sat, the dull books which you have read, the wearisome statistics in which you have waded. The desert places of the past vanish instantaneously and eternally from the chambers of your mind. Only here and there a pleasant oasis of remembrance remains. An added advantage is that a large area of your brain space now is kept open and free for the recording, in the days to come, of worth-while impressions and really valuable information and pleasant recollections. You don't have to remember a comparative stranger's telephone number; on the contrary, you just naturally have to forget it. Under my plan it's practically compulsory.

Permit me, in order that I may make my meaning clearer, to cite a typical instance of what will happen: You are in a public place. There dashes up to you one of those persons of whom this overcrowded world is so full—one who has "bore" and "pest" and "common nuisance" writ large and clear all over him. He paws for your hand and in the tone of one putting a very interesting conundrum he says, "You don't remember me, now do you?"

Whereupon you look him straight in the eye and state in unemotional accents: "Sir, you are absolutely correct. I do not remember you."

Observe the beauty, the simplicity of the thing. If, now, you had stopped your education after taking the memory course devised by someone else you would be compelled to remember this person's full name, which, except to him and possibly to his family, is utterly of no consequence; and also it would be incumbent upon you to remember that he lives in Goshen, New York, and that he travels for a firm in North Philadelphia manufacturing hames and singletrees, and that his little boy Elmer has a harelip, and that at one time his wife thought very seriously of going on the stage, and that you met him eight years ago at a dentist's office in Emporia, Kansas, where he was waiting to have a wisdom tooth looked into, and that his telephone number is 84-Party W Goshen. But happily your education has been properly rounded out. You have enjoyed the inestimable advantages of my antimemory course. In the selfsame hour that you met him you effaced him from the tablets of your mind. He doesn't mean a thing in the world to you, and he never has

(Continued on Page 130)

THE REPRIEVE

By W. L. George

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

AS SIR ROBERT BULLEN put down the Georgian-silver pepper pot, whose cayenne had heightened the energy of the deviled kidney that lay before him, for a moment he was meditative. He was at ease and relaxed. His surroundings pleased him. It was so solid, this silent house of which he was axis and pinnacle, this big house in Park Street, running right through to Park Lane, from which it was separated by a flagged court, decorated by box bushes cut in the shape of peacocks and of birds. He looked out into the park, where the February sunshine fell pale as moonlight upon the hard snow. The room lay in shadow, where gleamed the mahogany of the Chippendale sideboard, the silver of the cups Sir Robert had won as a sprinter, the faceted crystal of decanters, collared with enameled *vieux-rose* labels. Soft glows all, in this room somber and sober, paneled and tapestried, deep-carpeted, intimating such wealth that wealth need not assert itself, room elderly, room assured.

For a moment his eyes rested in their invariable content upon the figure of his only daughter, Marjorie, who sat across the table, dusky and silent behind the vast array of silver implements that minister to ease. She was very beautiful, he thought, with her unblushing white skin, slumbering, sunken dark eyes, and hair so black that it lay cut out as a wig upon the low white brow.

Yes, he was happy. He mourned no longer his dead wife. She died so long ago, and so long had Marjorie been to him daughter, sister, lover, all sweetness, all security. Then the grandfather clock in the corner broke into a subdued carillon.

Marjorie said: "We're early this morning. It's only nine."

"So much the better," said Sir Robert; "I've a heavy day before me. I'm not liking heavy days as much as I used to, Marjorie. I'll have to retire, I think."

"Oh, no, daddy!" said Marjorie, as if shocked. "You couldn't. Why, you could go into the cabinet, and ——"

"Oh, no." He smiled. "Why do you think I want to be a cabinet minister, you baggage? To become answerable for everybody else! No, I've trouble enough as an official; I will make a few more orders to annoy the public! I will quarrel yet once more with my inspectors who so seldom inspect, dance my little dance, and hand over the job to another commissioner. I'm sixty-four, Marjorie."

She laughed. She assured him he was not sixty-four. There was a mistake; he never could add up properly. As she spoke he smiled, stirring his coffee. She was adorable. Always was, ever since she was a baby with straight black hair, like a Japanese doll. Long time ago, by Jove! She was—how old was she? Just thirty. Well, she didn't look it. Pity she hadn't married. It wasn't that men didn't want her. But she'd had no luck, poor old Marjorie. Fancy Redvers being killed two days before the armistice! The commissioner sighed as he remembered the young major with the glittering golden hairs on his upper lip, who chaffed him as he called him "sir," and brought pleasant rowdiness into the quiet house in Park Street. Poor Redvers! But as he mourned Redvers the commissioner felt guilty; he wasn't sorry; he couldn't quite regret the death of the man who might have taken Marjorie from him. But he did not acknowledge this to himself; Sir Robert Bullen had been an official for thirty-five years, and preferred to tell himself that misfortune has its alleviations.

He Was Powerless to Move, to Speak. Only a Sound Escaped Him That Was Half a Groan, Half a Release of Air

Soon he said, as he rose from the table: "Well, I must be off, Marjorie. See you to-night."

She came up to kiss him, and for a moment he held her away by the elbows. Something surprised him in her, some decay in the dark fatality which had enveloped her since Redvers died. Still the same slumbering eyes, still the tragedy of the broad chin, sulky and lovely lip; still brooding, but here, half doubtfully, an alertness, a rightness, some secret change that taught her to smile. His analysis stopped suddenly; after all, she was only his daughter.

He said: "Doing anything amusing to-day?"

"Bobby Altrincham is giving a lunch at the Ritz in honor of his new wife."

"Is he asking the others?" asked Sir Robert.

"No," said Marjorie, "he's not a collector. Poor Bobby; they never stick to him long. And there's an at home at Lady Coniston's."

"You have my sympathy," said Sir Robert. "You'll stand on one foot for an hour and have tea poured down your back. Still, you girls seem to like it. Good-by."

II

IN THE middle of the afternoon, as Sir Robert sat in his black-oak private room, the door was thrown open by the brutal hand of a fourteen-year-old, brown-smocked girl messenger. Wholly careless of the majesty of the commissioner the child hurled two blue-covered dossiers into his "in" tray, where they made a startling clatter. Without a glance at him she then went out, slamming the door, clearly as if to say: "I've no time to waste on you."

This roused Sir Robert from the complicated consideration of the everlasting dispute between the Dinwold Gaol and the Dinwold County Gaol, which had begun in the middle years of Queen Victoria and was still proceeding. As if he welcomed the relief suggested by new problems he pushed aside the ancient papers and took up the two jackets. Then, almost at once, he put them down. Two more executions! How he hated them! An air of distaste crossed the fine, hard features with the pouting lip he had bequeathed to his daughter.

Sir Robert hated executions, not because anything unduly tender stirred in his heart, but his fastidiousness reacted against the details, against the victim as well as against the murderer, against dirt, cellars, the ugly clothes, the foul words, the smell of the people. Still, he was the commissioner. This was his work. It was he who must say yes or no; he it was who must advise his political chief to execute the royal prerogative of mercy, or to allow the law to operate. So he opened the first jacket.

Almost at once he had doubts. It was not a nice case, but as he read on, as premeditation was obviously exposed, the more assured he grew that the prisoner must die, the more he tried to find something, some motive, that would excuse him. He shifted in his chair. He remembered that not long ago a famous editor had said that Sir Robert was overdoing reprieves. "Hang it all!" the editor had said. "Somebody must hang." Everybody had laughed. The powerful pleased to be witty.

An air of firmness overspread Sir Robert's features. The case was atrocious. Against the departmental head's question as to a reprieve Sir Robert wrote "No," and threw the jacket into the "out" tray, where it made, he fancifully thought, the sound one hears when upon the coffin falls the symbolic earth that commits "ashes to ashes, dust to dust."

Well, that was done. What of the other? In advance he was half determined to find in this too no excuse. He must be firm. No sentimentality, no nonsense. But the case worried him. A man had been sentenced to death for killing a rival who had gained the love of a young woman. There was a good deal of provocation. The successful lover had led the girl up and down the street where the murderer lived, as if to taunt him.

"Oh," thought Sir Robert, "that was really too bad."

But he noted the comments of the judge: "Provocation is no excuse. The law, when required to palliate the taking of life, takes knowledge only of self-defense."

Yes, the judge was right. Sir Robert read on. How the murderer must have suffered! Still, he had killed a man. Sir Robert continued to read these comments of the judge, so measured, so cold, so absolutely just:

"You must not think that because for many years the taking of life in war has been not only condoned but

erected into the performance of a duty; you must not think that because of that you are entitled to take the law into your own hands. Many such as you have stood in this dock, and the time has come when an example must be made, so that the law may not be mocked."

Yes, the judge was right; an example must be made. Premeditation was obvious; four witnesses testified that two days before the murder the murderer had uttered public threats against his victim.

"Well," thought Sir Robert, "that's that."

Then he observed the appeal of the prisoner's counsel: The murderer was only nineteen, and the boy had not given evidence. Why had he not been put into the witness box? "No doubt," thought Sir Robert with a sigh, "his evidence would have damned him too surely." But as he hesitated, pen upraised, Sir Robert observed in the report that when the judge took up the black cap to pass sentence the prisoner, standing in the dock, said: "You can't understand."

What did he mean—"can't understand"? Everybody knew what love was, and jealousy. That didn't excuse a man. Can't understand? Nonsense! Still Sir Robert hesitated, as if the prisoner's suggestion that he could not understand shook the security of his judgment. He wanted to pardon him and did not know how to decide to do so. Seeking this opportunity Sir Robert looked in the jacket for the report of the legal adviser. It was not there, and irritably he pressed a button.

"I'm sorry, sir," said the private secretary as he handed Sir Robert the document. "It's only just come, separately. Some mistake in the registry, sir."

"All right, give it to me," snapped Sir Robert, who began to read the opinion.

No, no chance here. The legal adviser saw no reason to reverse the verdict of the court. Once more Sir Robert took up his pen.

He sighed, but what could he do?

At that moment the telephone bell rang. Would he speak to Lord Niton? In a moment he had closed the jacket. His elbow rested upon it.

"Oh! Very unpleasant. I'm afraid these things can't be helped." Pause. "Well, I can come round and see you now. All right. Well, say a quarter to four."

Sir Robert put down the receiver. He was extraordinarily worried. The committee sounded very agitated; certainly the newspapers were making a big fuss about the prison scandal. He expected he'd get them quiet.

"Bisley," he said, putting his head into his secretary's room, "I've got to go round to the Penal Administration Committee; I may not be back to-day. If I am wanted very, very urgently, ring me up at the House. But don't do it if you can help it." He went out.

III

IT WAS a quarter to seven before Sir Robert left the House of Commons. For nearly three hours, frequently reënforced by other officials, by experts, secretaries, shorthand writers, notables hurriedly fetched in motor cars, he had explained, extenuated, circumvented, threatened and soothed. Finally a course of action had been laid down. Measures would be taken. The committee was content, and it was hoped that the newspapers would at last keep quiet. Thus it was with a sense of freedom that Sir Robert crossed into Green Park and went along Birdcage Walk. He would go home on foot and clear his head. A quarter to seven. Plenty of time to get home and dress. The commissioner went on, calm as a man after his day's work. The night was exquisite; the hard frost petrified upon the turf brilliant sheets of unsullied snow, upon which a low crescent moon threw the sharp black shadows of the naked trees.

As he crossed into Hyde Park he observed that a few stars hung in the blue-black sky, so silvery that they might have been cut out and glued upon the heavens.

He went on, the hard gravel crackling under his feet, almost alone, except for passers-by, who hurried, shivering, their mouths wrapped up in mufflers. London lived in an unusual silence, for all who might be were indoors behind bolted windows, and so for a moment as he hesitated in Park Lane he wanted to go on toward the north, still more frosty. The emotion passed, and he crossed to his back door in Park Lane, entered the flagged court, and thus, by a flight of steps, reached the winter garden that lay behind the dining room.

He went up, absorbed, and thus absorbed let himself in. The winter garden was dark, for only the pale light of the moon fell upon the dwarf orchids which lived there. The light was so faint that he nearly ran into a couple who were standing there. He stopped and recoiled. Almost at once passing amusement overwhelmed him as he observed the livery of one of his footmen, the quiet gray livery with the blue velvet collar. But at once he grew annoyed; he didn't grudge his servants their love affairs, but really they must not conduct them in the winter garden.

As these thoughts passed through his mind, occupying an incalculably slight fragment of a second, a change of direction was enforced upon his mind. So quick was it that the couple were still linked; he had time to see that clasped round the liveried neck were two dead-white arms, that the hands which held the collar of servitude bore familiar rings. He was powerless to move, to speak. Only a sound escaped him that was half a groan, half a release of air.

The couple had fallen apart. For another second the three considered one another, well apart, the woman between the two men, as if posing upon the stage.

"Marjorie and ——" Confusion held Sir Robert, something boiled in his brain, so that instinctively his hands went up toward his head. Half of him was mad; yet by the side of the screaming lunatic that yelled in the padded cell of his skull sat a cold observer who told him: "Cople—the second footman—and Marjorie."

Still, only another second had elapsed, and the fumes in the mind of Sir Robert spread so that he could hardly see. He tottered. Suddenly, as if all his energies were collected together, without intent, without decision, he heard in the darkness of his conscience a voice shout: "I'll kill you for this!"—a voice like his own. He grew conscious only of concussion. He knew that in his hands he held something round and warm, that writhed. As he looked down upon the floor where he struggled, his knee upon a body that reared, an extraordinary coldness was upon him. As if he performed a necessary operation his thin hard fingers clenched into the throat he held. He had a glimpse of retroverted eyes. Breaths! His breath; that of the man he was strangling. And always this refrain in his ears: "I'll kill you for this! I'll kill you ——"

Then more confusion. The thing under him was not dead. It struggled. Something hard struck him in the face; he rolled over that other body; hands seized his head, bending it backward. With closed eyes he still tried to hold something that slipped from him, to repel something stronger than himself which overset him. He found himself thrown upon the floor, his head making a loud sound against one of the orchid boxes. In a moment he saw that the footman who had thrown him aside now stood beside him, while he, upon the floor, could only pant, and, fumbling, try to rise.

As at last Sir Robert, trembling, got upon his knees, he dimly heard his daughter's voice: "Go away, Frank. I'll see you a little later."

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"I'm Sorry, Father. But Nearly All the Men We Know Have Been Killed"

HOW IS YOUR APPROACH?

By Wilbur Hall

DECORATION BY DOUGLAS RYAN

THE president of Evergood Food Products Corporation turned from his desk to greet Purchasing Agent Wiley. With a slight gesture to the third man in the room he said: "Mr. Wiley, I want you to meet my very good friend, Mr Simons. Simons is president of the Simons Building Supply Company."

The young P. A. crossed the room and put out his hand with the usual words of greeting. Mr. Simons was a large, red-faced individual, dressed in rough-and-ready clothes, but with that look about him with which success and power stamp the well-fed American business man. He mumbled something in a deep bass, then turned rather expectantly to the food products company executive.

"Go on and tell him, Baker," he growled.

His friend turned to the purchasing agent.

"Mr. Wiley," President Baker began, with a little embarrassment, "Simons here is one of the closest friends I have. When things in your department are running smoothly enough so that I can get away I don't like anything better than to go out and beat him two or three up in a game of golf. When we were younger we used to loan each other money, and I guess the first man who knew that my wife had accepted me was old Joe himself." He stopped and cleared his throat. Wiley had a terrible feeling that he was about to be let in for a disagreeable request. He was not at all surprised when his chief concluded rather lamely, "The long and short of it is, Wiley, Joe Simons wants to know why this company doesn't spend more money with him."

The purchasing agent was not in the habit of hedging, but this question brought him up all standing. He had been with the Evergood company for almost three years, and at the very beginning of his service he had gone to the mat with the president on this matter of executive interference with his buying. There had been a rather stormy scene over some trucks; but Wiley, although new in his place and risking discharge, had stood pat and won out. He had explained to President Baker that no purchasing agent, in his opinion, could be worth his salt to a corporation if the personal prejudices, friendships, likes and dislikes of officers or employees were permitted to interfere with the application by his own office of the scientific principles of buying. From that day to this Wiley had been firmly intrenched in his position, with the hearty backing of the president. But now the old question popped up, and in such form as to bedevil him, since it was entirely evident that there was a real and very warm friendship between these two men. He smiled a little.

"We have bought occasionally from Mr. Simons' company," he said evasively. "If there is anything in particular that either of you have in mind, and price and quality are right, I am sure ——"

Joe Simons interrupted with a hoarse growl.

"I didn't come here to get down on my hands and knees to sell you a keg of sixpenny nails, young fellow," he grumbled.

President Baker had been watching Wiley's face; now he burst out laughing.

Seeking Information and Getting It

"I CERTAINLY know how to get a rise out of you, Wiley," he said. "I have told Simons here all about the way you whipsawed me over those trucks when you first came here, and I have also told him that if he wanted to sell as much as a pair of hinges to you, and let you know that he was a friend of mine, his hinge deal would be off from that moment."

"Oh, it isn't that bad, I hope," Wiley said, smiling.

"Well, maybe not—maybe not," the other laughed. "But it's getting so lately, with all you young fellows coming into business and telling us old chaps where we get off, that the mere president of a company can scarcely go home at night without filling out a blank and filing it under one of your efficient modern systems. The truth of the matter is, Wiley, that Simons has come here to ask you for some free information and probably some advice."

"Who the devil said I wanted anything free?" Joe Simons barked. "I can pay for what I get, and what's more I propose to do it. If you can help me solve my difficulty, Wiley, I'll give you my check for a thousand dollars and figure that I'm ahead on the game at that."

Wiley smiled.

"I'll let you in on something, Mr. Simons," he said. "I'm so relieved to find out that I don't have to go over the top against Mr. Baker on the question of divided responsibility in buying that if you were to ask me for my wife's baby-grand piano I believe I'd hand it over without a murmur. Besides I may want something of you some day, and if you will tell me what seems to be the trouble we'll let the thousand-dollar check ride as she lays."

"Sit down, Wiley," President Baker said. "You don't smoke, so here's a pencil you can sharpen. Now go on and tell him, Joe."

Simons bit off the end of an enormous black cigar, stuck it in his mouth and closed his jaws down on it firmly. After a couple of savage chews at it he growled a few unintelligible words, and said roughly, "Lot of mealy-mouthed dudes for salesmen—advertising manager with an ossified brain—something wrong with the system!" Then he blurted: "The whole thing is, Wiley, that the Simons Building Supply Company is losing business every day to the Murphy-Crowe outfit and a couple of mushroom concerns that got their start during the war. I guess I'm behind the times or a poor executive or something, because I can't seem to get results the way I used to. I'm paying sixty thousand a year for salesmen, advertising and a damphool circular-letter system that a chuckleheaded efficiency expert installed on me the first of the year when my back was turned; but I would do myself about as much good if I took that same amount and gave it away as tips to the rubber in a hammam bath! What the Duke of Connaught is the matter with my business? You ought to know something about it. You certainly turn down my outside men often enough!"

Wiley's response was instantaneous and terse. Looking President Simons in the eye, he asked, as though issuing a challenge, "How is your approach?"

Simons stared, his face blank. Obviously discomfited, he looked at President Baker, flushed up, glanced furtively down at the broad expanse of vest which protruded from a point a surprising few inches below his nose and continued to protrude for some distance farther, then stuck out his large, serviceable-looking shoes and glared inquiringly at his feet. As though giving it up for a bad job he turned to Wiley:

"How is my what? Approach? How do you mean, approach? If it's a joke, spring it!"

President Baker roared with laughter, at which his friend Simons glared. Wiley apologized.

"Perhaps I was too technical, Mr. Simons," he said. "What I'm driving at is your contact with your buying public. Understand that I am in the position of a doctor trying to diagnose a case without knowing more than that his patient has a pain in the region of his stomach. I don't know anything about the Simons Building Supply Company except from its touch with me as a buyer. I may only hit the outer surface of your trouble. Probably even if I were asked to make a survey of your business I would be the wrong man for you. But as a buyer I am absolutely safe in saying to you that in four respects, at least, your approach to me, as seller to purchasing agent, is not within a thousand miles of what it should be to make me a steady customer."

Telephone Etiquette

PRESIDENT SIMONS swallowed hard a couple of times and mumbled something under his breath. Then, with his face red again, he jerked crossly, "Well, well, what are you waiting for? What have you got in the other hand? Go on and let me have that! Do you want to keep me waiting here all night?"

"You've had the worst of it now, Mr. Simons. Of course I have never given any particular thought to the matter. But while you were talking I remembered some of my experiences with your firm, and they all point to the same conclusion."

"Four respects, eh? Well, don't bother about being respectful; go on and shoot the piece!"

"At least four," Wiley began—"your catalogues, your letters, your salesmen and your telephone service."

"Telephone service!" Simons ejaculated. "I might be able to sit still and listen to you on the other three subjects, but my telephone operator has been with me fifteen years, and she knows my business better than I do."

"I'm afraid Simons has you there, Wiley," President Baker interjected. "I happen to know something about the sort of telephone service the Simons company has."

"Exactly," Wiley agreed instantly. "I don't remember particularly about your operator, but I will grant anything you say. I am talking about the sort of attention my telephonic inquiries receive at your place, and don't be too touchy on this point either. I could stand on any high building in any city in America and throw six bricks in any direction and five of them would hit business houses where telephone etiquette is as unknown as ancient Arabic."

"That lessens the strain a little," Joe Simons grumbled. "Go ahead."

"How many agreeable and friendly voices do you hear over the telephone, Mr. Simons, when you first call a number—before you give your own name or state your business? To put it another way, how many salesmen or business men would you do business with if they greeted you face to face the way they greet you at the end of the telephone line? And that is only part of my point. If you will stop to give it a moment's consideration it may occur to you, as it has many times to me, that one clerk or salesman in a hundred realizes that to-day the telephone is almost a more vital approach to customers than salesmen are. To show you that I'm not talking altogether at random about your business I will risk an experiment."

Wiley rose, and picking up a telephone on the desk of President Baker's stenographer he handed it to Simons. He then took up the president's own instrument.

"Will you call your office number and listen in while I talk to one of your clerks? And then don't be too hard on the unlucky bird I draw—just take it from me that they are all about the same."

Gruffly Joe Simons called his number, then sat back chewing again on his unlighted cigar. President Baker watched his face as his friend listened to the dialogue that followed.

(Continued on Page 141)

Making Power Out of Nothing

By ROBERT CROZIER LONG

BERLIN, November.

TWENTY thousand professors, all of them tough Germans with brachycephalic skulls and inexorable zeal for welding science to profit, are out to solve the fuel problem, which is the sole serious obstacle to Europe's industrial recovery. They are creating power out of nothing. Not content with the ambitious enough plan of making their own country self-supplying in power, as it was before the war destroyed the national physique and badly damaged the national mechanical equipment, they dream of ultimately organizing the export of power to the rest of the world. Ten years hence, they do not shrink from proclaiming, Germany's tank steamers will bear illuminating and fuel oils to America; and American motor cars and industrial mills will be run by the synthetic product of Prussian professorial skill. And the boast, though it sounds exaggerated, may prove justified. For the "intellectual guardsmen of the Hohenzollerns," as the Berlin physiologist Du Bois-Reymond called his comrades in science, are as active and resourceful as ever; and their creation of power out of nothing—at least out of practically nothing is a fact. And as these militant pedagogues did much to cause the war, and very much, with their artificial niter, glycerin, rubber and textiles, to prolong it, thereby reducing catastrophically the world's reserve of power, there is poetic justice in their obligation to restore power to-day.

Out of practically nothing the intellectual guardsmen are to-day firing locomotives, generating electricity, heating smelting and Siemens-Martin furnaces, driving cotton mills and producing industrial commodities which are quite as indispensable as power—tar, ammonia, benzene, cresol, toluol, anthracene, paraffin and pitch, not to mention the solvents and drugs in which Germany as Europe's first nation in coal distillation always led. The guardsmen are doing more. Out of the new nothing they are producing illuminating, heating and lubricating oils at such low cost and in such abundance that in a very short term of years Germany will stand beside the United States, Mexico and Russia as a leading oil country of the world.

The new nothing, or next to nothing, is brown coal. All German stock exchanges are at present experiencing a phrenetic brown-coal boom. The cause is that the great "Schwerindustrie" magnates—Stinnes, Thyssen, Wolf, the Stumms—are fighting for brown-coal interests with a ruthlessness that recalls the former battles for railroad control in Wall Street, the battles for control of South African gold and diamonds in the days of Cecil Rhodes. And the general public is deeply involved. In the public mind brown coal as elixir of a new national and individual prosperity has replaced even the scientific apocalypse of Einstein. Chemists and engineers have taken up brown coal as a source of unimagined enrichment. And politicians speculate upon its ultimate political fruits. When the rector of a leading technical high school lately told his pupils that "The nation which most efficiently extracts power out of worthless or almost worthless fuels will dominate Europe from the Tagus to the Volga," he added that mechanical power would in the end turn out to be political power; that the nation which satisfactorily solves the fuel problem will ultimately dominate the world.

The great brown-coal boom is based upon the convincing calculation that Europe will not be able to restore its production of ordinary coal within visible time. Concerning Germany, this calculation is true. The German coal famine grows worse, not better. It is no mere result, as some Germans pretend, of the peace treaty. In 1913, Germany produced 191,511,000 tons of black coal; but by 1917, when a penalty peace treaty was not dreamed of, her output had fallen to 167,311,000 tons. Since then she has surrendered the Saar Basin, which in 1917 yielded 12,311,000 tons; and under Article 88 of the treaty she risks losing Upper Silesia, which produced 43,801,000 tons. In 1919 her whole coal production was 105,000,000 tons, which is little more than half the prewar output. Last year production recovered a little. But as the January-July total was only 73,399,000 tons, the utmost estimate for all of 1920 is 120,000,000 tons; and of this amount the Spa Agreement compels the delivery of 2,000,000 tons a month to France, Belgium and Italy.

These figures in themselves point to catastrophe. But the effect upon industry is much worse than the figures express. On Germany's railroads and domestic heating go nearly 35,000,000 tons; and this amount, being only seventy per cent of the consumption for these purposes in 1913, cannot be further reduced. The shortage, therefore, mainly falls on industry. Industry to-day has only two-fifths of the coal supply of 1913. That is the present, the only, cause of its serious plight. Of raw materials there is either enough or there could easily be enough, were there only sufficient coal. Coal shortage alone checks iron production. As before the war, Germany is getting minette from Lorraine, magnesite from Northern Sweden and hematite from Spain. But through lack of coal the Krupps of Essen have only six of their sixteen blast furnaces at work; the big Rhine-Elbe Union, created last summer by Prussia's Rockefeller, Hugo Stinnes, has in recent months blown out six of its blast furnaces; and a third of the iron and zinc smelting furnaces of Upper Silesia are still. So against 19,810,000 tons of pig iron produced in 1913, was a production of round 6,500,000 tons last year. The German shipping problem is solely a coal question. Germany is better equipped for building ships than she was before the war. In 1914 she possessed fifteen yards; to-day she possesses twenty-six. At Hamburg during the war, at the late Albert Ballin's initiative, rose the great Deutsche Werft Yard, which American experts declare can turn out ships seventy per cent faster than any other yard in Europe. In 1913, Germany's shipyards were capitalized at 55,480,000 marks; they are capitalized at 124,650,000 marks to-day. Director Cuno, of the Hamburg-American Line, says 750,000 tons a year

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Bad Seeding

SECRET HISTORY

By Frederick Orin Bartlett

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR D. FULLER

NOT everyone can afford a literary valet—like the great of history—and therefore much interesting material that otherwise might be collected under the title of Personal Recollections and Intimate Private Life of So-and-So is lost to the world; material quite as valuable from many points of view as much of that handed down to us by those whose privilege it was to shave emperors and observe their conduct while in bedroom slippers. Had Rex Blanchard worn a crown, this confidential episode in his life would undoubtedly be considered history.

When Rex married Constance Hunter he was fortunate in securing the unanimous approval of both her friends and his own. They were the kind of couple who did not need this, but nevertheless it was pleasant. His family had for years, in a nonpublic way, been a substantial power in every community in which they had settled. With the growth of the Blanchard Machine Company, founded by the grandfather, Blanchard, Senior, had moved from Hartford to New York, and here Rex, after graduating from Yale, joined him with the title of vice president. Rex kept up his tennis that first year, and it was during a tournament for state honors that he met Constance Hunter—being finally paired with her in the mixed doubles, which they won handily. There was, on his part, never any doubt about her from the start, and he attempted to win her in the same impulsive fashion that he played tennis. But he was a bit too heady about it, as he was apt to be in his tennis game, and nearly lost her through errors. Several times he gained the advantage, only to fall back again to deuce through some bit of carelessness.

Constance Hunter had been thrown a good deal in contact with men during her vigorous young life—particularly at country clubs. She had stood the association remarkably well. Without getting either bold or cynical, she had learned to observe men steadily and estimate pretty accurately their value as individuals. The best in them she admired heartily, responding to it quickly with heightened color and brightened eyes, but keeping her head; the worst—or such of it as she saw and guessed—she shied away from instinctively with an angry little frown. Her family, though prominent socially, had never been involved in any scandals. Until Ezra Hunter went West in Forty-nine and discovered the North Star Mine the Hunter stock had run rather to Baptist ministers and college professors. Financial interests, in connection with the substantial estate Ezra left, brought her father to New York, where he married into an old Dutch family and founded the bank of which he was still president.

When Constance went away to college she was given an allowance and permitted to manage her own life, a task she fulfilled without giving cause for criticism of any sort. During the year in town following her graduation she continued that duty with equally commendable discretion, though she was granted a freedom that would have made a French mother gasp with horror. But an element the French mother would not have understood was the self-confidence gained by being able, even with the handicap of skirts, to face a man across a tennis net and play him on equal terms; and the clean, straight vision that comes with such active exercise followed by cold shower and rubdown. Tanned, red cheeked, hard of muscle, but lithe as a dancer, intelligent and eager, she still kept within the bounds of her sex, and could smile quite as tantalizingly as any languid Southern beauty, and with quite as disastrous results.

At least a dozen men had been squashed in various stages of devotional interest before Rex Blanchard came along. It would be difficult to say just what advantage he held over the others, but she was conscious of a difference from the start. He was attractive in appearance, to be sure; but so had been many others. Describing him as tall, athletic, well groomed, with finely modeled features, a rather grim mouth relieved by good-natured blue eyes, was not to get very far or to cover very much really important ground. That might have answered as a description of Billy Milton, who for two years had been ready to place his life and entire resources at her command, without being able to elicit from her anything more satisfactory than an occasional request for a glass of iced tea at the conclusion of a set of tennis. The Blanchard family, as she learned, had a good record; but so had most of the families with whom she permitted herself intimate contact. And of course Rex was sound financially—a matter which perhaps interested her least of all.

Yet of all the men she had ever met, he was the first to make to her any stronger appeal than that of good fellowship: the first to leave her feeling a wee bit lonesome when she was by herself. He was the first, also, to make her conscious of herself and her relation to life. She had been accepting each day as it came, content to let the weeks and months slip by like that. She always found plenty to do among her pleasant friends, and neither to burden them nor herself with dullness ended her daily responsibility. Youth was something eternal, and the relics of old age she chanced upon, as foreign as the ruins of the Parthenon at Athens; evidence that could not be denied, but wholly irrelevant except from an academic viewpoint.

Then Came the Long Hours on the Screened and Shaded Porch, Where He Might Talk of Everything Except That Uppermost in His Heart

Rex, too, was the first man who ventured to make love to her against her wishes—to force the outworks which had always proved an effective barrier. The third time he met her he announced that he proposed to marry her.

"Whether I wish or not?" she inquired.

"Certainly not! With your consent," he answered solemnly.

That was, on the whole, an error on his part, like his attempts to win aces on his serve, which too often resulted in doubles. It challenged her pride, even after she knew he must have his way. So that instead of marrying him in June she forced him to wait until December, causing him in the meantime, and in spite of his boastful confidence, a good many uneasy moments. But that was her last stand. When finally she did give, she gave everything.

As far as the public ever knew, their story ended right here. After their marriage they moved to a pretty home within commuting distance of New York in a community of prosperous young American families whose energies were pretty evenly divided between making money and spending it. Most of their social activities during the golfing season centered round the country club, where, everyone agreed, they were a decided acquisition. They entered into everything, helped put the club on the tennis map and were pointed at with pride as a model young couple.

Yet before the end of the second year their secret history began.

II

THE mistake Rex made was in assuming that, once having married the girl and having provided her with a good home, his responsibility ended and he could, so to speak, go on about his own business. She became, as a wife, a possession like the government bonds in his safe-deposit vault. He knew their intrinsic worth and valued them properly, clipping the coupons as they became due with a great deal of satisfaction. But that did not mean that he must take them out every day and gloat over them.

There was a curious lack of sentiment in the man of which he was not aware. But Constance felt it before the end of the honeymoon, and, oddly enough, instead of defining it as a defect in his nature looked upon it at first as a weakness in herself. She felt half ashamed that she should crave so much more in the way of little attentions than he seemed ready to give; that before they had been installed six months in their new home she should feel miserable all day because he went off to business in the morning without kissing her. There was nothing flabby about her. She did not droop and pine under the slight, and she would have torn her tongue from her mouth before she would have mentioned it to him. But after that, instead of holding out her two beautiful arms when he came home, she threw back her head and gave him her hand. He did not seem to mind. He took it contentedly, and while he dressed for dinner listened to her recital—as to a director's report—of the happenings of the day.

In reply to her queries as to what he had been about he answered only, "Same old grind, Connie. What's on for tonight?"

Whether dance or whist or social call, he went gladly, because these amusements furnished him an agreeable relaxation from a business that in the next year was to absorb more and more of him.

It seems that Blanchard, Senior, had long nursed secretly an ambition that hinged round this son. The company bearing his name had prospered, but the successful business they were doing was not an item compared to what might be accomplished with a larger unit. He himself

had hesitated at his age to accept the responsibility, but he laid the groundwork for the boy. The actual building was a task for youth. The proposition was simple—the gradual absorption of rival units, thereby concentrating effort and narrowing competition.

The Blanchard Company was the logical nucleus for such a movement, because its tools occupied a position of undisputed leadership as far as they went. The policy of the company had always been to attempt to go no farther than the superiority of its goods warranted. That had left it weak in certain lines that had come upon the market in the last decade in connection with the automobile trade. But Blanchard knew just where to go for the plants that would remedy this, and he had the capital to work with. The only question was whether Rex had the ambition and the ability to carry on. The father moved cautiously at first, but Rex responded beyond his expectations. The big game appealed to him, and he threw himself into it body and soul.

Body and soul he put into it, and no one knew this better than Connie. All she had of the man she married was what was left over, and to him she had given everything she had to give.

The situation, varying in degree, is common enough in American life. Different women have met it in their several ways; by apathetic submission; by seeking outside interests; by complete rebellion, tending toward separation and ending in the divorce courts. The result, any way it is handled, is humiliating enough.

Connie Blanchard did none of these things. For two years she held her head high and watched and waited and played tennis with Rex, though his game was steadily falling off, and danced with him and made the round of social calls with him and served dutifully as the mistress of his home. And there was not any time within that period when if he had held out his arms she would not have responded with a full heart and with pride. She had loved him when she married him, and she was not one to give her heart lightly. For all anyone knew—for all Rex knew—her life moved on serenely enough; rather more serenely than the lives of most of her friends. And yet all this while she knew that her position was anomalous; that she was in effect scarcely anything more than a sublimated housekeeper. As such she realized she had a certain amount of usefulness. There was no doubt but what Rex needed someone like her to look after him in a motherly sort of way, and make sure his meals were properly prepared and that he took the time to eat them; to supervise his laundry and wardrobe; to give him the exercise and social relaxation that were necessary to keep him fit for the next day's work. In a way, even at the end of two years, she knew it would be difficult for him to get along without her. So these duties she accepted and performed faithfully. But this only emphasized to her the gulf that was constantly widening between them; the gulf that left him on one side leading his real life more and more independent of her, and left her on the other, more and more in the position of a handmaiden.

The situation had its ethical side, and this was what Rex missed absolutely. He had married her, and therefore she was his wife by every legal and moral standard No further controversy along this line was possible. But it came, nevertheless—unexpectedly and out of a clear sky. It came after Constance had deliberated long and thoughtfully during those many hours she was left to herself; it came after she had held those long, heartburning conferences with her better self—with that pure-white self that he had not yet glimpsed. She was his wife as far as she had proved necessary to him—no further. The duties she performed that contributed to his comfort, those she must continue to perform. That much she owed as her part of the responsibility she assumed by marrying him. She had been a free agent, and could not shift all the blame to him. But this was as much as he had a right to demand; this was as much as her self-respect would allow her to grant. He had made it impossible for her to remain a good wife to him, but she proposed to continue a good housewife.

Quixotic as the distinction sounds, she was serious about it; and when she was serious she was very, very serious. If Rex never realized this before, he was soon to realize it unforgetably. The revelation came dramatically—the more dramatically that she announced her decision so quietly. They had been alone all that evening, and he had finished his papers in the pretty drawing-room, where an open wood fire crackled merrily beyond the brick hearth She was sitting on the other side of the reading table sewing something or other. This was their wedding anniversary, but he had forgotten it. She had set this as a sort of final test—that if he remembered it before nine o'clock she must think a little longer; that if he did not she must speak tonight. The brass clock on the mantel stood at five minutes of nine when he finished his papers, and without speaking or looking in her direction he gave a tired yawn, and resting his head on his hand stared into the flames. Busily the clock sped on to four minutes of, to three, to two, to one. Her face grew a little flushed, but her fingers remained steady. Finally the clock struck nine times—a little solemnly, she thought. She laid down her sewing in her lap and raised her head.

"Rex," she said in her even, well-modulated voice, "I have something serious to talk to you about to-night."

"So?" he returned. "Out with it then, because I'm off to bed in five minutes."

"I don't know if I can say it quickly or not," she answered. "I'm quite clear in my own mind, but I don't know that I can make it clear to you. Do you consider that our marriage has been a success, Rex?"

"Eh?" he queried, looking up sharply.

He was puzzled as she had expected he would be. Nothing had been troubling him during these long troubled months. She had a brief qualm of conscience about her right to disturb him now. Her impulse was to sacrifice herself. But this question went so deep—into her soul.

"I've been thinking a good deal about it lately, Rex," she went on, "and I've come to a decision."

"A what?" he demanded.

"A decision," she answered firmly. "I've moved all my things into the guest room."

III

WHAT, in effect, Constance had decreed, was a secret divorce, but a divorce that still left her responsible for the housewifely duties; that even left her responsible for all the social duties to which, as Mrs. Blanchard, she was obligated. It required nerve to undertake such a program as this. It would have been much easier for her to have withdrawn entirely; much easier for a great many reasons. But to have done that would have been to involve the fair names of both Blanchard and Hunter—names which had never been smirched by court proceedings. To have done that would also have seemed like quitting—like running away from battle. She was not attempting to make her life any easier or she would have drifted along. She was simply attempting to place it on the standard her clean white soul demanded, and still to give all—and no more—that the best in her justified.

As for Rex, he was simply dazed by this unheard-of and unexpected development. For a while he acted like a confused onlooker trying to puzzle out the situation in silence and by himself. This was to him like one of those morbid and unnatural dramas of Ibsen, which he never had been able to understand, though finding them, when capably acted, thrilling enough.

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"I'm Quite Clear in My Own Mind, But I Don't Know That I Can Make it Clear to You. Do You Consider That Our Marriage Has Been a Success, Rex?"

THE WAY OF CAPITAL

WITH THE NEW WORLD

By George Kibbe Turner

WE HAVE just observed the domination which American capital secured at Washington; its establishment there, after ninety years of endeavor, of the right to earn a little less than the current rate of interest in railroads; and the apparent beginnings of a quite general movement at this time to make the United States safe for capital. We shall now study capital, especially American capital, as it pushes forward its present purpose to establish a similar domination in the new world which it is admitted on all sides is about to be created as a result of the great World War.

There has been, as all know, a wide variety of opinion as to just what this new world was to be like, and in no place has this been wider than in regard to the relations of capital to it. And along with the sometimes-termed reactionary movement in America, which we have been considering, has come one in Europe of a violently opposite tendency, which has made no concealment of the purpose of making the coming new world anything but safe for capital.

This movement is founded, historically at least, upon the prophecies of Messrs. Marx and Engels concerning the sure and irresistible progress of capital toward domination of society through the control of machinery, which we have been studying as it moved on toward power through the unexpected and remarkable expedient of recurrent bankruptcy, encountering a continual risk of destruction, which apparently had been equally far from the mind of Mr. Marx or the capitalist.

The leaders of the present movement against capital, however, are not at all embarrassed by the failure of any of their predecessors' theories. They point with more insistence at the present time to social and economic revelations founded on the more convincing practice of modern economic science, which involves first the gathering and studying of statistics before you fully formulate the laws which are to work out in the somewhat complicated development of modern society or business.

Through the statement of such statistics they have secured a great following and much sympathy for their aim to make the world unsafe for capital.

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The Petrograd Exchange

Doctor King's Studies of Wealth

THEY point out, for example, such figures as are given concerning the distribution of wealth in the well-known volume of Dr. W. I. King, whose work, though far from socialistic in its conclusions, is often used as a mine of statistics by the promoters of the new world of new social values, so-called, whose minds, as all know, are usually too much engrossed by the higher processes of generalization to afford the time for the intellectual drudgery of collecting and examining statistics.

In his Wealth and Income of the People of the United States Doctor King sums up investigations concerning the wealth in Great Britain, Prussia, France and two specimen states in the United States, to say:

> In every instance two per cent of the people own considerably more property than all the rest of the population. In England the concentration is so great that this one-fiftieth part of the people own nearly three times as much as the poor and the middle classes combined. In fact the titles to half the property of the United Kingdom are apparently in the hands of only half a per cent of the population. While this degree of concentration is worse than in the other countries, in Prussia and France the richest one per cent of the owners held half of the wealth, and even in Wisconsin we have seen that half of the wealth belonged to only one-fiftieth part of the people.

It is true that property is not identical with capital, not all being devoted to use in the processes of production and distribution of goods. And it is further true, according to the statistical investigators, that we must abandon that apparently fundamental theory of Marx which teaches that capital in industry must inevitably make the poor poorer and the rich richer, ending in the economic slavery of the so-called proletariat; for in the seventy years' development of capital in America, which we have reviewed, it has failed to do so. It has increased absolutely the income of rich and poor alike, far beyond what they would have been without it, while relatively it has changed the division of wealth very little. For such investigations as Doctor King's tend, in point of fact, to indicate some new unfathomed law or coincidence by which the distribution of wealth remains strangely uniform, not only all over the civilized world of to-day but over the past as well. So that in 1850, contrary to the general teaching and belief, the two per cent of the population of the United States apparently already held the same half of the wealth which they have to-day. This might be held theoretically to damage greatly the cause of socialism by seeming to remove its main logical foundation. Yet, nevertheless, these figures are striking and often shocking to those who have no socialistic tendencies at all. Moreover, what might be called the newer socialism or communism was now in the air, during and following the war, a movement which not only was not dependent on the truth or fallacy of Mr. Marx's so-called laws but was actually opposed to the older and more orthodox plans for the reorganization of society under an industrial state; and, in fact, found the older so-called state socialism almost as amusing and out of date as it did capitalism.

Such, of course, was at first the Bolshevism of Russia, the syndicalism of France and the trade guild in England, which have tended to direct the new movement against capital in Europe since the war; and whose frequent criticism of the older socialism may be represented in a mild and relatively unacrimonious form by a quotation from the English book of Mr. G. D. H. Cole, sometime fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford, in which he writes:

> Before the war the problem of industrial control had forced its way to the front. State socialism, in part a bureaucratic and Prussianizing movement and in part a reaction against the distribution of wealth in a capitalistic society, continued to develop, at least in its Prussian aspect. But from the working class' point of view it was intellectually bankrupt.
>
> The new idea, in fact, which was sweeping Europe after the war, with a starting point in Russia, was not the old rigid orthodox state socialism, which is, of course, almost as old as modern capitalism itself, but a more or less indefinite hatred of capital, which might be said to find its expression in the phrases, "Farmer, take your land!" "Worker, take your machine!"

Strength in Vagueness

THE idea might be vague and varying and the organization for putting it into effect anything that could be knocked together; but, as is not unknown to observers of American presidential campaigns, vagueness in handling abstract ideas quite often tends to add to the strength of their appeal and the breadth of their constituency. And this particular formula was certainly a great common denominator, readily going into not only the theoretical socialists but the great body of the discontented, who were theoretically nothing at all, one way or the other. It found a certain sneaking sympathy in the mind of any man who had been working for another man.

There were many theorists, too, who were far from socialists, who yet saw the germs of a possible interesting new development in the proposed so-called organization by function of a new world, by which society, as the expression goes among the more advanced, would function by industry—a doctrine favored by syndicalism and the English trade-guild movement, and supposed to be advocated by Messrs. Lenine and Trotzky, of Russia, in those earlier days when their interest in the theories of social advancement had not yet been so entirely superseded by the more practical interest in holding their own jobs by all means available, from wholesale murder down.

It is clear to all, those interested in this new idea would contend, that if there is any one thing upon which an average man can give an intelligent opinion, it is about his own job and the character and ability of the other men engaged in it with him. On the other hand, as the saying goes, it is a wise man who knows his own congressman—especially in a large city—or even that representative's name. And if society should ever organize and vote by its daily work instead of by geographical divisions, by farming and carpentering and plumbing instead of by precincts and counties and states, it was thought that a new element of intelligence—much needed—might be introduced into popular government.

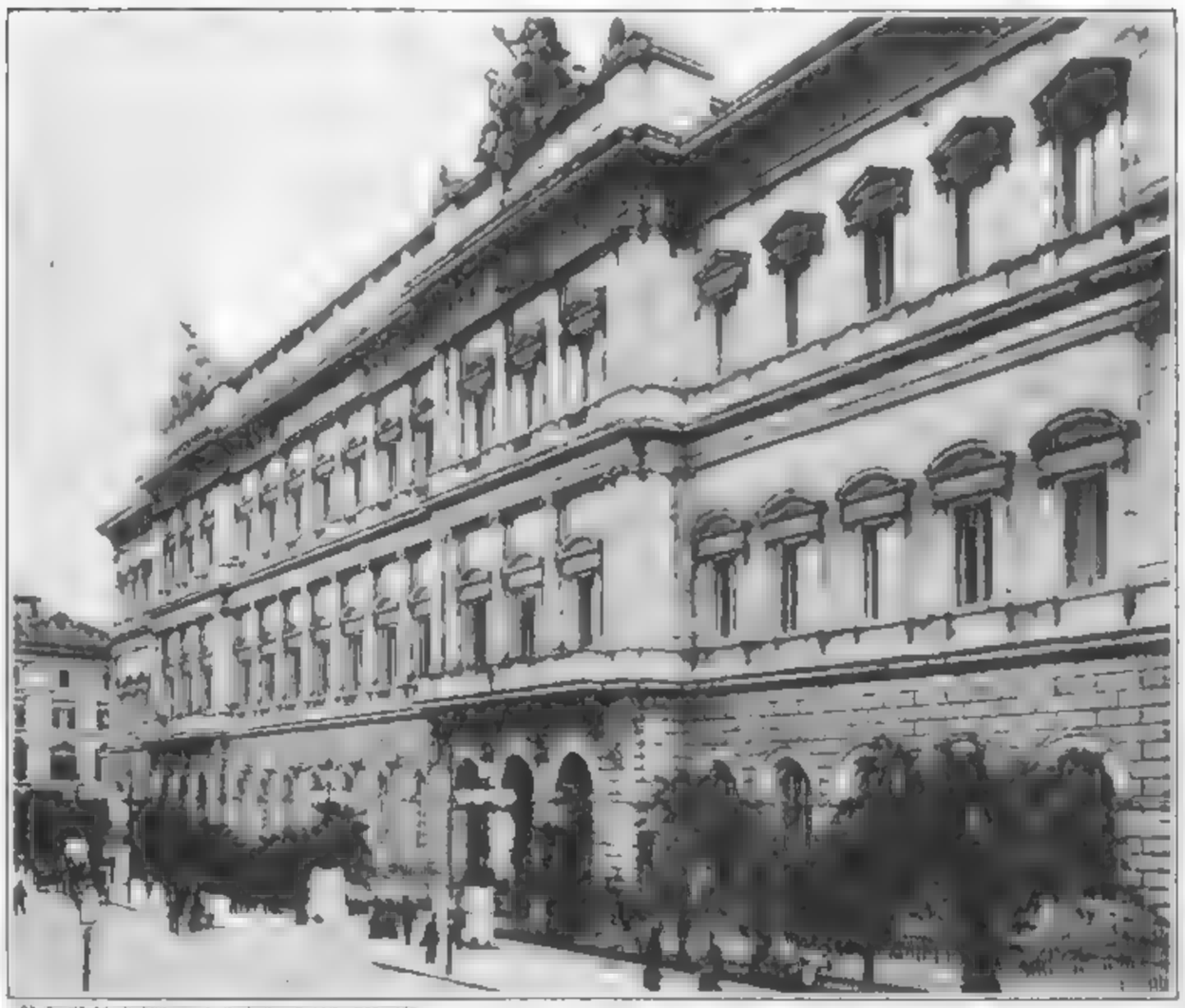
Theoretically, too, if you did not decide immediately to reorganize the entire world, the benefit to industry of such organization would seem at first glance to be elementary. A class of men working for themselves in their own industry might naturally be expected to get the most possible out of the operation for their own selfish interests, if nothing else; and to organize themselves intelligently by the choice of the best minds in the industry to govern them.

It was while theories of this kind were in all men's minds, shaken by the social, mental and moral volcanoes of

the war, that the revolution in Russia occurred, arising directly out of the matter of the distribution of wealth as affected by war. If one-half of one per cent—or possibly less—owns half or more of the property of a country, and production stops, and the remaining ninety-nine and a half per cent of the population is starving, it requires no theorist or son of a theorist to state what will happen before starvation becomes too acute or to account practically for the rise of Bolshevism in Russia.

At the same time, as all know, however practically it happened, theory was not without influence in this movement. Under it the Russian people—or more especially the industrial population or so-called proletariat of cities—met together and passed their resolutions to strike the chains from the worker, to divide all wealth, abolish capital, take the farm and the machine, make all capitalists work or die and found a world-wide proletariat where all would function by industry.

Having done this, it was resolved to work hereafter the two or three hours a day which Bolshevist leaders thought would be all the work needed, if all—capitalists included—are working, both to support life handsomely and to lay aside that surplus of production over consumption by the workers which allows the other workers to be supported while building the new machinery of further production, which had been previously supplied by private capital.



The Bank of Italy at Rome

Frightened Capital Runs to Cover

THIS being resolved, the meeting closed with the singing of the Internationale—all being dressed in smocks but Worker Trotzky, who, as commander of the military forces to exterminate capitalists, wore the red fez, the green knickerbockers, the diamond sunburst and the long purple trail of the Order of the New Jerusalem, which was about to spread the peace and good will of the industrial millennium by murder across the world. And the well-known campaign of "Farmer, take your land!" "Worker, take your machine!"—in its more violent and uncompromising form—was off in Russia, to grow across the world.

Now no one can doubt that so far as the first half of this new world-wide movement is concerned there has been an extraordinary advance—in fact a great revolution in Europe since the war—as has been so clearly indicated by Dr. Alonzo E. Taylor in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. A socialistic movement, starting theoretically to free the industrial population, has had as its net result the quite general effect of the breaking up of feudalism in European land holdings, to the intense surprise of the average American, who, with his hazy knowledge of European geography and history, had assumed that feudalism was something which ended with the French Revolution—and not the common and dominant factor it had been in European rural life, with the marked exception made by the French land laws.

The farmer is to own his farm, then, we may hope, in the new postwar world in Europe. That part of the general formula has developed wonderfully well. And the farmer of Europe is now tending toward the fortunate individualistic ownership of land which the citizen of this country started with and unconsciously assumed that others had. But, curiously enough, this achievement, coming out of a widely advertised industrial revolution, tends now all over Europe to check the movement toward socialism or communism out of which it came, through the creation of a great new body of individualists on Europe's farms, as distinct and against the collectivists in the cities.

For the second section of the new formula for the new world has not been so successful. The worker in Russia—and to a not-quite-defined extent in Italy—has indeed taken his machine. But, having taken it, he finds that his machine will not run. The new world being made unsafe for capital, capital naturally, so to speak, refuses to function in it; and we have the contemporary spectacle in Russia, from which even the most sympathetic recoil, among the favored few who are allowed to peek at this newly created world there.

"The capitalistic régime has been destroyed," says the official report of the friendly socialist delegation sent from Italy to examine Russia. "But it has not been replaced by anything which meets even the most elementary needs of a civilized people."

Disappearing Cities

THE revenge of capital upon this world which has been made so thoroughly unsafe for it, it now appears, is terrible and exquisite. By merely withdrawing it stops the machinery which it has introduced and throws civilization back a century, to the time before its arrival. In the country of Russia the rural population has returned to a primitive, half-barbaric agriculture. Transportation has stopped. And in the centers of population drowsy theorists in palaces dream over blue prints of unmade boulevards while cities sink down and disappear in the slime of their own indescribable filth, unable to feed or heat or even properly to cleanse themselves without the aid of capital.

This type of new world, then, being made unsafe for capital under the Russian formula, develops into something very much like what the old world was before capital and its machinery came—with much the same result in broad terms of human life. In Great Britain, as Doctor Shadwell interestingly shows in his History of Industrialism in the Encyclopedia of Industrialism, the population rose from six and one-third millions to seven and one-third millions in the nonindustrial century between 1651 and 1751, or about one-sixth. Between 1751 and 1851 it about trebled, to more than twenty-one millions; and in the fifty years from 1851 to 1901 it almost doubled, to reach more than forty millions. Other factors besides capital and machinery no doubt had their part in this growth of so great a population, supported in so small a territory. But it is most suggestive to watch the process in reverse in Russia and see the city populations promptly and literally dying off the map with the ceasing of the mechanical operations which made them possible.

The Paris Stock Exchange at the Noon Hour

On the whole, then, following this gruesome spectacle of disappearing cities, it is beginning to be admitted by many former advocates that the new movement to make the approaching new world unsafe for capital has not done well in its birthplace, Europe, since the war. Wealth may now be very unevenly divided. A new world which would function by industry might be a great theoretical advance; but the abrupt policy of confiscating wealth by murder, if necessary—and dividing it among a new and universal proletariat has not worked a benefit to mankind. Even in Russia, where, if anywhere, the

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C. O. D.

By HUGH WILEY

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

THE Wildcat felt noble. Against yesterday's clouds to-morrow's skies lay blue. The sheriff's office at The Dalles was a comfortable place wherein to wait for the thousand-dollar reward which Lady Luck had showered down on her prodigal protégé. Half asleep, the Wildcat mumbled at a buzzing fly.

"'At's it! Tryin' to bust yo' brains out on de window glass. 'At's how come you ain't got none. Cravin' to git loose all de time. S'pose you git loose? Whah at would you go? Some ole spidah'd git you de fust mile. Calm yo'self. Heah you is in de sunshine an' all warmed up. You jess like folks—nevah knows when you's lucky."

The Wildcat's soliloquy was interrupted by a verbal volley from the sheriff

"Here's your letter. Take it down to the railroad office in Portland. They'll pay you the thousand-dollar reward for helping capture the pair of train robbers."

"Cap'n, yessuh. Nevah seed so much money. Sho come easy."

"Come easy, go easy. I suppose you'll load yourself up on square-face gin and get rolled the first night you're in town."

"No, suh, not me. I aims to 'vest mah money in de fried-smelt business. Right now Ise a train porter. In Poteland mebbe I sees kin I buy myself free. Anyway, I starts me a smelt-fish business. River's full o' ole smelt fish. I ketches me a wagonload. I builds me a fire in mah fish wagon, an' when de fish is fried I sells 'em two bits a pan to de Poteland niggers. Nevah seed a nigger 'at wouldn't trade two bits fo' a bellyful o' fish."

"Good-by. Good luck with your smelt-fish enterprise." The sheriff terminated the interview.

The Wildcat stowed his thousand-dollar-reward letter in the inside pocket of his parade-leading Prince Albert, which had seen temporary service as a porter's uniform. He made his way to the railroad station and sat down at a point where a splash of sunlight dived into a pool of heat which radiated from the wall of the depot. For a little while his neck muscles held his head erect, and then with his drooping eyelids his head fell forward.

His meandering tongue offered an irresistible invitation to the bumbling fly which had escaped with the Wildcat from the sheriff's office. The fly enjoyed the viscous environment until he succeeded in getting himself all squashed up in an instinctive gesture back of which were the clutching fingers of the Wildcat's swinging hand.

"Fly, how come you so confidential? 'At's mah pussonal tongue. On yo' way."

The buzzer was batted into oblivion. A moment later the roar of an incoming train sounded in the Wildcat's ears.

"Fly sho was handy. Sho did me a good turn wakin' me up. Mebbe dey's got brains just like folks, else how come dey knows when it's train time?" He boarded the train and settled down in a seat in the smoking car. A porter from the twelve-wheeled battleship on the aft end of the train came forward and encountered the Wildcat.

"Mawnin', boy. Whereat you bound?"

"Poteland."

"You a Poteland boy?"

The Wildcat indulged in a little autobiography.

"Not me. I 'filiates wid de railroad company a long time back conveyin' a westbound carload of potent nobles of de Mysterious Mecca wid blue fezants. Us got divo'ced somewhere. Dey an' mah mascot goat gits drug to California. I gits penned up wid a rag-head Hindu boy an' some crazy folks in anotheh train. I jines me in a ruckus wid train robbers. Den I busts loose an' gits free, an' de ole sheriff gives me a thousan' dollahs fo' ketchin de two robbers what held up de train. Wish they'd been a dozen."

"Boy, I seed so many liars I got so I b'lieves hes, but you sho strains me."

The Wildcat fished round in his parade-leading Prince Albert and produced the evidence.

"Read dis letter. See does I strain you."

The infidel read the letter. He looked at the Wildcat.

"Is yo' name Vitus Marsden?"

The Wildcat acknowledged his verbal label.

"Folks ginerally knows me as Wilecat 'count o' me bein' de Mil'tary Wilecat o' de Fust Service Battalion in France."

"Sho glad to meet up wid you, Mistah Marsden. Mah name's Daniels. Dey ginerally calls me Dwindle."

"Proud to meet you, Mistah Daniels. Did you come out o' de lions' den or de Navy?"

"Neither one. Ise a Bumminham Republican."

The Wildcat reached for his letter.

"Gimme back dat letter. No boy f'um Alabam' is safe wid a money letter."

"How come?"

"Wust cleanin' I ever got in a cube ruckus come off a Bumminham boy name' Florian Slappey."

"Money come, money go. What you gonna do when you gits yo' thousan' dollars?"

"Fish business. I aims to start me a fried-fish wagon in Poteland. Figgah out de profits. Heah's de ole rivah dusty wid smelt fish. Heah's de Poteland niggers cravin' to 'sorb fish mawnin', night an' noon. I gits me some fryin' pans an' I cooks me up some fresh fish every day. Dey don't cost me nuthin'. I collects two bits a panful. 'At runs into big money."

Dwindle Daniels did some fast financial thinking.

"How does you aim to cook fish an' ketch 'em both, wid de Columbia River six miles f'um Poteland?"

The Wildcat hadn't thought of this detail. He made his associate a proposition.

"Dwindle, s'pose you 'filiates with me. Us ketches de fust wagonload; den I fries fish an' collects de money whilst you ketches mo' fish."

"De fust day 'at's all right. Second day Ise treasurer."

"Suits me."

For the next twenty miles the two fish financiers dived into the details of their commercial venture, and when the train slowed for the bridge leading across the Willamette to Union Station in Portland their plans were completed. At the street gates of Union Station a policeman directed the Wildcat to the railroad offices. He lost the trail and wandered round for half an hour, but finally with the assistance of a hundred questions he made port. An elevator boy directed him to the treasurer's offices, wherein he received a slip of blue paper in the lower right-hand corner of which was the treasurer's signature.

"Cap'n, suh, what's dat?"

"That's a check for a thousand dollars."

"Dis papah?"

The Wildcat looked sideways at the check.

"Whereat does I git de hard jinglin' money?"

"Any bank. Sign your name on the back of that check and any bank will cash it."

"Cap'n, suh, I ain't nevah learned to write. Kin you all help me wid dis papah?"

The clerk signed the Wildcat's name, and underneath the signature the Wildcat made his mark.

"Stick here a minute and I'll get the money for you."

The clerk departed and returned presently with two thick packages of ten-dollar bills.

"Money, howdy do! 'At's more cash den I seed since pay day in Bo'deaux."

Twenty minutes later the Wildcat languished in the lobby of a ramshackle hotel below Burnside Street, where he had a meeting date with his fish partner. Dwindle Daniels at the moment was meshed in the net of official business. To pass the time the Wildcat got fraternal with a languid brunet known as Spindlin' Spider. The Spider's loose anatomy was draped with a complicated check suit.

"Pardner, whereat kin a boy git a slug o' gin?"

"Cuba mebbe. Gin comes high round heah. I knowed one drink to cost a boy ninety days."

"Ninety days, ninety dollars. Sometimes ole square-face gin sho is worth it."

"Does you crave licker ten dollars' worth, sometimes dey's a white mule hitched in de back room."

The Wildcat pulled off a diplomatic boner. He displayed his thousand-dollar roll and peeled therefrom a ten-dollar bill.

"Whereat kin I trade dis frog skin for a rar o' licker?"

Internally the Spindlin' Spider suddenly wakened. He showed no outward sign of the agitation which the sight of the money had inspired, but for half an hour he played heavy politics; and thereafter in a company of half a dozen hard-boiled crap shooters the Wildcat began to pay for the indiscreet display of his cash.

"Leave dis boy takea rar at de clickers."

"'At's me! Hand me dem bones! C. O. D.—come on dice! Fiel' han's, rally roun'! Shoots fifty dollars! Shower down, brothers! Eagle bones, see kin you fly! Bam! I reads seven. I lets it lay. Shoots a hundred dollars! Fade me, crazy folks, fade me! Bam! I six-four. Slow death. Resurrection dice, an' I reads four-six."

The Wildcat hauled down part of his winnings.

"Shoots a hundred dollars! Shower down, brothers! Spark in de powdeh! Both barrels! Right an' left! Bam! An' dey reads 'leven. Mawnin', money. Us does a cash business. I lets it lay. Shower down yo' money!"

The Spindlin' Spider faded the Wildcat.

"Boy, you donates!"

"Don't sass me! Headed home wid feathers in yo' teeth. Telegraph dice, click fo' de coin. Bam!"

The Spider exercised his privilege of grabbing the dice before they had stopped rolling. As far as the Wildcat's naked eye could see the same dice were rolled back at him, but as a matter of fact the Wildcat's dice nestled close against the epidermis of the Spindlin' Spider's right palm.

The dice that had been returned were festooned with misfortune. The Wildcat had overlooked a bet. He curried the galopers to blood heat in his magenta palm.

"Houn' dog headed home wid rabbit hair in yo' teeth! Turkey dice, gobble dat coin. Bam! How come?"

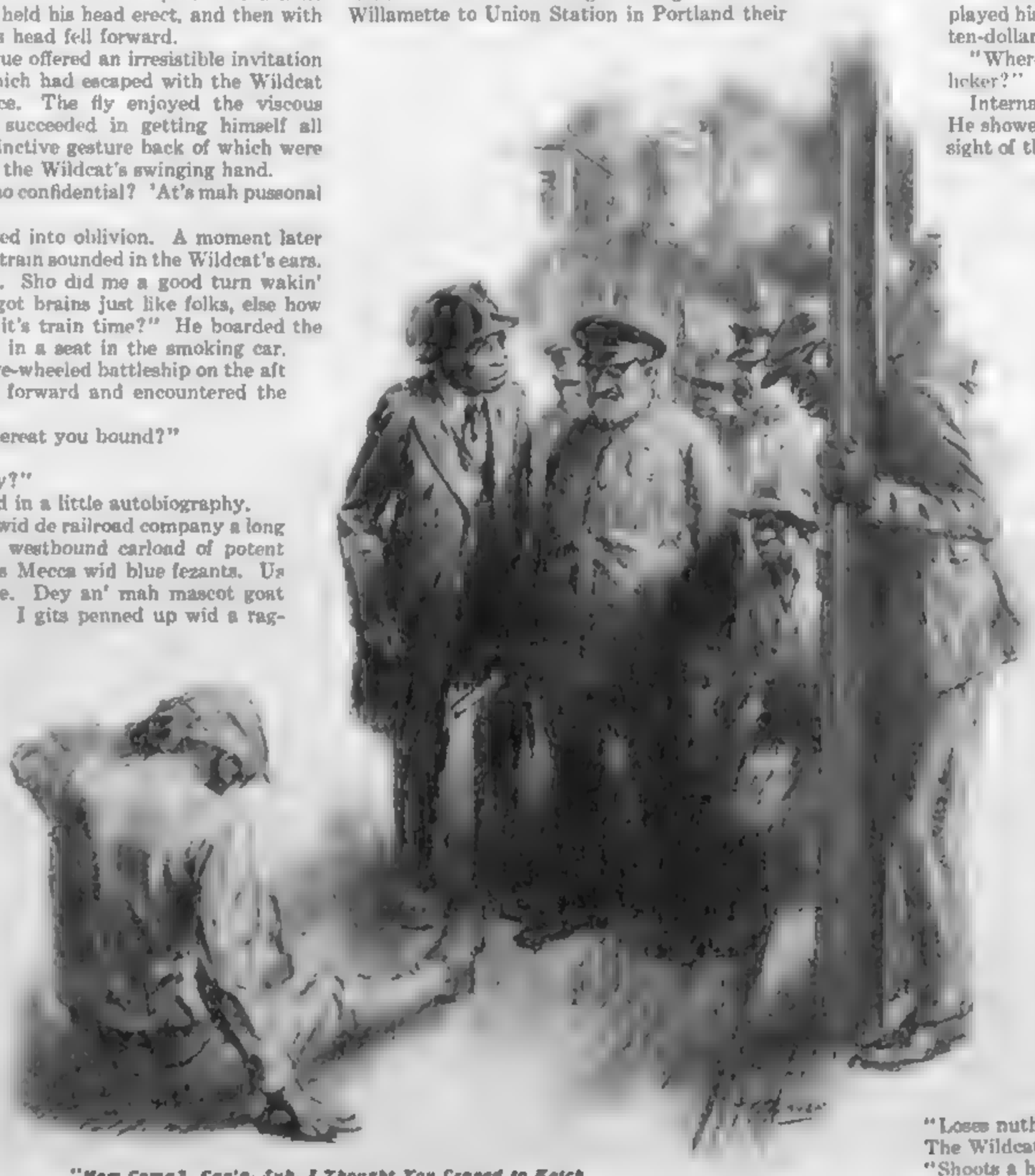
An ace-deuce bloomed in the garden of chance.

The Spindlin' Spider spoke quickly.

"Loses nuthin' but yo' money, boy. Roll 'em!"

The Wildcat clipped his roll for another hundred.

"Shoots a hundred! Shower down, fiel' han's! Ten-o-see! An' I reads ace-deuce. How come I miss?"



"How Come? Cap'n, Suh, I Thought You Craved to Ketch Dat Rag-Head Boy!"

"Down You Goes Like a Ole Helt-Diver. Mawnin' t Up You Comes Like a Ole Mud Turtle"

The Spider repeated his comforting reminder.

"Loses nuthin' but yo' money, brother. Roll 'em!"

The Wildcat pared another stratum from his dwindling roll.

"Shoots a hundred dollars! Grass cutteh, reap dem greens! Fade me an' die poor! Bam! An' I reads—ace-deuce. Dog-gone, how come I set fire to de Chris'mus tree?"

"Calm yo'self." The Spindlin' brother dished out a little advice as he picked up his winnings. "What fo' you talk so much? You must think dis is a peace conflocence. Roll 'em!"

Starting in the sunshine of Lady Luck's smile, the Wildcat cleared the hurdles of financial ruin and rambled into the stretch soggy with a cloudburst of hard luck. He staked his last pair of ten-dollar bills on a throw whose momentum carried him to the cleaners. The Spindlin' Spider urged him to lay further contributions on the altar of chance.

"Ise done. How come? Nevah seed such a hog for money. Ise cleaned now an' hung on de line. All I craves is five minutes wid Lady Luck so I kin beat dat woman to death."

Thereafter for half an hour the Wildcat flopped dejected and inert in a chair in the lobby of the ramshackle hotel. He tried vainly to borrow lunch money from the victorious Spindlin' Spider.

"Ain't puttin' out nuthin' to-day." The Spider exhibited a heart of flint.

"Dem train robbehs sho kain't learn you nuthin'." The Wildcat subsided in his chair. "Wish't ole Cap'n Jack was here. Wish't dat dog-gone mascot goat hadn't lost me."

The lobby of the hotel was warm, and presently the pain of the Wildcat's financial bruises dissolved in the heated air.

"Anyhow ——

"I don't botheh work,
Work don't botheh me.
I lost my money when de bones read three.
I eats when I kin git it,
I sleeps mos' all de time.
I don't give a dog-gone,
If de sun don't nevah shine."

The Wildcat's head dropped forward, and presently he was doing the best he could to sleep forever. His sleep was interrupted by a rumbling voice which emanated from a chesty policeman who was engaged in dishing out a little earnest advice to the proprietor of the hotel. The officer raised his voice for the benefit of the brunet assemblage.

"Trouble is trouble. If yez have business on th' street attind to ut, but save th' loafin' f'r another day. Wid all thim I. W. W. bugs, this nigger parade to-night is apt to flash into a race riot. If it does th' chief ain't goin' to stan' no foolin'. The guns'll begin barkin' worse than a Chinee New Year. Don't look for no trouble an' you won't find it. You boys ain't much in favor in this town right now, an' wan false move in to-night's parade might make a stampede out of ut, wid all th' dark complexions in town three jumps ahead of some red-hot buckshot."

The Wildcat shriveled up in his chair. The policeman's warning made him homesick. He resolved to stick close to the home plate.

"Ah don't crave no paradin' roun' whereat white folks is. Dese uppity yaller niggers sho heads fo' trouble when dey starts speakin' white folks' talk. Wish't ole Cap'n Jack was here. He'd sho learn 'em, did dey start sumpin'. Like as not ole Cap'n Jack tear down a lamp-post an' beat de parade ovah de head wid it. Parades is all right fo' crematizin' ceremonies; all right fo' de ahmy boys; all right fo' funerals an' lodges. Outside o' dat dey's dangerous. Me, ah sees kin I sleep me some mo'."

His slumbers were again interrupted by the entrance of the porter whose acquaintance he had made en route from The Dalles to Portland.

"Boy, howdy?"

The Wildcat sat up and blinked a pair of heavy lids over his bulging eyes.

"Dog-gone if it ain't mah ole fish podneh. Sho's glad to meet up wid you. How is you?"

"Tol'able, 'ceptin' Ise rushed. Us got to work dis fish business fast. I don't git me no lay over. Ole railroad boys done switched me to de midnight run for San F'mcisco on de train what leaves at one o'clock in de mawnin'. Dat's why I ain't change my unifawm. How is you? Did de man give you de money fo' de train-robbeh letter?"

The Wildcat's face, which had lightened in greeting his partner in the smelt-fish business, was suddenly overspread with a mask of melancholy.

"Easy come, easy go. Ise busted."

"How come you bust now when dis mawnin' yo' back was broke wid a thousand-dollah letter?"

"Met up wid a Spindlin' boy what hit me wid some C. O. D. dice. Cleaned me."

"Sho ha'd luck. You sho got action. Nevah min', Ise got 'nuff to start de fish business wid. Dey's a parade to-night an' us cleans up big sellin' fish to de parade niggers."

The pair launched into the working details of their fried-fish business.

"Wilecat, I got me some rubbeh boots. Us hires a wagon an' rambles over to de C'lumbia River. We loads up on smelt fish an' rambles back. We fries de fish in de back end of ole wagon on a oil stove."

"Whereat's de oil stove? Whereat's de wagon?"

"Us rents de wagon from a livery stable boy I knows fo' four bits. I knows where us kin git a oil stove from a boy on Front Street. Temporary, that is. Oil stoves comes high now."

"Le's go."

"Wait till I gits my rubbeh boots."

The porter reappeared from his room wearing a pair of knee-length rubber boots.

"Sho is de biggest boots I ever seed," the Wildcat commented.

The Wildcat held the door open until his companion had navigated the channel with the brace of ponderous violins that festooned his feet, and trotted along toward the livery stable in cadence with the tromping extremities of Dwindle Daniels.

"Sho is de biggest foot caves I ever seed. Was you in de Army you could come from parade rest to 'tenshun without movin' dem boots."

At the livery stable Dwindle Daniels financed the rental of a light wagon and a heavy-set mule. The Wildcat gathered up the reins.

"Set down fo' I starts," he advised. "Kain't tell about dese jug-heads."

The pair discovered presently that the mule's maker had omitted the high gear from the animal's mechanism, and the six-mile trip was accomplished at a four-mile gait. The mule was equally indifferent to leather and language.

"Spec' mebbe he's delicate. Some is. Comin' back I gits me a saplin' an' sees is he. No mule nevah konkered me yit."

They arrived presently at the bank of the fish-crowded Columbia River, where the business of loading their wagon with smelt occupied them for less than an hour.

"Nevah seed so many fish. Ole river sho is dusty wid fish. Did dese fish have legs, a boy couldn't git down de road past 'em."

With the work of the moment completed, Dwindle Daniels obeyed some instinct of neatness. He threaded his way out along an overhanging piece of driftwood to the clear water of the river, wherein he proposed to wash his hands. The Wildcat watched him for a while and then broke into criticism.

"How come you so neat? You acts like a barber-shop boy, all de time cleanin' up. Next thing you'll be crav'n' bear grease fo' yo' hair an' a sprinkle o' bay rum."

"I craves to smell human," the porter returned. "All right fo' fish to smell like fish, but I prefers to let 'em win any smell race dey starts."

In replying to the Wildcat, Dwindle Daniels on his slippery perch half turned his head, and this carelessness precipitated a disaster which engulfed him. One of the ponderous boots slipped from the branch of driftwood and dragged the wearer's leg into the river. Thereafter for ten seconds the porter staged a windmill scene compared with which a cyclone in Holland would look like a quiet night on the Dead Sea. Finally the drag of Old Man Gravity won all bets. The Wildcat's bulging eyes witnessed a high dive entirely surrounded by frightened fish and the soft mud which lay two feet below the water surface. From the crater of the mud volcano the writhing form of the next Dwindle Daniels finally emerged. His form-fitting environment of mud churned and splashed in a blast of agitated language. Somewhere in the vortex of the intimate ooze he had lost all traces of his religious training. He combed great handfuls of mud from his plastered features and snorted deep drafts of fresh air. He excavated his eyes, and then disdaining the unstable footing offered by the driftwood he plowed his way ashore up to his armpits in water and mud.

On the bank the Wildcat had launched into his third conniption fit. He calmed down sufficiently to choke some language out of his vocal organs.

"You sho looks neat now! Ain't seed such a ruckus since de flood hit Memphis. I knowed dem was hoodoo boots. Bam! Down you goes like a ole hell-diver. M'awnin'! Up you comes like a ole mud turtle. Git in de wagon, Mud Turtle. On de way home you dries out. Leave dat mud git dry befo' you tries to brush it off."

Dwindle Daniels spent an hour on the way home in hatching himself out of a shell of mud.

"Nevah min', old Mud Turtle," the Wildcat comforted. "Us cleans up big money when us sells de fish to-night."

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THE WRONG TWIN

By Harry Leon Wilson

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

CHAPTER XIII

ON A CERTAIN morning in early September Wilbur Cowan idled on River Street, awaiting a summons. The day was sunny and spacious, yet hardly, he thought, could it contain his new freedom. Despairing groups of half-grown humans, still in slavery, hastened by him to their hateful tasks. He watched them pityingly, and when the dread bell rang, causing stragglers to bound forward in a saving burst of speed, he halted leisurely in sheer exultation. The ecstasy endured a full five minutes, until a last tap of the bell tolled the knell of the tardy. It had been worth waiting for. This much of his future he had found worth planning. He pictured the unfortunates back in the old room, breathing chalk dust, vexed with foolish problems, tormented by discipline. He was never again to pass a public school save with a sensation of shuddering relief. He had escaped into his future, and felt no concern about what it should offer him. It was enough to have escaped.

Spike, Back of the Bar, Had Sung in a Whining Tenor, "For She's Only a Bird in a Gilded Cage ——"

Having savored freedom another ten minutes, he sauntered over to the Advance office as a favor to Sam Pickering. A wastrel printer had the night before been stricken with the wanderlust, deciding at five-thirty to take the six-fifty-eight for other fields of endeavor, and Wilbur Cowan had graciously consented to bridge a possible gap.

He strolled into the dusty, disordered office and eased the worry from Sam Pickering's furrowed brow by attacking the linotype in spirited fashion. That week he ran off the two editions of the paper. A spotted small boy sat across the press bed from him to ink the forms. He confided impressively to this boy that when the last paper was printed the bronze eagle would flap its wings three times and scream as a signal for beer to be brought from Vielhaber's. The boy widened eyes of utter belief upon him, and Wilbur Cowan once more felt all his years. But he was still lamentably indecisive about his future, and when a new printer looked in upon the Advance he stepped aside. Whatever he was going to make of himself it wouldn't be someone who had to sit down indoors. He would be slave to no linotype until they were kept in the open. He told Sam Pickering this in so many words.

The former Mansion's stable at length engaged his wandering fancy. The stable's old swinging sign—a carefully painted fop with flowing side whiskers and yellow topcoat swiftly driving a spirited horse to a neat red-wheeled runabout—had been replaced by First Class Garage. Of its former activities remained only three or four sedate horses to be driven by conservatives; and Starling Tucker, who lived, but lived in the past, dazed and unbelieving—becoming vivacious only in speech beginning "I remember when ——"

These memories dealt with a remote time when a hawse was a hawse, and you couldn't have it put all over you by a lot of slick young smarties that could do a few things with a monkey wrench. Starling, when he thus discoursed, sat chiefly in the little office before the rusty stove, idly flicking his memory with a buggy whip from the rack above his head, where reposed a dozen choice whips soon to become mere museum pieces.

Wilbur's connection with this thriving establishment was both profitable and entertaining. Judge Penniman divined the truth of it.

"He don't work—he just plays!"

He played with disordered motors and unerringly put them right. But he seemed to lack steadiness of purpose. He would leave an ailing car to help out Sam Pickering, or he would leave for a round of golf with Sharon Whipple, Sharon complaining that other people were nothing but dog-goned golf lawyers; and he would insist upon time off at three o'clock each afternoon to give Spike Brennon his work-out. Spike had labored to develop other talent in Newbern, but with ill success. When you got 'em learned a little about the game they acted like a lot of sissies over a broken nose or a couple of front teeth out or something. What he wanted was lads that would get the beak straightened, pretty near as good as new, or proper gold ones put in, and come back looking for more trouble. Wilbur Cowan alone he had found dependable.

Even so, the monotony of mere car repairing began to irk him. It was then he formed a pleasant alliance with old Porter Howgill, whose repair shop was across the street from the First Class Garage. Porter's swinging sign, weathered and ancient like that of the Mansion's stable, said in bold challenge, "Ask me! I do everything!" And once Porter had done everything. Now there were a number of things he couldn't do, even when asked. He was aging and knotted with rheumatism, and his failing eyes did not now suffice for many of the nicer jobs.

Wilbur Cowan came to him and, even as had Porter in the days when the sign was bright, did everything. It was a distinct relief to puzzle over a sewing machine after laboring with too easily diagnosed motor troubles, or to restore a bit of marquetry in a table, or play at a feat of locksmithing. The First Class Garage urged him to quit fiddling round and become its foreman, but this glittering offer he refused. It was too much like settling down.

"Got his father's vagabond blood in his veins," declared Judge Penniman. "Crazy, too, like his father. You can't tell me Dave Cowan was in his right mind when the Whipples offered, in so many words, to set him up in any business he wanted to name and he spurned 'em like so much dirt beneath his heel. Acted like a crazy loon is what I say, and this Jack-of-all-trades is showing the strain. Mark my words, they'll both end their days in a madhouse!"

No one did mark his words. Not even Winona, to whom they were uttered with the air of owlish, head-snapping wisdom which marked so many of the invalid's best things. She was concerned only with the failure of Wilbur to select a seemly occupation. His working dress was again careless; he reeked with oil, and his hands—hard, knotty hands—seemed to be permanently grimed. Even Lyman Teaford managed his thriving flour and feed business, with a butter and eggs and farm produce department, in the garments of a gentleman. True, he often worked with his coat off, but he removed his cuffs and carefully protected the sleeves of his white shirt with calico oversleeves held in place by neat elastics. Once away from the store he might have been anybody—even a banker.

Winona sought to enlist Lyman's help in the matter of Wilbur's future. Lyman was flaccid in the matter. The boy had once stolen into the Penniman parlor while Lyman and Winona were out rifling the ice box of delicacies and, enticed by the glitter of Lyman's flute, had thrillingly taken it into his hands to see what made it go, dropping it, in his panic, from the center table to the floor when he heard their returning steps. Lyman had never felt the same toward Wilbur after that. Now, even under the blandishments of Winona, he was none too certain that he would make a capable flour and feed merchant. Wilbur himself, to whom the possibility was broached, proved all too certain that he would engage in no mercantile pursuit whatever; surely none in which he might be associated ever so remotely with Lyman Teaford, whom for no reason he had always viewed with profound dislike. This incident closed almost before it opened.

Winona again approached Sharon Whipple in Wilbur's behalf. But Sharon was not enough depressed by the circumstance that Wilbur's work was hard on clothes, or that tasks were chosen at random and irregularly toiled at.

"Let him alone," advised Sharon. "Pretty soon he'll harden and settle. Besides, he's getting his education. He ain't educated yet."

"Education?" demanded Winona, incredulous. "But he's left school!"

"He'll get it out of school. He's educating himself every day. Never mind his clothes. Right clothes are only right when they fit your job. Give the boy a chance to find himself. He's still young, Buck is—still in the gristle."

Winona winced at "gristle." It seemed so physiological—almost coarse.

II

A YEAR went by in which Wilbur was perforce left to his self-education, working for Porter Howgill or at the garage or for Sam Pickering, as he listed. "I'm making good money," was his steady rejoinder to Winona's hectoring.

"As if money were everything," wrote Winona in her journal, where she put the case against him.

Then when she had ceased to hope better things for him Wilbur Cowan seemed to waken. There were signs and symptoms Winona thus construed. He became careful in his attire, bought splendid new garments. His lean, bold jaw was almost daily smoothed by the razor of Don Paley, and Winona discovered a flask of perfume on his bureau in the little house. The label was Heart of Flowers. It was perhaps a more florid essence than Winona would have chosen, having a downright vigor of assertion that left one in no doubt of its presence; but it was infinitely superior to the scent of machine oil or printer's ink which had far too often betrayed the boy's vicinity.

Now, too, he wore his young years with a new seriousness; was more restrained of speech, with intervals of apparently lofty meditation. Winona rejoiced at these evidences of an awakening soul. The boy might after all some day become one of the better sort. She felt sure of this when he sought her of his own free will and awkwardly invited her to beautify his nails.

Poor Winona did not dream that a great love had come into Wilbur Cowan's life; a deep and abiding love that bathed all his world in colorful radiance and moved him to those surface elegances for which all her own pleading had been in vain. Not even when he asked her one night—while she worked with buffer and orange-wood stick—if she believed in love at first sight did she suspect the underlying dynamics, the true inebriating factor of this reform. He put the query with elaborate and deceiving casualness, having cleared a road to it with remarks upon a circumspect historical romance that Winona had read to him; and she had merely said that she supposed it often did happen that way, though it were far better that true love come gently into one's life, based upon a profound mutual respect and esteem which would endure through long years of wedded life.

Wilbur had questioned this, but so cautiously and quite impersonally that Winona could not suspect his interest in the theme to be more than academic. She believed she had convinced him that love at first sight, so called, is not the love one reads about in the better sort of literature. She was not alarmed—not even curious. In her very presence the boy had trifled with his great secret and she had not known!

III

SO CONTINUOUSLY had Winona dwelt in the loftier realms of social and spiritual endeavor, it is doubtful if she knew that an organization known as the Friday Night Social Club was doing a lot to make life brighter for those of Newbern's citizens who were young and sportive and yet not precisely people of the better sort. In the older days of the town, when Winona was twenty, there was but one social set. Now she was thirty, and there were two sets. She knew the town had grown; one nowadays saw strange people that one did not know, even many one would not care to know. If she had been told that the Friday Night Social Club met weekly in Knights of Pythias Hall to dance those sinister new dances that the city papers were so outspoken about, she would have considered it an affair of the underworld, about which the less said the better. Had it been disclosed to her that Wilbur Cowan, under the chaperonage of Edward—Spike—Brennon, 133 lbs., ringside, had become an addict of these affairs, a determined and efficient exponent of the weird new steps "a good thing for y'r footwork," Spike had said—she would have considered he had plumbed the profoundest depths of social ignominy. Yet so it was. Each Friday night he danced. He liked it, and while he disported himself from the lightest of social motives love came to him; the world was suddenly a place of fixed rainbows, and dancing—with her—no longer a gladsome capering but a holy rite.

On a certain Friday evening unstarred by any portent she had burst upon his yielding eyes. Instantly he could have told Winona more than she would ever know about love at first sight. A creature of rounded beauty, peerlessly blond, her mass of hair elaborately coifed and bound about her pale brow with a fillet of sable velvet. He saw her first in the dance, sumptuously gowned, regal yet blithe, yielding as might a goddess to the mortal embrace of Bill Bardin as they fox-trotted to the viol's surge. He was stricken dumb until the dance ended. Then he gripped an arm of Spike Brennon, who had stood by him against the wall, "looking 'em over," as Spike had put it.

"Look!" he urged in tones hushed to the wonder of her. Spike had looked.

"Gee!" breathed the stricken one mechanically. He would not have chosen the word, but it formed a vent for his emotion.

"Bleached blonde," said Spike after a sharper scrutiny of the fair one, who now coquetted with a circle of gallants.

"Isn't she?" exclaimed the new lover admiringly.

With so golden a result to dazzle him, was he to quarrel pettishly with the way it had been wrought?

"Do you suppose I could be introduced to her?" demanded Wilbur timidly.

This marked the depth of his passion. He was too good a dancer to talk such nonsense ordinarily.

"Surest thing you know," said Spike. "Could you be introduced to her? In a split second! Come on!"

"But you don't know her yourself!" Wilbur hung back. "Stop your kiddin'!"

Spike half dragged his fearful charge across the floor, not too subtly shouldered a way between Bill Bardin and Terry Stamper, bowed gracefully to the strange beauty, and said, "Hello, sister! Shake hands with my friend, Kid Cowan."

"Pleased to meet you!" She smiled graciously upon Wilbur and extended a richly jeweled hand, which he timidly pressed. Then she turned to Spike Brennon. "I know your name all right," she declared. "You're that Mister Fresh we hear so much about—giving introductions to parties you ain't met yourself."

Wilbur Cowan blushed for Spike's *faux pas*, looking to see him slink off abashed, but there were things he had yet to learn about his friend.

"Just for that," said Spike, "I'll take this dance with you." And brazenly he encircled her waist as the music came anew.

"It's hot to-night," said Wilbur very simply to Terry Stamper and Bill Bardin as they moved off the floor to an open window.

His dancing eyes followed Beauty in the dance, and he was at her side when the music ceased. Until it came again he fanned by an open window her flushed and lovely face. Her name was Pearl.

"I wish this night would last forever," he murmured to her.

"Tut, tut!" said Pearl in humorous dismay, "and me having to be at business at seven A. M.!"

Only then did he learn that she was not a mere social butterfly, but one of the proletariat; that in truth she waited on table at the Mansions. Instantly he constructed their future together. He would free her from that life of toil.

"You're too beautiful for work like that," he told her.

Pearl eyed him with sudden approval.

"You're all right, kid. I often said the same thing myself, but no one's fell for it up to date."

They danced, and again they danced.

"You're the nicest boy in the bunch," murmured Pearl.

"I never saw anyone so beautiful," said Wilbur.

Pearl smiled graciously.

"I love the sound of your voice," she said.

(Continued on Page 106)

It Was a Distinct Relief to Puzzle Over a Sewing Machine After Laboring With Too Easily Diagnosed Motor Troubles

THE TROUBLE WITH WOMEN

By LUCIAN CARY

ILLUSTRATED BY LESLIE L. BENSON

x

A WEEK later Rodney Sands went off to have dinner with his friend, Oswald Fane. Oswald had invited Sophie also, but Sophie insisted that she needed a long evening in which to catch up with her books. It was the first time in the three months of their marriage that they had dined apart. Sophie gathered a dozen books beside her chair and sat down to go through them. She was determined to attack the job with her old singleness of mind—to acquaint herself with those twelve books in two hours. She managed to do the first three in fifteen minutes, and then her mind wandered to Rodney. What would happen to him, what would happen to their marriage, if he continued to fail? She had married him in so high a hope, so sure that all he needed was a wife who appreciated him. What had it all come to?

Sophie got up and rummaged among his drawings. She switched on the powerful electric light above his drawing table and turned the drawings over one by one. It was good work. She knew it was good work. Why couldn't he sell it? With a sudden impulse, an impulse that she certainly could not have accounted for, Sophie began to lay the drawings in a portfolio. She filled the portfolio to bursting and tied the strings, and then she stopped to think. Rodney mustn't know. She couldn't carry that enormous portfolio out of the flat in the morning. He would see it. He would demand to know all about it.

Sophie laid the portfolio against the wall and sat down to think. It occurred to her that Rodney wouldn't come in before midnight. Perhaps he'd sleep late in the morning. But he never did sleep late in the morning. It was a point of honor with him to breakfast with her, just because he didn't have to be at an office at half past eight. She could take them down to the corner drug store and leave them there on some pretext or other overnight, and get them on her way to Millman's in the morning. But Rodney might walk with her to the bus, or even ride uptown with her. He often did. And then she remembered the Grand Central Terminal. She could check the portfolio in the parcels room and call for it any time she liked. It was only a few blocks from Millman's, and it was a safe place—perfectly safe.

Sophie put on her hat and picked up the portfolio and ran downstairs. It took only half an hour to go up on the Subway and back. Within an hour she was skimming through the remaining nine books at a rate she hadn't achieved since she had met Rodney Sands.

xi

ANDREW FORREST hadn't got back from lunch when Sophie sent in her card that day. Sophie sat down to consider what she would say to him while she waited for him. She wondered if it would be wisest to pretend that the drawings were her own and that it was she who wanted a commission. That would relieve her of explaining why she had come to show the drawings instead of Rodney.

But when she was actually face to face with Andrew Forrest she saw instantly that he was the kind of man who would appreciate the truth. He was an old man—an old man with white hair and bushy black eyebrows and the smile of a kindly saint.

"I have some drawings I want to show you, if I may," Sophie said.

"I'd like to see them," he assured her.

He helped Sophie untie the strings of the portfolio and lay out the drawings. Sophie picked out the sketch of herself and Rodney in the sharpie. She felt somehow that that had the best chance. Even Rodney had admitted that Andrew Forrest might like it.

The old man looked at the sketch, smiling. Then he put it up on a board that filled one wall of his office. He returned to the portfolio, but after a moment he glanced up at the sketch on the wall.

"I beg your pardon," he said to Sophie, "but are you—Mrs. Sands?"

"Yes," Sophie said.

Andrew Forrest smiled.

"I didn't know that Rodney Sands had married," he said.

"Do you know him?" Sophie cried.

"I've never met him," Andrew Forrest said. "But of course I know his work."

Sophie gasped.

"Then," she cried—"then you can tell me why he can't do illustrations!"

"There isn't any reason why he can't do illustrations—if he wants to," said Andrew Forrest.

"Why—why," said Sophie, "would you—would you give him a story to do?"

"I'm Frightened a Little," Sophie Admitted. "But of Course I'm Glad"

"I'd be awfully glad to have him do a story for me," said Andrew Forrest.

"Oh!" said Sophie.

She sat down—she had to sit down. Andrew Forrest excused himself.

"I have a story in mind," he said. "I'll get it."

He returned in a minute or two with a typewritten manuscript.

"You'll not lose it?" he said. "It hasn't been set up, so we have no other copy."

"When does it have to be done?" Sophie asked.

"There's no hurry," said Andrew Forrest mildly. "Tell him to take a month if he likes—and tell him to let go."

"Let go?" said Sophie.

"Tell him to do them just as he likes—to go the limit. He'll understand."

Sophie had walked halfway to Millman's before she remembered that she had left the portfolio behind in Andrew Forrest's office. She walked back. Andrew Forrest had tied up the portfolio and laid it aside for her.

"Tell him to come and see me, won't you?" he said to Sophie.

Sophie held out her hand. Andrew Forrest took it gravely.

"I will," she said.

When Sophie got out on the street again it was three o'clock. She went into a drug store and telephoned Miss Snider that she wouldn't be back. It was the first time Sophie had ever played hooky from Millman's, but she couldn't wait to see Rodney. She had to get home. She took a taxicab. At the last moment, at the moment she put her key in the latch, she had a tremor of fear. Would Rodney be very angry?

Sophie put the portfolio down in the little hall and walked into the living room with the manuscript of the short story in her hand. Rodney was sitting at his drawing table.

"Hello, honey!" he cried.

Sophie walked over and kissed him. He was more cheerful than usual.

"Rodney," she said solemnly, "will you promise not to be very angry with me?"

"Of course I will!"

"No matter what I've done?"

"No matter what you've done."

Sophie looked at him gravely.

"I've got a story for you to illustrate—from Andrew Forrest."

"What!" cried Rodney Sands.

Sophie put the manuscript in his hand. For a moment she thought he was going to be angry, but the moment passed.

"Tell me all about it—from the very beginning," he insisted.

Sophie told him. When she had finished Rodney Sands was pacing back and forth across the floor.

"Do you suppose he really meant it—that part about going as far as I liked?"

"I'm sure he meant every word he said."

"And he really knew my work?"

"He knew it instantly."

"I can't believe it!" he cried.

But Sophie saw how much he wanted to believe it. He turned suddenly and caught her in his arms.

"Sophie," he said, "you aren't a peach—you're an angel from heaven."

"I'm not an angel," Sophie said. "I've merely got some common sense."

"Sophie," said Rodney Sands, "I'll do this story in three days, and I'll get a hundred and fifty dollars for it. Think of that!"

He did set to work that night, but he did not do the drawings in three days. He made a dozen preliminary sketches and rejected them all. He started over again. He got one sketch he liked. Sophie assured him it would not merely do—it would do beautifully. But within twenty-four hours he had rejected it along with the others. In ten days he produced nothing that seemed to him worth working up into a finished drawing, and he was so irritable that Sophie walked on tiptoe when she was at home lest she disturb him. After two weeks he solemnly assured Sophie that he could not do the story.

"I simply can't draw any more," he said. "I'm done!"

"You've been trying too hard," Sophie said. "You need to go out and find Oswald Fane and spend a jolly evening and forget all about drawing."

"But how can I forget it, Sophie? I tell you I'm done! I'll never draw again! I'm bankrupt!"

Sophie succeeded in persuading him to go out and find Oswald Fane, and while he was gone she studied the preliminary sketches he had made. She counted twenty-seven of them in various stages of completion. There was one series of half a dozen that struck Sophie as virtually finished, a series hardly more than eight by ten inches in size. Sophie thought they were marvelously good. Sophie thought they were all good. She wondered if she couldn't secretly show them to Andrew Forrest and get his criticism of them. Then she could tell Rodney, in her own words, what he needed to do with them. She could actually help him, and with that intention she abstracted four of those that seemed to her hardly to need another pencil stroke. Andrew Forrest greeted Sophie with his kindly smile.

"Mr. Forrest," Sophie said boldly, "I've come to impose on you. Rodney Sands has spent nearly two weeks in

making preliminary sketches of illustrations. None of them will do. He's completely discouraged. He says he can never draw again."

"They all have those moods, Mrs. Sands," he said. "You mustn't take him too seriously."

"But it's terribly serious," Sophie said earnestly. "It's ——"

"Let me see the sketches you've brought."

Sophie undid the package, and Mr. Forrest placed the sketches one by one on the board. Then in his slow, deliberate way he stood off and looked at them. Sophie watched him desperately, as if by watching she could read his mind and learn the secret that had escaped Rodney Sands. She would make him tell her, in words of one syllable if necessary, what was the matter with those sketches. Andrew Forrest turned now and looked at Sophie. He smiled quizzically.

"I like them, don't you?" he said.

"I thought they were wonderful," Sophie said. "But—but—but ——"

And of a sudden she had an irresistible impulse to cry. She found her handkerchief somehow, but she couldn't keep back the tears.

"There, there!" said Andrew Forrest after a minute. He patted Sophie's head. "I told you that you mustn't take him seriously. When he says he can't draw he's just talking."

"Shall I take—these—sketches—home and tell him to finish them up?" Sophie asked.

Andrew Forrest shook his head vigorously.

"No," he said. "Now I've got them I mean to keep them."

"But they aren't finished!" Sophie cried.

"They're quite finished," Andrew Forrest insisted. "Why didn't you bring that manuscript back?"

"You—you mean that's all there is to it? You mean these drawings will do just the way they are?"

"Certainly," said Andrew Forrest. "They're quite exceptional drawings—very exceptional."

"You aren't just saying that because I—I cried?" Sophie insisted.

Andrew Forrest shook his head.

"They're the kind of drawings I hope to get once a year—once in two years."

"I'm awfully ashamed," Sophie said. "But you see, I don't—know. I don't know anything about art. I thought when he said they were no good—he knew."

Andrew Forrest shook his head gravely.

"I thought when he said he couldn't draw he meant it."

"Ah," said Andrew Forrest, "that's just it! He did mean it. He believed it. But that's not saying he was right, you see."

"Then he really can draw?" Sophie cried.

"He can draw like the devil!" Andrew Forrest said with sudden passion.

"I don't understand," Sophie said slowly. "I don't understand at all."

"Nobody does, Mrs. Sands. Some of the most wretched incompetents who ever were born believe themselves to have genius, and some of the most talented artists never learn to believe in themselves."

"That's what I thought of Rodney at first," Sophie confessed. "I thought he only needed to believe in himself."

"But that's the hardest lesson of all, Mrs. Sands."

"I suppose it is," Sophie admitted. "But ——"

"He'll learn it," Andrew Forrest assured her. "He may learn it in a fortnight—he may not. But don't you worry about it."

"I'll try not to," Sophie promised. "And—and thank you!"

She shook hands with Andrew Forrest and even essayed a smile.

"I'll send a check in due course, Mrs. Sands. And if you'll bring back my manuscript I'll be happy to send along another"

"Really?" Sophie cried.

"Of course, but don't forget my manuscript."

"I won't," Sophie promised.

"And tell your husband to come and see me."

"I'll make him," Sophie said earnestly.

XII

SOPHIE could hardly credit the effect on Rodney Sands of her story of her talk with Andrew Forrest. He was for days like a different person. He had been morose, irritable, uncommunicative. Now he bubbled. He was so happy he could scarcely sit down at his drawing table without immediately jumping up to kiss her.

He made excuses for not going to see Andrew Forrest. He insisted if he did Andrew Forrest would withdraw his favor. It was Sophie who had won him over, not the drawings. Sophie saw to it that the first manuscript was returned, and got the second one from Andrew Forrest.

Within a week Rodney Sands began to work like a child at play. He did the second story in two days, and Sophie took the drawings to Andrew Forrest and got the proofs of the first set. Rodney took the proofs as samples of his work and rushed round to half a dozen art editors, and got four short stories and a serial to illustrate.

"Did they all give you work?" Sophie asked.

"All but one." Rodney Sands laughed. "They all just fell on my neck. You'd have thought they'd been waiting all these years for someone like me to come along"

"But what did it?"

"You did it, honey."

"But you said you couldn't do illustrations. You said it was a trick"

"So it is," Rodney Sands interrupted. "It is a trick."

"You said it was a trick you didn't have."

"Well," said Rodney Sands, "there's where I was mistaken, I suppose. I did have it—that's all. At any rate I've got it."

Within a month he was taking in three or four hundred dollars a week. He insisted on turning it all over to Sophie to bank, getting ten dollars back once or twice a week for pocket money.

"You see, Sophie," he explained, "I don't manage money especially well, and you do. And until I learn you'll have to do it for me. But I do wish you'd quit your job. I can earn plenty of money now. We could have a studio apartment—something quite spacious."

"But what would I do?" Sophie asked.

"You'd have the nicest parties in New York," Rodney Sands cried.

Sophie shook her head.

"No," she said. "Millman's book department is more fun than studio parties."

Rodney Sands lit a cigarette.

"Of course, what I really want," he confessed, "is a house in the country and a car—a really sporting car; and a kennel full of police dogs—good ones—and all that."

"I'd like that, too," Sophie admitted.

"Why can't we have it?" he asked.

"We can," Sophie said. "We can have anything we want—now."

"It's the most incredible luck!" Rodney Sands exclaimed. He got up from his chair and paced back and forth across the floor. "Who'd have believed it?" he cried. "Here I was, down and out; couldn't even get a newspaper job. I'd have starved if you hadn't fed me. And now!"

He gathered Sophie up in his arms and danced across the room with her.

It was rather like a dream, Sophie thought, and yet it was true. It had happened. Already she found difficulty in recalling her old despair—and his. He really was the man she had thought he was in the beginning; and the months between gradually faded from her memory until she could recall only the humor of them, and none of their bitterness. They were only an interlude.

XIII

SOPHIE woke one morning to find she didn't want to get up. She didn't want to go to Millman's. She roused herself with an effort and went to work as usual. But all morning she felt a curious lethargy. The feeling wore off along toward lunchtime, and she thought no more about it till the next morning. Again she hated to get up and go about the day's work. She wondered if the fact that Rodney was

(Continued on Page 44)

"Maybe I'll be Perfectly Willing to Settle Down in New York After I've Had a Taste of Yucatan"

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PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 8, 1921

No Admittance

THE bill framed by Mr. Albert Johnson, chairman of the House Committee on Immigration, which will, if it becomes law, largely shut off the inflow of aliens for a period of one year, is one of the most important pieces of legislation that is likely to come before the present Congress.

Among the heartiest supporters of Mr. Johnson's measure are the labor interests. The main reason for their backing is obvious. The commodity they have for sale is the work of their hands; and their desire to have the price of that commodity maintained at a time when other prices are melting away is just as reasonable and just as natural as the wish of their employers for increased protective tariffs on the goods they manufacture. The protection of labor by an act temporarily shutting out alien workers would probably exercise a marked tendency to counteract unemployment during the period of deflation through which we are now passing. Such a measure would be heartily applauded by one of the most numerous and most powerful elements in the country; but that is by no means the strongest argument that can be urged in favor of the Johnson Bill.

The disquieting fact is that we are confronted by a grave emergency. According to reports submitted to the Department of State, millions of intending immigrants of the poorest and most refractory sort are almost literally standing in line at European seaports waiting for ships to bring them over. Their menace is not distant, but immediate; and self-protective action must likewise be immediate if our national interests are to be safeguarded.

If the World War can teach us anything it should have taught us the folly of throwing open our sea gates to all the peoples of the Old World on farcically easy terms. It used to be one of our proudest boasts that we welcomed the downtrodden, the oppressed, the poverty-stricken, the fit and the unfit to a land of freedom, of plenty, of boundless opportunity. Our hindsight tells us that this boast was fatuous. The exploiters of cheap labor and the incurable sentimentalists stand almost alone in their continued allegiance to our policy of the past. All thinking men who have no ax to grind, no nest to feather, are becoming aware that if we are to shape our national destinies with the smallest regard for common prudence we must pick and choose our future immigrants, and admit only such as show some signs of being the stuff of which good Americans can eventually be made. This picking and choosing should be done in accordance with a new body of laws, painstakingly considered and laboriously worked out by practical men in the light of past experience and of present world conditions.

Mr. Johnson's bill is designed to give Congress leisure in which to accomplish the vast amount of constructive work that must be done before we can hope to write into our statute books a wise immigration code. Inasmuch as such a body of laws, to be really effective, should require thorough investigations of intending immigrants at ports of embarkation and at many foreign centers of emigration, a somewhat formidable organization of expert officials will have to be built up before the highest standard of choosing can be enforced.

The short closed season provided for in the Johnson Bill would be of the highest value in allowing time for the gradual building up of an adequate foreign immigration service. Moreover, such a breathing space would afford a welcome opportunity to find out what we can do with those aliens who have as yet shown no willingness to exchange their imported political and social ideas, feuds, tongues and conditions of life for those of the land that is to be their future home. It would serve also as a training season for those patriotic citizens who are endeavoring to work out practical programs for intensive courses in Americanization.

It is futile to deny that our future immigration policies are a paramount issue. In late years the character of those who have been coming to us from overseas has unmistakably deteriorated. Our immediate and imperative need of a system of social and political quarantine, over and above all old-fashioned immigrational restrictions, is too self-evident to require argument.

The Johnson Bill appears to be the first step toward future safety. It merely authorizes the posting of No Admittance signs on every frontier—a warning off of strangers until we shall have set our house in order, made a new set of rules and arranged to have the premises properly policed.

National or Private Parks

EVERY man who has motored through the West, and who has seen its desert valleys transformed into fertile fields wherever the water from the high hills has been led down to them, is an ardent advocate of irrigation.

Every man who has motored through our national parks, with their Alpine lakes and meadows, their rushing streams and primeval forests, has been forever converted to the wisdom of the policy that created these parks and that has defended them against despoliation.

Agriculture has made America great, but the strength of America was bred of the wilderness. So long as we can preserve a portion of that wilderness we shall have a leaven of the old America and the old Americans. And the last stronghold of the country that our fathers found is in our national parks.

The irrigation people want the water that is in these parks, and they should have it, but only at the proper time, at the proper place and in the proper way. The proper time is, of course, whenever there is real need for additional farms and orchards, but there seems to be a grave doubt in the minds of many as to whether that need exists now, when there is a general exodus from the lands already under cultivation; when so many farms are only half-worked; when the returns to the farmer from his crops are so meager; when a readjustment of conditions and markets between East and West is a possibility, owing to the new railroad rates.

There is only one proper place to take this water when it is needed, and that is outside the limits of the national parks; only one proper way—by placing dams where they will not foul a beautiful landscape and by erecting buildings that will not be a perpetual eyesore.

A concrete example of how not to do it can be found just outside the boundaries of the Yellowstone Park. A dam has been built at the mouth of Jackson's Lake that has backed up the water there and killed the forest trees, leaving one end of the lake an abomination of desolate mud flats and stark skeletons of dead trees.

A correspondent informs us that it is possible to ignore this portion of the lake and by standing at the right point to obtain an unspoiled view across this most beautiful of Alpine waters to the Grand Tetons that rise abruptly from its shores. That is true. Jackson's Lake is to-day like a beautiful woman with a cancer on one side of her face. From a certain point of view she is still good to look at, but the cancer is there.

Jackson's Lake is ruined, but we can still save Yellowstone, Heart, Lewis and Shoshone Lakes, the Falls River basin, and all those other beautiful bodies of water in our national parks for which the irrigation and power interests are reaching out. But we can save them only by prompt and vigorous action, by demanding the immediate passage of a bill exempting the parks from the provisions of the Federal Water Power Act and by killing the Smith Bill, already passed by the Senate, that turns over eight thousand acres of the Yellowstone Park in the Falls River basin to an Idaho irrigation project.

Neither now nor at any future time should any irrigation, power or other commercial enterprise be granted any rights of any sort or description in our national parks. That is a simple platform and the only safe one. Once the irrigation people get a foothold in the parks, the power interests will follow, and then there is no good reason why the lumbermen should not have the timber and others whatever they may happen to fancy. Either our national parks will remain national or become private. If you want to keep them unspoiled let your congressman and senator hear from you.

There is a good deal of noble and unselfish literature circulating about these projects to nose into the national parks, much pitying of the poor farmer, and much yearning over the consumer. At times one is almost persuaded that opening up the national parks to commercial uses would be one of the purest pieces of altruism that this idealistic age has sponsored; that there is only benevolence and philanthropy, without thought of gain, in the attempt to locate dams inside the park boundaries.

Impartial investigators have reached the conclusion that the water originating in the Yellowstone can be secured, and probably in larger volume, outside the park boundaries, but this method of taking it will involve a greater initial expense.

Here and there a Western friend rises to observe: "That's all very well for you Easterners. You've got yours and now you want to keep us from getting ours." Yes, we have got ours; at least a very few got theirs in the last generation, and every million that they made by hasty exploitation is going to cost this generation many millions.

Every Eastern city, every slashed and scarred hillside, the cut-over lands of the Northwest, every part of America, not excepting the West itself, proclaims the same lesson of haste, waste and coming want, unless we mend our ways. Now, slowly and expensively, the East is starting to build up state parks, to reforest, to make good, to repair the waste and heedlessness of the last generation.

We are far from antagonistic to irrigation and power projects, but the whole people have a vital concern in seeing that our natural resources are developed in the right way. In the light of our old easy-going habit of handing out land and special privileges to anyone who promised to open up or develop any part of the country, it is not hard to understand and in a way to sympathize with the point of view of the irrigation interests. They cannot see where taking over some thousands of acres of wilderness is going to harm anyone, and they promise in return to make the desert bloom and bear bumper crops. But the times, the conditions and our point of view have changed. That wilderness already has an owner. He understands the value of his property, and is prepared to defend it. The place, the only place where the country can permit the irrigation and power people to take over land and to build their dams is outside, not inside, the national parks. These parks must be kept forever inviolate, and handed down unspoiled as a wilderness playground for the whole people. They were set aside and dedicated to that specific purpose. Congress has no moral right to give away an inch of them for any other—not now or ever, not for or by a dam site.

Forty Years of a Diplomat's Life

XXXIX

By BARON ROSEN

Former Ambassador From Russia to the United States

IN THE preceding chapter the military rising attempted by General Korniloff in August, 1917, has been briefly alluded to in two absolutely contradictory interpretations of the meaning of the collapse of this attempt, as expressed on the one hand in a circular telegram of the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Mr. Terestchenko, to Russian representatives abroad, dated August thirty-first—old style—and on the other hand in a letter addressed four days later by the author of these reminiscences to an English statesman with whom he was in friendly correspondence.

Mr. E. H. Wilcox, in his Russia's Ruin, rightly considers this affair to have been the turning point of the Russian Revolution. When he says "After that episode the triumph of Bolshevism and the dissolution of Russia into primeval chaos were inevitable" he hits the nail on the head, indeed, although in the very circumstantial account he gives of the Korniloff affair and of the network of political intrigues, counterintrigues, misunderstandings and treachery in which that gallant, honest and single-minded soldier, quite inexperienced—to his honor be it said—in such intrigues, found himself helplessly enmeshed, Mr. Wilcox does not make quite clear the real reason why General Korniloff's undertaking was inevitably doomed to failure.

The discovery of that reason could not, of course, but be most unwelcome to our Allies, and may therefore have been purposely delayed until it would no longer be possible to ignore it. It is, however, hardly credible that Kerensky and his associates could have failed to understand the true cause—or, rather, the true meaning—of the collapse of General Korniloff's undertaking, or that they could have been acting in good faith when asserting—as Mr. Terestchenko did in his above-mentioned circular, evidently intended to be communicated to the Allied Powers—that "the events of the last days have not weakened us for the struggle with the external enemy, but have demonstrated the unity of sentiment and the general tendency toward concentration on that struggle regardless of domestic dissensions," and furthermore that they would "firmly follow the path of continuation of the war at any cost" and would "with renewed energy conduct the work of the renovation and restoration of the moral health of the army."

One assertion in Mr. Terestchenko's circular, quoted in the preceding chapter—namely, that the troops moved by Korniloff on Petrograd refused to march—was unquestionably true. But it was not true that they refused to march—as that circular asserts—against the government. Mr. Wilcox, on Page 276 of his Russia's Ruin, rightly says: "Korniloff's action was not a *coup d'état* in the ordinary sense of the term, either in form or substance. He wanted to strengthen the government, not to weaken it. He did not want to encroach upon its authority, but to prevent others from doing so. He wanted to emancipate it from the illicit and paralyzing influence of the soviets."

That was the very reason why his troops refused to march, and they refused to march, not against the government, as asserted, but against the soviets, whose influence in favor of peace Korniloff and his aiders and abetters, the Duma leaders, with the undoubted moral support of Entente diplomacy, wanted to paralyze for the purpose of continuing the war with renewed energy—a purpose utterly abhorrent to the overwhelming majority of the people and against which the mutinous soldiery were in almost open revolt.

In passing judgment on the policies pursued both by the first Provisional Government, under Prince Lvoff and Miliukoff, and then by the Coalition Government, under Kerensky—policies which in the end delivered unfortunate Russia into the hands of the only party clear-sighted enough to have gauged aright the real feelings and ardent craving for peace of the immense bulk of the nation, and to have secured, by ministering to them, the unflinching support of the soldiery, the sailors and the revolutionary workmen—it is but just to take into account the circumstances and conditions which may be said to mitigate their unquestionable guilt in this respect. Their responsibility, however, cannot be shifted to other shoulders; for no amount of enemy gold at their disposal could have enabled the fanatic visionaries of Bolshevism, with their following of murderous bandits, to accomplish what the failure of the government to satisfy the legitimate craving of the people and the tragically crying need of the country rendered so easy for them to achieve.

Incidentally, I would remark that the constant and still continued harping on the traitorous venality of the leaders of Bolshevism and their treasonable propaganda work as the cause of Russia's downfall and ruin, apart from the absence of all sense of national dignity which it discloses, cannot exonerate from reproach those whose policies had brought Russia to the brink of the precipice, nor those who, by their purblind incompetence, weak-kneed irresolution and lack of moral courage, have rendered possible the seizure of power by a band of dangerous dreamers, determined to promote by the ruthless destruction of the social fabric of their own country the advent of the socialistic world revolution by which they expect to secure the future felicity of mankind.

It might be said—perhaps not without reason—that it would be best to cover with the mantle of charity the failings and shortcomings, as well as the sins of commission and omission, of the chief actors in Russia's tragedy, since, after all, they might be held to have been merely unconscious pawns in the hands of Fate. But considering the momentous and sinister meaning for the rest of the world of the awful tragedy which is being enacted in a country covering a seventh part of the inhabited globe, among a people justly entitled to the claim of being one of the most important members of the family of nations of the white race, the author of these reminiscences has set himself the task of shedding as much light as he may be able to on the conditions, the motives and the influences which determined—it may be unavoidably—the attitude and policies of the party leaders and their following, in whose actions—or else in whose inaction at critical moments—this tragedy had its origin.

In attempting to accomplish this task to the best of my ability, I must begin by earnestly requesting my readers to divest themselves of all traditional preconceived notions in regard to political parties and party politics, in a Western sense—which can have no application to Russian conditions. I will even say that the inveterate habit of viewing Russian affairs exclusively from the standpoint of Western political conditions has led public opinion in foreign countries into grievous misconceptions, causing valuable sympathy and well-meant moral support to be wasted on causes which, however worthy they may have appeared to Western eyes, were in reality either consciously or unconsciously working for the downfall and ruin of Russia and, on the other hand, causing the undeserved odium of reactionary so-called Tsarism to be thrown on those who in the maintenance of the empire saw the only salvation of their country and the guaranty of its greatness and prosperity.

First of all it should be kept in view that in Russia political parties do not penetrate the density and do not reach the depth of the popular masses. They are practically confined to the thin layer of the Intelligentzia, spread over the immense surface of the inarticulate, politically quite uneducated and largely illiterate bulk of the nation, from which they are—as I

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MY SON

By CORRA HARRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

VI

THE best of men choose strange bedfellows when they go a-fishing. I never could understand it. They do not want their own kind but their other kind when they take to the woods and streams. A dignified old judge, associated in everybody's mind with the rigors of the law, will pack up and go off with a doubtful young sportsman who has no dignity and very little appreciation of law. I reckon it is on the same principle upon which Socrates took Alcibiades with him when he wanted a complete rest from being a philosopher. And by the same token a good-natured hardened sinner will invite his pastor to go fishing with him, though he has endured the chastening rod of this pastor's severest preaching since the last time they were off fishing together. I reckon it was also on the same principle that Alcibiades preferred the companionship of an intelligent man like Socrates when he was about to be in his cups.

Anyway, in August of this year Peter went off on a two weeks' camping and fishing trip with Mr. Hickson, who is not a good man but a good fellow; Mr. Trollop, who is president of the Add and Carry Club, an office which requires no sort of Christian endeavor to fill; Judge Bitterwater, who is a good lawyer and a good fisherman, but not distinguished for any other excellence; and the Reverend Mr. Charles Stickney.

"My Dear, Peter Would Never Have Thought of Doing Such a Thing for Me," I Quavered

Fathers are usually ready to recognize the fact when their sons are grown men, and even anxious to make the point. But mothers know very well that there are no grown sons in this world, and so long as they live they experience faintly and futilely those anxieties they felt when these men-children were little boys, lest they should go astray or fall into bad company. I can never get over that feeling about Peter. I was not concerned about the secular members of this fishing party, but I was by his going off with Stickney, as I used to be when I caught him reading one of the Henty books, which are regarded as harmless and innocuous.

Brother Stickney is the pastor of the next largest Methodist church in this city. He is a modern preacher as contrasted with Peter, who was by way of being a modern thinker in the pulpit. That is to say, Stickney is accomplished in the art of entertaining his congregation, something of a comedian, and not too much of a tragedian.

Earlier in the summer while he was conducting a series of services there appeared an electric sign above the door of his church. It was one of these variegated on-and-off signs. It would flash out "Jesus is Here!" wink back into darkness, and come again. At the close of the meeting a week later this thing was promptly removed.

Peter and I attended these services. He had to sit in the pulpit and I sat politely in one of the front seats. This was the nearest I have ever been to attending a vaudeville performance. It looks queer to see a minister of the gospel standing bench legged before his congregation with the elbows of these legs crooked outwardly as sharply as his real elbows, playing the title rôle of some scene in the Bible. I do not say this is wrong, but it is very difficult to fix your mind on spiritual things while it is going on. My feeling is that if you are born with the instincts of a comedian, and the Lord calls you to preach in spite of this defective levity, you ought to curb it. But many ministers enliven their discourse these days with light dramatics based on some of the noblest scenes in the Bible. I am thankful that whatever Peter's faults have been, he never made pulpit parodies of the Lord's gospel to please his congregation.

But you cannot tell what men talk about when they go a-fishing. I knew that Peter was anxious and discouraged about his ministry. I knew he had come that far at least, and I did hope and pray he would not confide too much of his doubts and fears to Brother Stickney, nor be tempted to adopt Stickney's methods.

I need not have worried. Peter might mistake efficiency for salvation, but he would never mistake buffoonery for gospel truth. He had an honest mind and a level head. He used his legs to stand on, not to gesture with.

While Peter was away I spent the time on the old Redwine circuit with Maggie Fleming. I remember the night, more than thirty years ago, when William received Maggie into the church and the very way she looked then—a little girl in a white dress which was a trifle smaller than she was, wearing her shoes and stockings as if these were her sad and painful Sunday morals, not to be endured on other days. I can see the faint radiance of the candlelight on her fair hair, which stood out fine and straight from her small head as if this was no time for hair to lie down and be at peace. Something was happening! I can see the drops of baptismal water fall and glisten on this head, bowed so low before the altar, and Maggie, drawn down in her terrified humility to a mere spot of whiteness with her childish face hidden in her little brown hands. And William standing young and tall above her saying his tremendous church prayer over this little mite:

"Almighty God, we thank thee for founding thy Church, and promising that the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. . . . We especially praise thy name for enabling this thy servant"—meaning Maggie—"to avouch the Lord to be her God. Help her to perform the promise and vow which she has made, to renounce the devil, the world and the flesh; to believe the record which thou hast given to thy Son; and to walk in all thy commandments and ordinances blameless to the end of her life."

The solemn and binding words of this prayer went on rumbling and thundering over Maggie's head down to the last amen. Then she arose with the drops of water still clinging to her hair, and started on that long journey of walking blameless to the end of her life. I doubt if anybody can do it except in the sight of the Lord, who no doubt is not so critical of us as we are of one another.

Maggie was a little child then, and I was a grown woman. But now there is not much difference in our ages according to our experiences along the way we have come. Every year I go up there to rest in her house because we know the same things by heart and can talk about them as a nun tells her beads, one memory at a time, old songs that we used to sing, old saints that we used to know.

But there is one difference between us: Maggie, who has brought up a family and seen her children married, and who has been a widow for many years and been obliged to meet her world face to face, knows so much less than I do of the evil in the world. I do not tell her. Nothing would make her believe it. This is indeed to be blameless! Sometimes it has occurred to me that if I was as good a woman as we are commanded to be in his name, I should know less than I do about what is wrong with everybody. But maybe the Lord will know how to make allowances in his tender mercies for a woman who has been called in her old age to be the mother of a fashionable city preacher and who was never before accustomed to the ways of the world, which, in spite of Maggie's innocent faith, are not religious ways.

I attended services at Redwine church on Sunday. The same old church a little more weather-beaten outside, a darker, richer brown within, but no sign needed above the door to announce the presence of the Lord. The pastor was an old circuit rider, on his last legs in the itinerancy. But you could tell by the lean gospel strength of his countenance, by his fine beak of a nose and the eagle clearness of his eye that he had been a fighting preacher in his day and had wielded the doctrines of his church with that ancient effectiveness attributed to another man of faith who achieved such astonishing execution among his enemies with the jawbone of an ass. But like most preachers of the elder militant order he was simmering down now to just the sweetness of the Word. He preached on the Fatherhood of God, nothing new, and with no wisdom of words, but he took it here and there from the Scriptures, merely feeding his lambs, so to speak, not arguing with them or urging them to believe. Their faith it appeared had been confirmed long ago.

From the window where I sat in the church I could see the stone above William's grave. It had begun to lean a little. I went back the next day and had it set up straight. I usually spend a good deal of my time in this churchyard when I am visiting Maggie. Most of the people to whom William preached the first year after we were married are buried there now, the good ones and the bad ones side by side. I doubt if it matters much when we have slipped down into the common dust, whose dust this used to be that lies nearest our own. The differences that living made between us are past, and what is left of us comes up kind and kin to the grass at last.

I felt very quiet about myself in this place. A hundred miles distant the life of the turgid city from which I had come, still seethed. There were the crowds and crowds of people hurrying and knotting and snarling like a hank of human threads that nobody knows how to unwind. But in the shadow of this old church with only the epitaphs of so many men and women whom I had known to keep me company, and with the little seed plumes of the grass above their graves bending in the soft summer wind, that city, those people and the fever of their strange disorders seemed infinitely removed and unimportant, like little moments of time you waste when you have been in a great hurry to do

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(Continued from Page 26)

something. It will be done, that something. But you will not do it. You will have become a part of this peace and this silence long before these people find the way and catch step with the march of stars to the kingdom of God.

I could not worry enough in this quiet place even to pray for Peter, who had been constantly on my heart of late. An assurance came to me as clear as a voice which speaks, that all would be well with my son. I should live to see him know the truth and suffer for it. I should see him broken by the world and established in the Lord. Then I found myself weeping for Peter, thinking of what he must endure, grieving for that life of a man and a man's hopes which he must yield in exchange for this terrible peace

I reckon one reason why the Lord does not frighten us too often with an answer to prayer is because it requires real courage to face one when we are put to the test. Maybe this is why he spares us and goes on attending to our needs without making us quake beforehand by letting us know what we must pay in pain and sacrifice.

I went back to the city the last week in August. Peter returned the next day on the late evening train, lean and tanned. But he did not look like a man who had been off on a fishing frolic. He had nothing to tell of his exploits or of his comradeships. To all my questions he returned brief answers as if speech was an effort. Yes, he had been very well. Yes, he understood that the fishing was good, but he had not fished. He had spent most of his time tramping. Mountain country, miles of forest, no roads, not even a trail to follow when you were far enough inside. He had been lost several times

"It was like finding myself," he added, catching my eye merely in passing to his own next thought.

He wanted to know if I had ever experienced the strange animation there is in the silence of a deep wood. He supposed not, he added, no doubt referring to my timid domestic gender. It was confidential and personal, that silence. I told him I liked one shade tree, or maybe two, as much as anybody, but that nothing but trees depressed me, just as I should feel lonesome and diminished in a company of great men and with no other ladies present.

Sometimes when I said a quick foolish feminine thing like this Peter would laugh. But now he did not even smile, and I perceived that he had not been listening. I began to regard my son with the attention you give a sick person when you do not know what ails him. Peter was not a poet nor a mystic. I never thought he was much of a philosopher, though he was to my mind unfortunately erudite in the philosophies of other men. Therefore I thought it was queer that he had not fished and shared the life of the camp instead of musing round alone in the woods.

He leaned back in his chair, clasped his hands over his head and passed into a coma of silence. I went on talking of my visit to Maggie Fleming, giving him the news of Redwine church—who had married, who had died and how many had been born again during the revival they held this year. Presently he interrupted me. He said he thought he would go up and try to get some sleep, as if the getting of sleep had become a difficult business. I noticed this because Peter has always been what you may call an enthusiastic sleeper.

An hour later when I went upstairs there was a line of light beneath the door of his room, and several times during the night I heard him stirring about. The next morning he was in his study when I came downstairs, though the early bird of him was not in the habit of showing up before breakfast. I supposed he was pressed for time to prepare his sermon for the following Sunday, as this would be prayer-meeting night. But he did not conduct this prayer meeting. Then it developed that he would not preach on Sunday. He had invited another minister to fill his appointment.

I do not know how it may be with other Christians, but with me it has always been difficult to keep that assurance won in answer to prayer. It will pass from me when I need it most, and I am obliged to get down on my knees and pray for it again. So now the sense of security I had about Peter that day in the Redwine churchyard was gone. I began to be anxious about him again. His failure to preach meant something. I wanted to know if he had a sore throat. Many preachers suffer from this ailment. William frequently did, especially if he indulged too often in the singing of his favorite hymns. And he could never resist certain tunes like this one, which appealed to his shepherd spirit:

There were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold.

When he reached the line picturing the one sheep that had gone astray—"Away on the mountains wild and bare"—he invariably keened his voice to such a pitch of vocal anguish that I always had to make him gargle something for his throat when he came home.

But Peter declared irritably that nothing ailed him, implying that all he desired in the world was to be left alone, which is the state of a preacher who is not well off with his God.

He spent every day and the most of every night in his study. This study was no longer the orderly place of a methodical student. It was a scene of the wildest confusion, as if the man in it had been searching for something he could not find. The books were disarranged on the shelves, piled on the floor, discarded in corners as if the hand that flung them there had disavowed them. Some of his favorite authors on the moral law had contributed volumes to this disheveled pile. But Kitto's Commentaries stood gray and undisturbed on the top shelf along with William's other books. I kept my eye on this study, finding in it the only news I had of my son. He was not doing any work that I could see with the naked eye, but one morning when I slipped in there for a moment while he was out I found a long page filled with references to texts and passages in the Scriptures. I looked up a few of these and found that they had to do with prophecies, the Holy Spirit, and faith in Jesus Christ as the Saviour of men. Peter always seemed to sidestep the doctrine of his Lord's divinity in his sermons, which no preacher can do and see the fruits of the word in the lives of his people. I do not know what laws of rationalism must be violated in order to believe in the divinity of the Son of God, but I do know this is essential to believe. Maybe if I had acquired Peter's learning and had developed my logical faculties at the expense of my spiritual instincts, this would not have been so easy to believe. I reckon intellectual egotism has kept many a smart man out of a prominent place in the kingdom of heaven.

I felt the old anguish of suspense as I withdrew softly from Peter's study that morning, as I used to feel it about William when he was in his wrestling-Jacob mood. And I experienced a strange sense of guilt toward Peter. If he had been more like his father, not so much my son, if he had not inherited from me some mettle of the spirit, more of this world than that other world, I should not have been so anxious. As it was I did not know what would happen. And when you do not know that, something you are not expecting at all usually happens before you can turn round and say "Lord, have mercy!"

On the afternoon of this same day, which was Saturday, Mrs. Woodberry sent for me. She is a widow and a member of Peter's church. During the influenza epidemic of the previous winter she had lost her daughter, Arwin, a splendid young woman and her only child. She was one

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Presently Peter Returned With a Very Red-Faced Man, Who Stood and Glared Down at These Penitents

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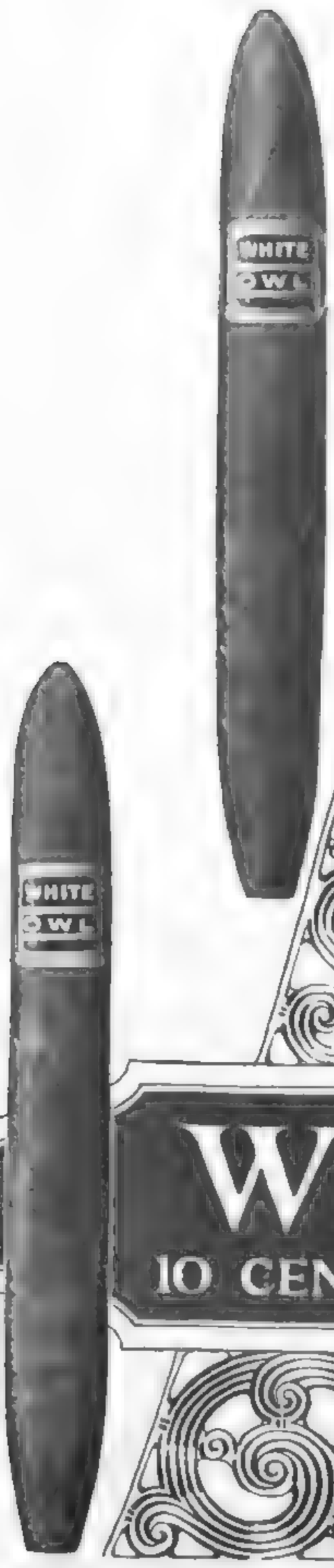

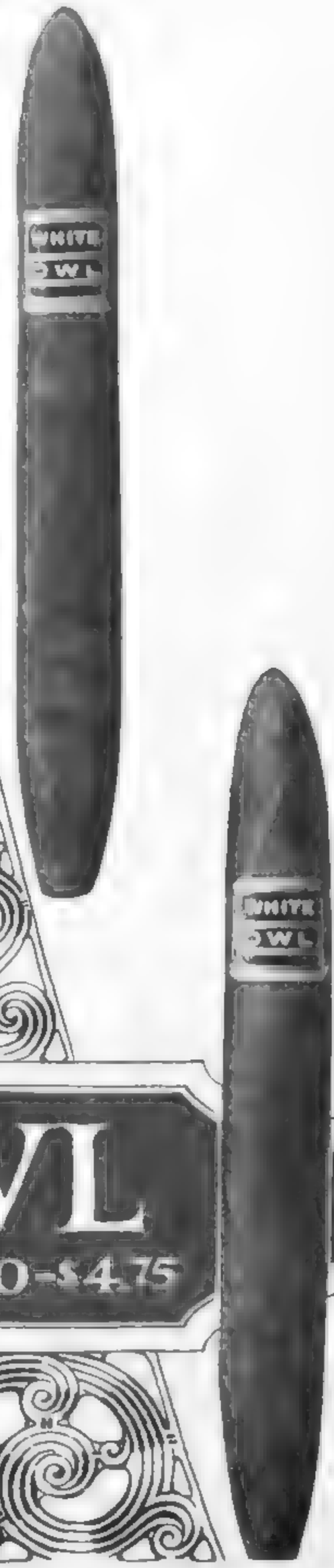

WHITE OWL

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of those courageous, eminently sane women who can digest a sorrow like this and go on living without acquiring the habit of grief so depressing to other people. She had recognized the fact which we all discover that there is a conspiracy among the living against the dead, to the end that these shall remain buried out of mind, and not be exploited to win that royalty of sympathy which those who are bereaved continually covet long after they cease to hope for it.

Months had passed now since I had heard Mrs. Woodberry mention Arwin. And I was the more astonished therefore to find her in a terrible state when I came in. She was upstairs in her bedroom, laid out of her own accord, as if she had just died of horror but was still alive.

"What has happened?" I exclaimed.

"Read it," she whispered, making a faint gesture at something on the floor.

Then I saw a letter lying open with a bit of yellow paper folded in it.

I reached for it, put on my glasses and looked first at the signature. The name did not set well with me. It was signed "Isobel."

"Isobel?" I repeated, glancing at Mrs. Woodberry inquiringly, meaning "Which Isobel?"

"Sangster. She was in school with Arwin years ago," she explained faintly.

It was no more than a note saying with considerable affection that she, Isobel, had not had the courage to intrude upon dear Mrs. Woodberry's grief since poor Arwin's death until now, when she could offer her the immeasurable consolation of a message from Arwin, which she had herself received through the medium of automatic writing. She inclosed the message exactly as she had taken it.

"What foolishness is this?" I exclaimed indignantly.

"You have not read the message," she said.

The writing on the yellow paper was a clever forgery of Arwin Woodberry's own hand.

"Mother is not to worry," I read. "I am much better and very happy."

"How will she know this message is from you?"—in Isobel's own handwriting.

"She will find the papers she has been looking for on the shelf of the closet in my room," was the answer.

I folded the paper and stared at Mrs. Woodberry. Her lips were trembling, tears lay upon her cheeks.

"You do not understand!" she sobbed.

"No!" I admitted coldly.

"Those papers," she said; "no one knew of them but Arwin and myself. She had them. Since her death I have looked for them everywhere. To-day I found them on the shelf in that closet."

I have never doubted that there is such a thing as mind reading. Nobody can, who has a mind with the telepathic antennæ of their emotional natures sufficiently developed, any more than one is surprised to see a blind bug feel its way by the same method. But it is a bug. I thought Isobel Sangster was sinister enough to have practiced that sly degeneracy on this poor woman. In her subconscious mind—the door of which is always open to these spiritist bugs!—Mrs. Woodberry had certainly canvassed the shelf in this closet along with every other possible place in the house where these papers could be found.

I tried to explain this to her.

"Yes," she answered, "I have thought of that. Someone has been sending me literature on psychic phenomena, and I have read Sir Ole Lost's books. One keeps going round in a circle trying to pierce the awful silence love leaves when it is gone."

She paused, her lips quivering.

"You cannot know how strong the temptation is—to—to believe a thing like that," she murmured, glancing at the yellow paper which I still held in the tips of my fingers.

"I should think Arwin would have communicated directly with you," I suggested indignantly.

"You must not think I do not, with my reason, know all that," she answered. "But they tempt us, these people, when we are weakest. I would give anything, everything, my very life, gladly to know that message really came—from Arwin," she sobbed.

"Not to believe, if it is true, is to deny her, the immeasurable consolation of her thought still of me. They count on that, these spiritists. They take their prey from among the desolate like me!" she concluded.

I began to understand the outrage that had been committed upon this mother's defenseless heart. The devil, dear brethren, is usually one of us, not so often a foreign prince of darkness as we suppose.

I said what I could to restore Mrs. Woodberry's mind on a proper Christian faith in immortality, and went home, because I did not know what else to say to her. I was feeling a little queer and creepy up and down my own spine. It is a discomforting experience to be knocked out of your senses down into your aboriginal superstitions. You get a glimpse of where you came from.

I walked home, though it was some distance. Presently I knew I was coming to, as we say when somebody has a fit, because I began to feel my temper rising, which is always a good sign of the return of your normal relation to yourself.

I hope I am a Christian woman, though an honest person must have his respectful-to-God doubts at times about that, because every one of us must jerk a commandment out of place now and then in the mere business of living with his fellow man. And we may be obliged sometimes to turn the corner of a Beatitude with considerable shrewdness, or subject an acquisitive neighbor to the temptation of taking an unchristian advantage of us. There have been moments when I have had at least a vision of holiness, but I have my suspicions of any man who can pass clean through his own and get into somebody else's spirit, until he can actually forge the handwriting of an immortal soul. When it comes to spiritism I am a firm believer in the Monroe Doctrine. I am teetotally against all entangling alliances with the spirits of another world. I believe it is the most damaging and disintegrating illusion ever offered in exchange for a nobler faith. And though there may be such people, I have never known one single up-and-doing Christian who believed in spiritism. You must be a sort of latitudinarian in your faith and abnormally concerned for your own crazy comfort before you can accept this vagary as a personal experience. It is like getting your picture on a bottle of patent medicine with your testimonial beneath saying how it almost raised you from the dead and made you skip like a unicorn after you had been walking on crutches for years. Nobody believes you or buys the stuff except neurasthenics who might be as easily cured with peppermint water if it was so recommended.

Besides, if you believe in spiritism you must believe in immortality. And if you believe in immortality you must believe in a further state of existence beyond the grave. The only history we have of this state is the Bible, which has withstood longer than any other record the assaults of every kind of doubt. Now if one has passed out of his dust into this kingdom of spirits, his corruption has put on incorruption, he has been raised a spiritual body, and he is literally a native of that place. Therefore I should have my very grave doubts of any spirit with whom I could possibly communicate. I should know that he had not qualified as a saint and citizen of that country, therefore not a proper spirit with whom to associate and take into my confidence.

No man can have faith who demands evidence. And for some reason which the Lord knows is good, it is faith, not evidence, that develops the spiritual attributes we need for eternal life. I reckon it is the wing practice of the spirit we get while we are still in the flesh. I would rather believe what I feel and cannot prove than accept the word of a newfangled fortune teller about immortality, whose character in this world rarely shows enough units to qualify him for these communications he professes to receive from another world.

My notion is that probably we shall be very much engaged in psychical research in that world, where there will be a good deal of it to do before we get our records straight. But it is no legitimate occupation to carry on in this one. Maybe this is not the intelligent view to take, but it is safe, and I never cared much about being intelligent so long as I am in a position to fall on my knees and say, "Lord, I believe!" That is going a long sight further than the cerebral portion of your anatomy will ever take you. I never knew of any kind of eavesdropping that was not dishonorable, even if you did not hear anything. This is what psychical research is close kin to, eavesdropping the dead, and telling tales on them to their living friends and relatives. If it is not the meanest kind of mischief it is bound to be the silliest sort of folly, and the most dangerous in this world, because if it is accepted in good faith it destroys real faith with fallacious evidence, which is not evidence at all, but superstition.

There is a silence that cannot be broken, like the distances between stars that cannot be passed. Let somebody find out the time of day on Mars, let him skeet out into space and bring back one single green leaf from the nearest planet. That should be easy compared to getting messages from immortal spirits. There may be some of us who have lived a long time according to the spirit rappings on our own conscience who will be tempted to risk a séance with Moses or Enoch or some prophet whom the Scriptures recommended.

As a Christian woman I have my prides, of which I have never been chastened. One of them is that I may be permitted to turn up my spiritual nose in Paradise at some old diminished philosopher whose writings were beyond my comprehension in this present world. Another is that I may witness the severe operation by which these spiritists have a real sense of immortality grafted to their stunted faculties.

I was thinking along these lines, which is a sort of psychic way I have of spanking people whose way of thinking and acting does not agree with my temper, as I came home from this visit to Mrs. Woodberry. And I was feeling calmer by the time I reached the door of my own house

When I entered the hall Peter was ushering two men out of his study, politely, but with that finickiness of manner the best of men have when it is their duty to make some kind of moral distinction. One of these strangers was an elderly person, tall, with a lean face and long musical-looking hair, the kind worn by band masters. The other was a short, stodgy man, young, but remarkably bald. He was dressed in the fashion of many men whom we see in the streets but whom we never meet. He seemed to glow from his cravat to his spats.

I went upstairs to take off my bonnet and to change my shoes to a more peaceful pair of slippers. When I came down Peter had returned to his study. I paused before the closed door and considered whether I should go in. One cannot help being curious about strangers in her own house. And when my curiosity is aroused I may as well yield to it at once and avoid the struggle. So I opened the door and went in.

Peter stood before the window with his hands clasped behind him. He glanced back at me, meaning that I was interrupting him. But I sat down. A man always wants his mother even if he does not want her that minute. I frequently comfort myself with this assurance when Peter indicates by a little movement, or by the whelping up of the frowns on his forehead, that he finds my presence a little trying.

"Who were your visitors, my son?" I asked amiably.

"Oh, I don't know, mother," he answered. "A couple of strolling rascals, most likely."

He came back and sat down before his desk, but I kept my eyes raised to him inquiringly.

"The younger one is a shoe salesman," he went on, "and claims to be a medium for the spiritists. The other is his manager. A medium must have a manager, you know!"

It never rains but it pours, I thought, recalling the scene I had just passed through with Mrs. Woodberry.

"What did they want?" I asked.

"They came to invite me to the meetings of the Society for Psychical Research," he answered. "There is one here, it seems," he went on. "They showed me a list of those who belong to it. You would be surprised. Practically all of them prominent people, men as well as women. Many of them members of my church."

I was not surprised. Sedative cults appeal to people of this class as certain drugs do to other people. It is simply a more enterprising and intellectually epicurean way of indulging a jaded appetite with illusions, frequently by proxy and for the price they pay the accomplished medium. It is a more adventurous form of the old art of fortune telling. Your honest clodhopping mountaineer climbs his own mountain because he must. Upon the face of it lie his fields and his way up and down in the daily business of living. But it takes the tourist with no real ambition for achievement to climb the Matterhorn, a useless distinction. These spiritists are the same kind of tourists.

I was fumbling along with some such reflections as these when Peter glanced at me and said dully: "Some of the pastors of churches in this city are attending these spiritist séances."

I returned his glance accusingly. What I meant was that this was the rule with pastors now, to follow their people, not to lead them.

"They pointed out to me that a preacher who is not interested in psychic phenomena is behind the times," he went on.

"What did you say to that?" I asked.

"Nothing. I was showing them to the door when you came in," he answered. "The Gleate woman sent them," he added after a pause.

I experienced a pang of satisfaction at this definition of Isobel Sangster. I told him of the effort she was making to convert Mrs. Woodberry to spiritism, the monstrous trick she had played on her, and the condition I had found her in that afternoon.

Peter remained silent with his head bowed surlily. I retorted with the pressure of my own silence, hoping he would say something of what was in his mind. From time to time I offered a remark. I gave him my opinion of spiritism. Silence is a form of hysteria in men, as laughter and tears are with women. Peter was suffering from a fit of dumb hysterics. It was Saturday night. I had no reason to believe that he had made any preparation for his service the next day, and I was anxious, lest another Sunday should pass with him out of his pulpit.

The clock struck six. He glanced up at it as if he said "Thank you!" because he knows I never can remain seated where I am when the clock strikes six. I must always go out and perform some duty connected with this hour of the day.

I got up slowly and started reluctantly for the door. Dinner would be served presently, I told him. He replied that he did not care about it, that he was not hungry.

When a healthy man loses his appetite it is serious. I went back to my chair and sat down again.

"Peter," I began, "men and women are born credulous. It is the strongest instinct they have. They must believe

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EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

Photographs From the Air

By FLOYD W. PARSONS

NEARLY all the great inventions of the world have been used eventually for purposes that were not originally thought of or foreseen. The development of aërial navigation was speeded up by the World War, and airplanes were utilized for work of a far different nature than had been contemplated by the pioneers who first perfected heavier-than-air machines. The principal work of army air pilots was to observe the positions and movements of enemy forces. In pursuing this work it was soon discovered that much benefit could be derived from using the airplane as a point of vantage to make real photographs of the earth below. This was much better than depending on human memory, and, of course, the photographs were far more accurate.

It is only natural therefore that we should endeavor to capitalize our war experiences in aerial photography and adapt the art to commercial uses. Not only has such an effort been made but it is meeting with unexpected success. In fact there is foundation for the belief that whatever the ultimate outcome of aërial navigation may be, one of the chief uses of the airplane in the immediate future will be in the field of aërial photography.

It is generally true that we must possess a thing before we can appreciate or properly understand it. In years past man has only been able to look round and above himself. He has always accepted as one of the problems of life his inability to look down on the earth he lives in. Now that humans can easily and quickly rise into the air and make still or moving pictures of the things below, there is the certainty that many problems will be solved which could not be satisfactorily handled before. A new industry is created, and both science and business will be materially benefited by the practice of the new art.

Just as the X-ray machine disclosed many of the hidden secrets of the human body, so the aërial camera will rapidly be developed into a wonderful device which will enable us to see and solve some of the puzzles of the earth's surface. It is wholly appropriate that some of the first aërial photographs should have been made in and about the Holy Land, where Biblical history commenced. During the recent war, when the British Army was driving into Palestine, the English aviators started and later completed aërial maps of this ancient land. These maps, or aërial mosaics, as they are technically called, provide more information of real value concerning the valley of the River Jordan and the region surrounding the Dead Sea than could have been obtained in years of slow and costly land surveying. The aërial photographs present a close, accurate picture of the topography of Palestine; and who knows but what this new method of land mapping will eventually determine through the delineation of volcanic configurations whether or not Sodom and Gomorrah were destroyed by the sudden eruption of a local volcano?

Up to the present time our study of the earth's surface has progressed with tortoiselike slowness. Much of the world has heretofore been inaccessible to observation. Land surveys started in midsummer were frequently carried on and only completed in the winter, when surface conditions were considerably changed in appearance. In other cases surveys in certain regions were started in a wet season of the year and could not be completed before a succeeding dry season had become well advanced and important water resources had either diminished or disappeared. Aërial photography will largely eliminate the uncertain results derived by these earlier and more tedious methods.

In other words, physical geography and geology will likely be revolutionized through the development of the art of making photographic surveys from airplanes.

The United States Government has spent thousands of dollars in surveying and mapping the shifting outlines of the great glaciers in Alaska. Now we will be able to make a map in a few hours which heretofore could not have been made in a summer season. Furthermore, the aerial mosaic will provide an accurate picture and precise data.

Each week now brings some new use for the airplane camera. The chambers of commerce in various cities have lately discovered that aërial photographs are not only the best kind of advertising material but such maps are of great value in solving the traffic problems of a busy community. Details of the movements of vehicles are readily recorded and points of congestion located. Officials in summer-resort communities are also employing aërial photographs to show the attractiveness of their beaches, lakes and surrounding country. In one mosquito-infested region the problem of eliminating the pest was greatly simplified by an aërial map which showed ponds and pools that were off the main lines of travel, and which would very likely have been overlooked by the mosquito exterminators.

A man once said "You can't see a forest for the trees," but this wise individual had entirely overlooked the coming of the airplane. One of the growing uses of aërial photography is the mapping of great private and Federal forest tracts, which could never have been completed by using earlier surveying methods without a large expenditure of time and money. New developments in aërial photography render it possible, through the use of color sensitive plates, to show the different types of trees as well as their location. There is little doubt that in future years all important surveys, such as those for railroads and canals, will be preceded by a preliminary survey made from an airplane.

The biggest immediate field for the aërial photographer appears to be in the real-estate business. The realty broker or salesman of to-morrow will reach over on his desk and produce for his prospect's inspection a series of aërial views that will tell more at a glance about certain houses and residential districts than could be told in pages of descriptive matter. The real-estate agent will be able to show his possible customer not only the surrounding streets, houses and lawns but the relative locations of trolley lines, churches, schools and parks. These maps will also show how far it is to the nearest automobile service station, as well as the stores of the butcher, the baker and the grocer. If everything seems O. K., and the prospect is pleased with a certain property and its surroundings, the realty broker will immediately take his customer to the favored section.

With this plan in force the real-estate dealers, as well as home seekers, will save hours of time through not having to visit residential districts that would fail finally to attract the purchaser. If it is a factory or manufacturing site the customer is looking for, the aërial photographs will quickly furnish the necessary information and save energy and time that would otherwise be devoted to hours of travel. In no way can shipping facilities be shown to better advantage than by photographs taken in the air. When it comes to selling farms and similar outlying properties, aërial photographs will soon prove an indispensable adjunct to the present equipment of the modern real-estate office.

The newer types of aërial cameras are automatic machines which can be adjusted for certain altitudes, and so set that exposures are made with clocklike precision at correct intervals so as to produce sufficient overlap to enable the operator to join the finished pictures into one continuous map or mosaic. The usual overlap is one-third of the total length of the picture. The latest preference of air photographers is for films rather than plates, for the film is lighter and can be carried in greater quantities. The camera is so mounted in the plane that it remains in line with the objects to be photographed. In some cases a compass is superimposed so that it will photograph the direction on the film.

The pilot of an airplane engaged in photographic work must keep his machine flying on an even keel, and all turns must be made as flat as the machine will allow. The mosaic maps now made show a great deal more detail than precision maps and are nearly as accurate except in recording elevations. A good aërial mosaic is accurate to within one per cent. As the art develops the small errors now caused by differences in elevation will be largely overcome. The newer machines are now sufficiently powerful to see beneath the surface of shallow water and show the depth and location of channels. Practically all the airplanes now being built for aërial photography are so designed that modern cameras can be easily and quickly installed. The accepted practice is to provide a mounting for the camera on the interior of the plane and also to install a small dynamo, which can be attached to the main power plant of the plane and generate current for the automatic operation of the camera.

Some months ago it was decided to map the city of

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The Underground Entrance for Trains From the North Into New York City. The Area Shown, Looking West, Includes Lexington, Park, Madison and Fifth Avenues and Runs From Forty-sixth to Fifty-first Streets

...k the days of 1921. Your copy ... your Edison Mazda Lamps.

WOMAN
Keeper of the light

MAN followed the chase when the race was young; and woman kept her vigil over the sacred flame.

Down through the ages the story of progress has been the story of light.

It is this story which Maxfield Parrish is telling in his magnificent series of paintings made into calendars for the Edison Lamp Works. Last year the subject was Prometheus, the light bringer; this year it is light in the life of primitive man.

Lives change, but life is changeless. Still as of old, the struggle for shelter and food is the high duty of a man. And in the home lit with Edison Mazda Lamps, it is the glory of the woman still to be the keeper of the light.

EDISON MAZDA LAMPS

EDISON LAMP WORKS OF GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

The Progressive Dealer Saves You Money

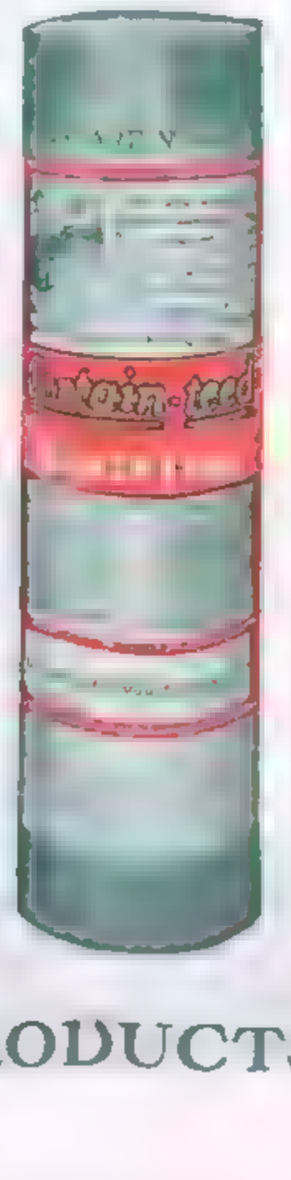
PERHAPS you don't realize how you are affected by the way in which dealers handle their business problems. The size of the stock of merchandise carried, for example, influences materially the price you pay.

The progressive dealer buys wisely, getting just enough of each article to carry him for a short period. He buys often and eliminates the costly slow sellers. As a result he can sell for less than he could otherwise and still make a reasonable profit.

Certain-teed encourages all dealers to be progressive by enabling them to buy small, fast selling stocks. This is accomplished by the maintenance of a large number of conveniently located warehouses and distributing centers from which dealers can get quick service on needed articles.

It is to your advantage to buy from the progressive dealers. They can sell you the highest quality products—Certain-teed —at a real saving in cost.

Certain-teed products are sold by reliable, progressive dealers everywhere.



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PAINT · VARNISH · ROOFING & RELATED · BUILDING · PRODUCTS

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Washington from the air, and the whole job was completed in two and a half hours, with two hundred exposures. This finished map of the nation's capital is far more complete in detail, besides being more interesting and understandable, than any other map ever made of Washington, even after months of tedious, painstaking work.

The uses of aërial photography are too numerous even to be imagined. It is a new industry, with a future that has limits as yet unknown. While commercial mapping will be one of the important fields of the new art, advertising specialists, construction engineers and others will use aërial oblique pictures extensively in the practice of their professions to show finished developments and construction progress. The infant industry marks a big step forward in scientific achievement, and we need not doubt that future results will add impetus to the advance of civilization.

The Industrial Uses of Air

OF ALL things that are free and plentiful, none is more so than air. Although it has surrounded man since the beginning of the human race, and has been the chief essential of life, centuries passed before air was utilized to any considerable extent in serving the purposes of civilized nations. For more than a thousand years the world's most advanced people failed to realize that air possesses compressibility which can be converted into a useful force.

One morning not long ago, after a heavy dew had made the dampened webs of spiders glisten on surrounding trees and bushes, I became interested in the wonderful display of constructive ability shown by these marvelous insects. One industrious spider had spread his web a distance of twenty feet, from a low limb on a big maple tree to the top of a large evergreen bush. The slope of the main line of the web from the tree to the bush was almost level. It was evident the spider had selected his basis of operations at the end of the limb with care and foresight. Seated there he had manufactured his main thread and cast it forth on the breeze that was blowing, slowly adding to the length of the thread until one end of it had reached a top branch of the evergreen six yards or more away. With his principal cable thus temporarily strung, the insect had carefully traveled along it, fastened the end and proceeded to build in his wonderful reënforcements, which would have been a credit to any educated architect.

The thing that made the spider's feat possible was the air. He had utilized its weight and movement with a sureness of instinct that is puzzling. The whole incident originated a line of thought that made me wonder what are the future possibilities of air control by man. Are we deriving maximum benefits from our present practices with air machines? Is the art of air compression an industry that is fully developed? How and where are we putting to practical use the inherent powers of that vast mixture of gases which envelops the earth?

Some time ago I told the story of the air brake and pointed out how this single invention has been the chief governing factor in the development of railroad transportation. Now I want to show other benefits, of a no less interesting nature, which result from utilizing the forces generated in the compression and expansion of air. The development of this common resource for practical uses has been a discouraging fight. Time and again air machines appeared to have won a safe place in industry, only to be later supplanted by other machines electrically operated.

In the mining of coal the early machines were operated by air until electric cutters were devised which soon displaced the air punchers. Then the air locomotives came into use, only to give way in a short time to the superior service of the electric motors.

Through all this long and historical era of development the chief device of the air people was their rock drills. Here electricity has so far found an insurmountable obstacle. Reciprocating machines—that is, those which have a back-and-forth or up-and-down motion—are subjected to constant shocks, which necessitates their being sturdily built. Electrical devices for hammering have proved difficult to build because of the inability of delicate adjustments to withstand the constant jars of the heavy blows such machines must deliver. The result has been that air drills have successfully maintained their place in the sun and furnished the air machinery manufacturers with the sinews of war to push forward their fight into new realms of industry.

In the light of our present knowledge it appears fortunate for us that the air drill was successful and enabled the engineers who believed in the usefulness of air power to carry on their experiments, which might otherwise have been discontinued. As it is, each day is showing some new application for the practical use of air, and it is now probable that the future will show us an important, world-wide industry based on the varied and undreamed-of use of air power in dozens of fields so far unexploited.

The birth of the air drill occurred under circumstances that can hardly be termed auspicious. Back in 1871 a mechanic named Ingersoll came to New York with models of some of his newest inventions. Among other things he had a device built like a good-sized pistol with which he could throw a line through a second-story window in case of fire. One day he was riding in a horse car and explaining this particular model to a man who sat beside him. On an opposite seat sat a prominent contractor who had undertaken a big excavating job and who was therefore interested in inventing a machine that could drill the rock encountered in the excavation work.

After the mechanic had finished his story the contractor inquired of him: "Why don't you invent something worth while? For instance, why don't you develop a rock drill? Such a machine would be largely used because of its saving of hand labor."

"I could do it all right if I only had the money," replied the mechanic.

"How much money do you want?"

Ingersoll replied that it might take as much as fifty dollars to make the model, and immediately the contractor handed that amount of money to the stranger, at the same time giving him his card and telling him to go ahead.

Work on the drill was promptly commenced, and during the course of its building the mechanic went back to the contractor for many times fifty dollars. At last the machine was finished and a test was staged. Many difficulties arose and numerous changes were made in the general design of the drill. Finally, however, the device was perfected and put to practical use, and has continued from that day, with various modifications, up to the present time.

In the meantime dozens of other uses for air power were discovered, until now we use it in many lines of work from the harmless practice of painting the body of an automobile to the deadly act of propelling a high-explosive torpedo from the tube of a battleship or submarine. It was only a few years ago that the application of paint and other protective coatings by the use of compressed air came in to supersede the old-fashioned practice of painting with a hand brush. Not only can one experienced worker with a compressed-air outfit paint more square feet of surface than six or eight painters using hand brushes but the finished job when the air method is used is far superior to the result obtained by hand painting. The air scheme produces uniformly finished coatings free from brush marks and streaks. Rough, inaccessible surfaces that are difficult to reach with a brush are rapidly coated. The gun, or pneumatic painting device, may be quickly mounted on an extension-pole attachment when the operator wishes to paint a surface beyond his reach. Where single-coat work is required either a lighter or heavier coating can be obtained than is possible with a hand brush. Experience has also shown that in pneumatic painting the materials that hold the paint are air-tight and this prevents the formation of paint skin and makes it impossible to combine dirt with the paint.

It frequently occurs that the paint used in a pneumatic gun is partly made up of heavy materials that must be kept in suspension, and for this purpose an agitating device is employed. In using this attachment air is introduced at the bottom of the paint container, and after bubbling up through the paint is permitted to escape through a bleeder valve in the control head. In some cases, especially when the operator is applying enamel or varnish, it is best to heat the air before it reaches the gun. When this plan is followed the coating that is applied will be still smoother if an electric heating attachment is also employed to heat the enamel or varnish before it is placed in the paint container. An electric heating device of the kind suggested may be operated from an ordinary electric-light socket. The compressed air for a pneumatic paint gun is usually supplied by a compressor unit. One small compressor will operate several guns. In years past the quickest method of painting various kinds of articles was to dip them into a large container filled with paint. In many industries to-day the air-gun method has supplanted the dipping process.

Reports from Germany tell of the use of compressed air in plating metal surfaces. After the surface to be plated has been carefully cleaned with a chemical solution the plating material is blown on with a device that resembles a hand torch. The torch contains a small electric furnace which melts the plating material, and then the molten metal is spread on the surface in much the same manner as paint is applied with an air gun. This scheme has proved successful in plating the iron and steel surfaces of certain machines with a covering of brass or copper. The inventors of the process anticipate that the method will be used largely in applying a metal covering or coating to ship bottoms, tanks and other structures where sections of the surface cannot be plated before erection.

I doubt if any comparatively new use of compressed air holds forth as great possibilities as the application of this agent to the salvaging of sunken ships. The activities of mines and submarines during the World War resulted in sending hundreds of ships to the bottom of the sea, and science is now turning its attention to the development of a practical and efficient scheme for recovering this lost wealth. Approximately thirteen million tons of shipping were sent to the bottom or wrecked during the four years of war, and but a small percentage of the vessels have been recovered up to the present time. As a result a tremendous job lies ahead of both British and American salvors. So far no large ship has been raised from a depth of more than one hundred and thirty-eight feet, and this record will have to be greatly exceeded in the salvage work of the next few years if a large percentage of the sunken ships is to be recovered. Many of the vessels that now lie at the bottom have a dead weight of five thousand tons or more, and no craft as heavy as this has yet been recovered by the use of steel cables and surface pontoons.

Methods and apparatus employed by divers are being improved rapidly and materially, and it is certain that in the near future members of salvage parties will be able to go safely to much lower depths in the sea than has been possible in the past. The value of the ships and cargoes sunk during the World War is estimated to be more than

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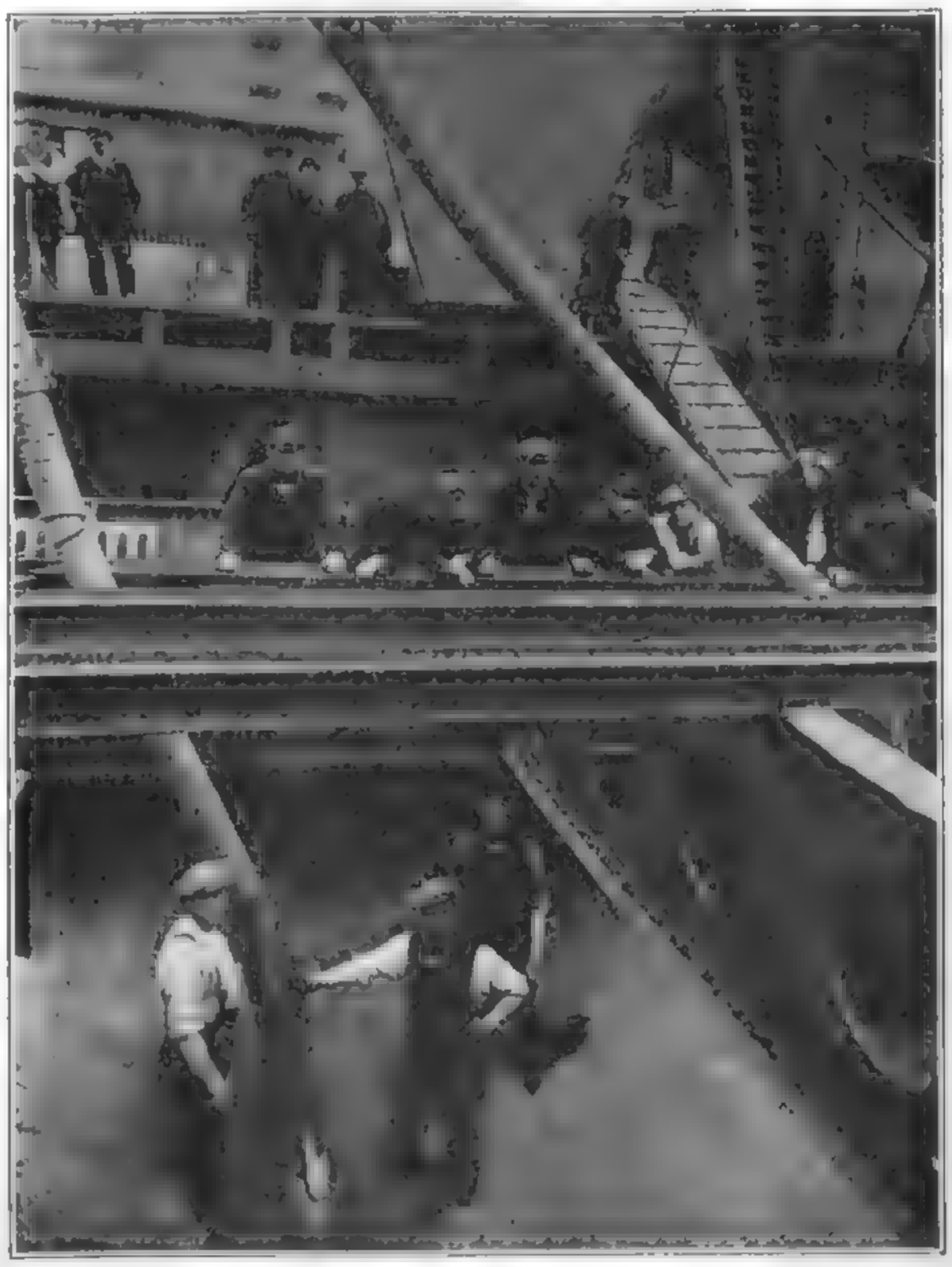

Air-Suction Nozzles Applied to the Unloading of Grain in an English Port

JAN SMUTS

(Continued from Page 4)

Cape and thousands of Englishmen streamed out to Africa to make their fortunes, the Boer at once bristled with resentment. His isolation was menaced. He regarded the Briton as an *uitlander*—an outsider—and treated him as an undesirable alien. In the Transvaal and the Orange Free State he was denied the rights that are accorded to law-abiding citizens in other countries. Hence the Jameson raid, which was an all-starred protest against the narrow, copper-riveted Boer rule, and later the final show-down in the Boer War.

In 1910 was established the Union of South Africa, comprising the Transvaal, the Orange Free State, Natal and the Cape Colony, which obtained responsible government and which is to all intents and purposes a dominion as free as Australia or Canada. England sends out a governor-general, usually a high-placed and titled person, but he is a bemedaled figurehead, an ornamental feature of the landscape. His principal functions are to open fairs, attend funerals, preside at harmless gatherings and pin decorations upon worthy persons. First Botha and later Smuts have been the real rulers of the country.

Two Men of Vision

The Union Constitution decreed that bilingualism must prevail. As a result every public document, time-table and signboard is printed in both English and Dutch. The tie of language is a strong one, and this eternal and unuttered presence of the Taal has been an asset for the Nationalists to exploit. It is a link with the days of independence.

Following the Boer War came a sharp cleavage among the Boers. That great farm-bred soldier and statesman, Louis Botha, accepted the verdict and became the leader of what might be called a reconciled reconstruction. Firm in the belief that the future of South Africa was greater than the smaller and selfish issue of racial pride and prejudice, he rallied his open-minded and farseeing countrymen around him. Out of this group developed the South African Party, which remains the party of the Dutch loyal to British rule. To quote its program of principles, "Its political object is the development of a South African spirit of national unity and self-reliance through the attainment of the lasting union of the various sections of the people."

Botha was made Premier of the Transvaal as soon as the colony was granted self-government, and with the accomplishment of Union was named Prime Minister of the federation. The first man that he called to the standard of the new order to become his Colonial Minister, or, more technically, Minister of the Interior, was Smuts, who had left his law office in Johannesburg to fight the English in 1900, and who displayed the same consummate strategy in the field that he has since shown in cabinet meeting and legislative forum. With peace he returned to law, but not for long. Now began his political career—he has held public office continuously ever since—that is a vital part of the modern history of South Africa.

Gen. Louis Botha

In the years immediately following the Union the genius of Botha had full play. He wrought a miracle of evolution. Under his influence the land, which still bore the scars of war, turned to plenty. He was a farmer, and he turned his energy and leadership to the rebuilding of the shattered commonwealths. Their hope lay in the soil. His right arm was Smuts, who became successively Minister of Finance and Minister of Public Defense.

The belief that reconciliation had dawned was rudely disturbed when the Great War crashed into civilization. The extreme Nationalists, as I have already intimated, rebelled; and it was Botha, aided by Smuts, who crushed them. Beyers, the ringleader, was drowned while trying to escape across the Vaal River; De Wet was crushed in the field; Delarey was accidentally shot, and Maritz became a fugitive. Botha then conquered the Germans in German Southwest Africa, and Smuts subsequently took over the command of the Allied forces in German East Africa. When Botha died in 1919, Smuts not only assumed the Premiership of the Union, but he also inherited the enmity that Gen. J. B. M. Hertzog bore toward his lamented chief.

Now we come to the crux of the whole business, past and present. Who is Hertzog and what does he stand for? In the answer lies the explanation of the Smuts dilemma to-day

If you look at your history of the Boer War you will see that one of the first Dutch generals to take the field and one of the last to leave it was Hertzog, an Orange Free State lawyer who had won distinction on the bench. He helped to frame the Union Constitution and on the day he signed it declared that it was a distinct epoch in his life. A Boer of the Boers, he seemed to catch for the moment the contagion that radiated from Botha and spelled a greater South Africa.

Botha made him Minister of Justice, and all was well. But when the question of South Africa's contribution to the imperial navy came up in 1913 Hertzog fought it tooth and nail. In fiery utterances attacking the government he denounced Botha as a jingoist and an imperialist. Just about this time he made the famous speech in which he stated his ideal of South Africa. He declared that Briton and Boer were two separate streams—two nationalities, each flowing in a separate channel. The two-streams slogan is the Nationalist battle cry now.

Of course, such procedure on the part of Hertzog demanded prompt action on the part of Botha, who called upon his colleague either to suppress his particular brand of anathema or resign. Hertzog not only built a bigger bonfire of denunciation but refused to resign.

Botha thereupon devised a unique method of ridding himself of his uncongenial minister. He resigned, the government fell and the Cabinet dissolved automatically. Hertzog was left out in the cold. The governor-general immediately reappointed Botha Prime Minister and he reorganized his cabinet without Hertzog

Hertzog galvanized the Nationalist Party, which up to this time had been merely a party of opposition, into what was rapidly becoming a secession movement. By a curious contrast the South African Party developed into the only really national party, while its opponent, although bearing the name of national, was solely and entirely racial.

The first real test of strength was in the election of 1915. The campaign was bitter and belligerent. The whole venom of the Nationalist Party was concentrated on Smuts. Many of his meetings became riots. He was the target for rotten fruit and on one occasion an attempt was made on his life. The combination of the Botha personality and the Smuts courage and reason won out, however, and the South African Party remained in power.

Undaunted, Hertzog carried on the fight. He soon had the supreme advantage of having the field to himself, so far as big leadership was concerned, because Botha was off fighting the Germans and Smuts had gone to England to help mold the Allied fortunes. The Nationalist leader made hay while the red sun of war shone.

Hertzog's Opportunity

When Ireland declared herself a republic, Hertzog took the cue and counted his cause in with that of the small nations that needed self-determination. "Afrika for the Afrikans," the old motto of the *Afrikander Bond*, was unfurled from the masthead. It not only recruited the Boers who had an ancient grievance against Great Britain, but many others who secretly resented the Botha and Smuts intimacy with the conquerors. Some were sons and grandsons of the old *Vortrekkers*, who not only delighted to speak the Taal exclusively, but who had never surrendered the ideal of independence.

Though the Dutch movement in South Africa strongly resembles the Irish rebellion, there are also some marked differences. In South Africa there has been much intermarriage between Briton and Boer. The English in South Africa bear the same relation to the Nationalist movement there that the Ulsterites bear to the Sinn Feiners in Ireland. Instead of being segregated, as are the followers of Sir Edward Carson, they are scattered throughout the country.

At the last general election held early in 1920 elections are held every five years—the results were surprising. The Nationalists returned a majority of four over the South African Party in Parliament. It left Smuts to carry on his government with a

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Col. F. H. P. Creswell

Gen. J. B. M. Hertzog

THE interest of Hupmobile owners in our product is naturally very great. The satisfaction the Hupmobile gives is so pronounced, that by far the greater part of our annual output goes to those who have already owned one or more Hupmobiles.

It is, therefore, to our owners in particular, that we announce certain noteworthy improvements and refinements in the finish, fittings, and general appearance of our car.

The Hupmobile to be seen at the New York Automobile Show next week is finished in a new shade of blue. Its fenders are new-design; its top new-shape, with plate glass at the rear. Upholstery is improved. Doors have outside handles. Added equipment items are windshield cleaner, motometer, and the distinctive Hupmobile fan-light tail-lamp.

In performance, economy and reliability, the Hupmobile will continue to live up to the good name it has already earned.

(Continued from Page 36)

minority. To add to his troubles, the Labor Party—always an uncertain proposition—increased its representation from a mere handful to twenty-one, while the Unionists, who comprise the straight-out English-speaking party, whose stronghold is Natal, suffered severe losses. Smuts could not very well count the latter among his open allies because it would have alienated the hard-shell Boers in the South African Party.

This was the situation that I found on my arrival in Capetown. On one hand was Smuts, still Prime Minister, taxing his every resource as parliamentarian and pacificator to maintain the Union in the face of a bitter and hostile majority. On the other hand was Hertzog, with a solid array of discontents behind him. The two former comrades of the firing line, as the heads of their respective groups, were locked in a momentous political life-and-death struggle.

Yet at the time I write this article, which is the middle of November, Smuts continues as Premier, which means that he brought the five months' session of Parliament to a close without a sharp division. Moreover, he has maneuvered his forces into a strategic position that will probably save the day for the Union and himself. How does he do it?

Colonel Creswell's Views

I can demonstrate one way, and with a rather personal incident. During the week I spent in Capetown, Smuts was a pretty busy person, as you may imagine. The House was in session day and night, and there were endless demands on his time. The best opportunities that we had for talk were at mealtime. One evening I dined with him in the House restaurant. When we sat down we thought that we had the place to ourselves. Suddenly Smuts cast his eye over the long room and saw a solitary man just commencing his dinner in the opposite corner.

Turning to me, he said, "Do you know Creswell?"

"I was introduced to him yesterday," I replied.

"Would you mind if I ask him to dine with us?"

When I assured him that I would be delighted, the Prime Minister got up, walked over to Creswell and asked him to join us, which he did.

Now the significant part of this apparently simple performance, which had its important outcome, was this: Col. F. H. P. Creswell is the leader of the Labor Party in South Africa. By profession a mining engineer, he led in the historic industrial upheaval in the Rand Riot, and confusion reigned for a considerable period at Johannesburg, and large bodies of troops had to be called out to restore order. At the very moment that we sat down to dine that night no one knew just what Creswell and the Laborites, with their new-won power, would be. Smuts, as Minister of Finance, had deported some of Creswell's men.

When Smuts brought Creswell over he said jokingly to me, "Creswell is a good fellow, but I came near sending him to jail once."

Creswell beamed, and the three of us amiably discussed various topics until the gong sounded for the assembling of the House.

What was the result? Before I left Capetown, and when the first of the few occasions which tested the real voting strength of Parliament arose, Creswell and some of his adherents voted with Smuts. I tell this little story to show that the man who to-day holds the destiny of South Africa in his hands is as skillful a diplomat as he is soldier and statesman.

It was at one of these quiet dinners with Smuts at the House that he first spoke about nationalism. He said, "The war gave nationalism its deathblow. But as a matter of fact nationalism committed suicide in the war."

"But what is nationalism?" I asked him.

"A water-tight nation in a water-tight compartment," he replied. "It is a process of regimentation like the old Germany that will soon merge into a new internationalism. What seems to be at this moment an orgy of nationalism in South Africa or elsewhere is merely its death gasp. The new world will be a world of individualism dominated by Britain and America."

"What about the future?" I asked him.

His answer was:

"The safety of the future depends upon federation, upon a League of Nations that will develop along economic and not purely sentimental lines. The new internationalism will not stop war, but it can regulate exchange, and through this regulation can help to prevent war.

"I believe in an international currency which will be a sort of legal tender among all the nations. Why should the currency of the country depreciate or rise with the fortunes of war or with its industrial or other complications? Misfortune should not be penalized fiscally."

I brought up the question of the lack of accord which then existed between Britain and America, and suggested that perhaps the fall in exchange had something to do with it, whereupon he said: "Yes, I think it has. It merely illustrates the point that I have just made about an international currency."

We came back to the subject of individualism, which led Smuts to say:

"The Great War was a striking illustration of the difference between individualism and nationalism. Hindenburg commanded the only army in the war. It was a product of nationalism. The individualism of the Anglo-Saxon is such that it becomes a mob, but it is an intelligent mob. Haig and Pershing commanded such mobs."

I tried to probe Smuts about Russia. He was in London when I returned from Petrograd in 1917, and I recall that he displayed the keenest interest in what I told him about Kerensky and the new order that I had seen in the making. I heard him speak at a Russian fair in London just about that time. The whole burden of his utterance was the hope that the Slav would achieve discipline and organization.

Smuts looked rather wistful when he said:

"You cannot defeat Russia. Napoleon learned this to his cost, and so will the rest of the world. I don't know whether Bolshevism is advancing or subsiding. There comes a time when the fiercest fires die down. But the best way to revive or rally all Russia to the soviet government is to invade the country and to annex large slices of it."

These utterances were made during those more or less hasty meals at the House of Parliament when the Premier's mind was really in the legislative hall near by. It was far different out at Groote Schuur, the home of the Prime Minister, located in Rondebosch, a suburb about nine miles from Capetown. In the open country that he loves, and in an environment that breathed the romance of England's greatest empire builder, I caught something of the man's kindling vision and ripe grasp of international events.

At the Home of Cecil Rhodes

Groote Schuur is one of the best-known estates in the world. Cecil Rhodes in his will left it to the Union as the permanent residence of the Prime Minister. Ever since I read the various lives of Rhodes I had an impatient desire to see this shrine of real achievement. Here Rhodes came to live upon his accession to the Premiership of the Cape Colony; here he fashioned the great British South Africa Company which did for Rhodesia what the East India Company did for India; here came prince and potentate to pay him honor; here he dreamed his dreams of conquest, looking out at mountain and sea; here lived Jameson and Kipling; and here his remains lay in state when at forty-nine the fires of his restless ambition had ceased.

Groote Schuur, which in Dutch means Great Granary, was originally built as a residence and storehouse for one of the early Dutch governors of the Cape. It is a beautiful example of the Dutch architecture that you find throughout the colony, and which is not surpassed in grace or comfort anywhere. When Rhodes acquired it in the eighties the grounds were comparatively limited. As his power and fortune increased he bought up all the surrounding country, until to-day you can ride for nine miles across the estate. You find no neat lawns and dainty flower beds. On the place, as in the house itself, you get a sense of bigness and simplicity which were the keynotes of the Rhodes character.

One reason why Rhodes acquired Groote Schuur was that behind it rose the great bulk of Table Mountain. He loved it for its vastness and its solitude. On the back *stoep*, which is the Dutch word for porch, he sat for hours looking out at this mountain, which, like the man himself, was invested with a spirit of immensity.

Hence it was a memorable experience to be at Groote Schuur with Smuts, who has lived to see the realization of the hope of union which thrilled always in the heart of Cecil Rhodes. I remember that on the first night I went out there the Prime Minister took me through the house himself. It has been contended by the Smuts enemies that he was a creature of Rhodes. I discovered that Smuts, with the exception of having made a speech of welcome when Rhodes visited the school that he attended as a boy, had never even met the Englishman who left his impress upon a whole land.

Groote Schuur has been described so much that it is not necessary for me to dwell here upon the charm and atmosphere of its rooms. To see it is to get a fresh and intimate realization of the personality which made the establishment an unofficial chancellery of the British Empire.

The Man and His Luck

Two details, however, have poignant and dramatic interest. In the simple, massive bedroom, with its huge bay window looking out on Table Mountain and a stretch of lovely countryside, hangs the small map of Africa that Rhodes marked with crimson ink and about which he made the famous utterance, "It must be all red." In the billiard room is the flag with crescent and Cape device that he had made to be carried by the first locomotive to travel from Cairo to the Cape. That flag has never been unfurled to the breeze, but the vision that beheld it waving in the heart of the jungle is soon to become an accomplished fact.

It was on a night at Groote Schuur, as I walked with Smuts through the acres of hydrangeas and bougainvillea—Rhodes' favorite flowers—with a new moon peeping overhead, that I got the real mood of the man.

Pointing to the faint silvery crescent in the sky, I said: "General, there's a new moon over us, and I'm sure it means good luck for you."

"No," he replied, "it's the man that makes the luck."

He had had a trying day in the House, and was silent in the motor car that brought us out. The moment we reached the country and he sniffed the scent of the gardens the anxiety and preoccupation fell away. He almost became boyish. But when he began to discuss great problems the lightness vanished and he became the serious thinker.

We harked back to the days when I had first seen him in England. I asked him to tell me what he thought of the aftermath of the struggle. He said:

"The war was just a phase of world convulsion. It made the first rent in the universal structure. For years the trend of civilization was toward a supernationalism. It is easy to trace the stages. The Holy Roman Empire was a phase of nationalism. That was Catholic. Then came the development of nationalism beginning with Napoleon. That was Protestant. Now began the building of water-tight compartments, otherwise known as nations. Germany represented the most complete development.

"But that era of 'My country,' 'My power'—it is all a form of national ego—is gone. The four great empires—Turkey, Germany, Russia and Austria—have crumbled. The war jolted them from their high estate. It started the universal cataclysm. Centuries in the future some perspective can be had and the results appraised.

"Meanwhile we can see the beginning. The world is one. Humanity is one and must be one. The war, at terrible cost, brought the people together. The League of Nations is a faint and far-away evidence of this solidarity. It merely points the way, but it is something. It is not academic formulas that will unite the people of the world, but intelligence."

Smuts now turned his thought to a subject not without interest to us, for he said:

"The world has been brought together by the press, by wireless, indeed by all communication which represents the last word in scientific development. Yet political institutions cling to old and archaic traditions. Take, for instance, the presidency of the United States. A man waits for four months before he is inaugurated. The incumbent may work untold mischief in the meantime. It is all due to the fact that in the days when the American Constitution was framed the stagecoach and the horse were the only means of conveyance. The world now travels by aëroplane and express train, yet the antiquated habits continue.

"So with political parties and peoples, the British Empire included. They need to be brought abreast of the times. The old prewar British Empire, for example, is gone, in the sense of colonies or subordinate nations clustering around one master nation. The British Empire itself is developing into a real League of Nations—a group of partner peoples."

"What of America and the future?" I asked him.

"America is the leaven of the future," answered Smuts. "She is the lifeblood of the League of Nations. Without her the league is stifled. America will give the league the peace temper. You Americans are a pacific people, slow to war, but terrible and irresistible when you once get at it. The American is an individualist, and in that new and inevitable internationalism the individual will stand out, the American preëminently."

Throughout this particular experience at Groote Schuur I could not help marveling on the contrast that the man and the moment presented. We walked through a place of surpassing beauty. Ahead brooded the black mystery of the mountains, and all around was a fragrant stillness broken only by the quick, almost passionate speech of this seer and thinker, animate with a kindling ideal of public service, whose mind leaped from the high places of poetry and philosophy onto the living battlefield of world event.

The Smuts statements that I have quoted were made long before our presidential election. I do not know just what Smuts thinks of the landslide that overwhelmed the Wilson Administration and with it that well-known Article X; but I do know that he genuinely hopes that the United States somehow will have a share in the new international stewardship of the world. He would welcome any order that would enable us to play our part.

Farmer and Statesman

The subject of Woodrow Wilson naturally came up at various times at Groote Schuur. Smuts is too keen a diplomat to make any criticism of his one-time colleague at Versailles. I did manage to extract from him, however, the admission that he considered the President a sincere idealist.

No one can have contact with Smuts without feeling at once his intense admiration for America. One of his great ambitions is to come to the United States. It is characteristic of him that he has no desire to see skyscrapers and subways. His primary interest is in the great farms of the West.

"Your people," he once said to me, "have made farming a science, and I wish that South Africa could emulate them. We have the farms in vast area, but we have not yet attained an adequate development."

I was amazed at his knowledge of American literature. He knows Hamilton backward, has read diligently about the life and times of Washington, and is familiar with Irving, Poe, Hawthorne and Emerson. One reason why he admires the first American President is because he was a farmer. Smuts knows as much about rotation of crops and successful chicken raising as he does about law and politics. He said: "I am an eighty per cent farmer and a Boer, and most people think a Boer is a barbarian."

Despite his scholarship he remains what he delights to call himself, a Boer. He still likes the simple Boer things, as this story will show. During the war, while he was a member of the British War Cabinet and when Lloyd George leaned on him so heavily for a multitude of services, a young South African major, fresh from the Transvaal, brought him a box of home delicacies. The star feature of this package was a piece of what the Boers call biltong, which is dried venison. The major gave the package to an imposing servant in livery at the Savoy Hotel, where the general lived, to be delivered to him. Smuts was just going out, and encountered the man carrying it in.

When he learned that it was from home he grabbed the box, saying, "I'll take it up myself."

Before he reached his apartment he was chewing away vigorously on a mouthful of biltong and having the time of his life.

The contrast between Smuts and his predecessor, Botha, is striking. These two

(Continued on Page 41)

Women Drivers

Do they realize the relation of Engine Lubrication to both Petty and Serious Driving Problems?

MORE AND MORE men drivers are realizing the importance of using the correct oil in their cars. To their wives, who drive the cars during the week, the importance of scientific lubrication is even greater.

Driving problems, bothersome enough for men drivers, become more serious when a woman is at the wheel.

Among the driving problems which bother women, perhaps the most important are these: 1—Engine is difficult to start. 2—Gears have to be shifted on hills and in traffic. 3—Engine missing because of fouled spark plugs.

Engine difficult to start

Women drivers use cars largely for short trips. Often the car stands idle outside for several hours. While standing it cools off. Starting a cold engine is always more difficult than starting a warm one. But this difficulty of starting is increased by a low quality of wrong-bodied oil which throws an additional strain on the batteries.

The correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloils often surprises motorists by the easier starting which results. This is because the oil is both of the highest quality and of a scientifically correct body. If the Chart specifies a different grade of oil for your car in winter, be sure to use this grade.

Frequent gear shifting

With incorrect lubrication the engine overheats. The valves become sticky. The spark plugs foul. This results in irregular action of the engine, lessening its power. As a result the engine loses its flexibility to a marked degree. Hills formerly taken on high gear must now be traveled in lower gear. Lower gear has to be used too much in traffic. Trouble of this kind is directly traceable to incorrect lubrication, and can be avoided when the motorist follows the Chart on the right.

Spark plugs foul

Engine missing is quite often caused by a fouled spark plug. Removing and cleaning a spark plug is simple enough to a man, but it is a nasty, troublesome job for a woman. Frequent fouling of spark plugs is usually due to incorrect lubrication. With the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloils women drivers will experience a freedom from this kind of trouble.

Other operating troubles frequently encountered are—water boiling in the radiator, due to overheating of the engine; excessive smoking at the exhaust; and other annoyances, all of which are usually traceable to faulty lubrication.

* * * * * *

ONE THING you may be sure. If you use the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloils specified in the Chart, you are getting maximum freedom from the troubles discussed here. This is a recognized fact in scientific circles and among the more experienced automobile manufacturers, dealers and motorists the world over.

If your car is not listed on the partial Chart to the right send for our booklet "Correct Automobile Lubrication," which contains the complete Chart. Or consult the complete Chart at your dealer's. Be careful to notice what grade of Gargoyle Mobiloils is specified for winter use in your car. In writing, please address our nearest branch.

GARGOYLE

Mobiloils

A grade for each type of motor

Domestic Branches: New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Detroit, Chicago, Minneapolis, Indianapolis, Kansas City, Kan., Des Moines

Chart of Recommendations *for* AUTOMOBILES

(Abbreviated Edition)

GARGOYLE

Mobiloils

A grade for each type of motor

How to Read the Chart

THE Correct Grades of Gargoyle Mobiloils for engine lubrication are specified in the Chart below.

A means Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"
B means Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"
E means Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"
Arc means Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic

These recommendations cover all models of both passenger and commercial vehicles unless otherwise specified.

Where different grades of Gargoyle Mobiloils are recommended for summer and winter use, the winter recommendation should be followed during the entire period when freezing temperatures may be experienced.

This Chart is compiled by the Vacuum Oil Company's Board of Automotive Engineers, and constitutes a scientific guide to Correct Automobile Lubrication.

If your car is not listed in this partial chart, consult the Chart of Recommendations at your dealer's, or send for booklet, "Correct Lubrication," which lists the Correct Grades for *all* cars.

NAMES OF AUTOMOBILES AND MOTOR TRUCKS	1920		1919		1918		1917		1916	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Allen	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
"	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc		
Beaumont	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Biddle	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Buick	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Cadillac	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Chalmers (6-48)									Arc	Arc
" (6-40)									A	Arc
" All Other Models	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Chandler Six	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Chevrolet (8 cylinder)			A	A	A	A	A	A		
" (F A)			A	Arc	A	Arc				
" (F B & 1 ton)	A	Arc								
" All Other Models	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Cleveland	A	Arc								
Cunningham	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Dixie Flyer	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc		
Dodge Brothers	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Essex	A	Arc	A	Arc						
Federal (Model S-X)					A	A	A	A		
" (Special)					Arc	Arc				
" All Other Models	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Ford	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	F	F
Franklin	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
G. M. C. Trucks	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Grant (6 cylinder)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (Comm'l Model 12)			A	Arc						
" (12 cyl.) All Other Mod.	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc						
Haynes (6 cylinder)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (12 cylinder)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Holmes	B	A								
Hudson Super Six	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A
" All Other Models									Arc	Arc
Hupmobile	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Jewett	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Jordan	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc		
King 8 cylinder	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Kissel Kar (Model 48)									A	A
" (6 cylinder)					A	A	A	A		
" All Other Mod.	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Liberty	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc		
Locomobile	A	E	A	E	A	E	E	E	E	E
Lozier			Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc
Marmon (6 cylinder)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A		
" All Other Models	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Marmon	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Maxwell	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Mercer	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Mitchell 6 cylinder	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" 8 cylinder									A	A
Moline-Knight			B	A	B	A	A	A	A	A
Monroe (Model M 2)									E	E
" (Model M 4)					A	Arc	A	Arc		
" All Other Models	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A		
Nash (Quad)	A	A	A	A	A	A				
" Mod. 671					A	A				
" All Other Models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc				
National 6 cylinder	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc
" (12 cylinder)			A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Nelson	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A		
Oakland 6 cylinder)									A	A
" All Other Models	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Old Hickory	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Ar
Oldsmobile (4 cylinder	A	Arc	A	Arc					Arc	Arc
" (6 cylinder	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc		
" (8 cylinder)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Oshkosh	A	Arc	A	Arc						
Overland	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Packard	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Paige (6 cylinder	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (Cont. Eng.	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" All Other Models	A	A								
Peerless (8 cylinder)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" All Other Mod.					Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Pierce Arrow	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" (Com'l 5 ton	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (Com'l) All Other Mod.	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Ar
Premier	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc
R. & V. Knight	B	A								
Reo	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Roker	A	E	A	E	A	E	E	E		
Rock Falls	A	Arc	A	Arc						
Saxon			E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Scripps-Booth 4 cylinder					Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (6 & 8 cylinder	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Stearns-Knight	B	A	B	A	B	A	A	A	B	A
Studebaker	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Stutz	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Templar	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Velie (Model 34)	A	Arc								
" (6 cylinder	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (Comm'l 4½ ton)			A	Arc	A	Ar				
" All Other Mod.	Arc	Arc	Arc	Ar	Arc	Arc				
Vim (Models 22, 23, 24)	A	A	A	A						
" (Model 25	A	A	Arc	Arc						
" All Other Models	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Westcott	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
White (16 valve)			A	A	A	A	A	A		
" (4 cyl.)			A	A	Arc	Arc				
" All Other Models			Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Willys-Knight	B	A	B	A	B	A	A	A	B	A
Willys Six	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc		
Winton	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc

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(Continued from Page 38)

men, with the possible exception of Kruger, stand out in the annals of the Boer. Kruger was the dour, stolid, canny provincial trader. The only time that his interest ever left the confines of the Transvaal was when he sought an alliance with William Hohenzollern, and that gentleman, I might add, double-crossed him at the critical moment.

Botha was the George Washington of South Africa—the farmer who became Premier. He was big of body and of soul; big enough to know when he was beaten and to rebuild out of the ruins. Even the Nationalists trusted him, and they do not trust Smuts. It is the old story of the prophet in his own country.

The Boers who oppose him politically call Smuts Slim Jannie. The Dutch word "slim" means tricky and evasive. Not so very long ago Smuts was in a conference with some of his countrymen who were not altogether friendly to him. He had just remarked on the long drought that was prevailing. One of the men present went to the window and looked out.

When asked the reason for this action he replied, "Smuts says that there's a drought. I looked out to see if it was raining."

When you come to Smuts in this analogy you behold the Alexander Hamilton of his nation, the brilliant student, soldier and advocate.

Of all his Boer contemporaries he is the most cosmopolitan. Nor is this due entirely to the fact that he went to Cambridge, where he left a record for scholarship, and speaks English with a decided British accent. It is because he has what might be called the world sense. His whole career, and more especially his part at the peace conference, and since, is a dramatization of it.

A Reader and a Pleader

To the student of human interest Smuts is a fertile subject. His life has been like a movie thriller, shot through with sharp contrasts. Here is one of them. When leaders of the shattered Boer forces gathered at Vereeniging to discuss the peace terms with Kitchener in 1902, Smuts, who commanded a flying guerrilla column, was besieging the little mining town of Ookiep. He received a summons from Botha to attend. It was accompanied by a safe-conduct pass signed, "D. Haig, Colonel." Later Haig and Smuts stood shoulder to shoulder in a common cause and helped to save civilization.

Smuts is more many-sided than any other contemporary Prime Minister, and, for that matter, those that have gone into retirement—that is, men like Asquith in England and Clémenceau in France. Among world statesmen the only mind comparable with his is that of Woodrow Wilson. They share in common a high intellectuality. But Wilson in his prime lacked the horse sense and the accurate knowledge of men and practical affairs which are among the chief Smuts assets.

Speaking of Premiers brings me to the inevitable comparison between Smuts and Lloyd George. I have seen them both in varying circumstances, both in public and in private, and can attempt some appraisal.

Each has been and remains a pillar of empire. Each has emulated the Admirable Crichton in the versatility he has displayed. Lloyd George has held five cabinet posts in England, and Smuts has duplicated the record in South Africa. Each man is an inspired orator who owes much of his advancement to an eloquent tongue. But their platform manner is totally different. Lloyd George is fascinatingly magnetic in and out of the spotlight, while Smuts is more coldly logical. When you hear Lloyd George you are stirred and even exalted by his golden imagery. The sound of his voice falls on the ear like music. You admire the daring of his utterance, but you do not always remember everything he says.

With Smuts you listen and you remember. He has no tricks of the spellbinder's trade. He is forceful, convincing, persuasive and, what is most important, has the quality of permanency. Long after you have left his presence the words remain in your memory. If I had a case in court I would like to have Smuts try it. His specialty is pleading.

Lloyd George seldom reads a book. The only volumes I ever heard him say that he had read were Mr. Dooley and a collection of the speeches of Abraham Lincoln. He has books read for him, and with a Roosevelt faculty for assimilation gives you the impression that he has spent his life in a library.

Smuts is one of the best read men I have yet met. He seems to know something about everything. He ranges from Joseph Conrad to Kant, from Booker Washington to Tolstoy. History, fiction, travel, biography, have all come within his ken. I told him I proposed to go from Capetown to the Congo and possibly to Angola. His face lighted up.

"Ah, yes," he said, "I have read all about those countries. I can see them before me in my mind's eye."

One night at dinner at Groote Schuur we had sweet potatoes. He asked me if they were common in America. I replied that down in Kentucky, where I was born, one of the favorite negro dishes was possum and sweet potatoes.

He took me up at once, saying, "Oh, yes, I have read about possum pie in Joel Chandler Harris' books." Then he proceeded to tell me what a great institution Br'er Rabbit was.

We touched on German poetry, and I quoted two lines that I considered beautiful. When I remarked that I thought Heine was the author he corrected me by proving that they were written by Schiller.

Lloyd George could never carry on a conversation like this, for the simple reason that he lacks familiarity with literature. He feels perhaps like the late Charles Frohman, who on being asked if he read the dramatic papers said: "Why should I read about the theater? I make dramatic history."

I asked Smuts what he was reading at the moment. He looked at me with some astonishment and answered: "Nothing except public documents. It's a good thing that I was able to do some reading before I became Prime Minister. I certainly have no time now."

Take the matter of languages. Lloyd George has always professed that he did not know French, and on all his trips to France both during and since the war he carried a staff of interpreters. He understands a good deal more French than he professes. Smuts is an accomplished linguist. It has been said of him that he can be silent in more languages than any man in South Africa.

Take his whole experience at the Paris peace conference. He was distinguished not so much for what he did—and that was considerable—but for what he opposed. No man there was better qualified to voice the sentiment of the small nation.

Born of proud and liberty-loving people—an infant among the giants—he was attuned to every aspiration of an hour that realized many a one-time forlorn national hope. Yet his statesmanship tempered sentimental impulse.

Smuts at Versailles

In that gallery of treaty makers Lloyd George, Clémenceau and Wilson focused the fierce light that beat about the proceedings. But it was Smuts, in the shadow, who contributed largely to the mental power plant that drove the work. Lloyd George had to consider the chapter he wrote in the great instrument as something in the nature of a campaign document to be employed at home, while Clémenceau guided a steam roller that stopped for nothing but France. The more or less unsophisticated idealism of Woodrow Wilson foundered on these obstacles.

Smuts, with his uncanny sense of prophecy, foretold the economic consequences of the peace. Looking ahead, he visualized a surly and unrepentant Germany, unwilling to pay the price of folly; a bitter and disappointed Austria, gasping for economic breath; an aroused and indignant Italy raging with revolt—all the chaos that spells "peace" to-day. He saw the treaty as a new declaration of war instead of an antidote for discord. His judgment, sadly enough, has been confirmed. A deranged universe shot through with reaction and confusion, and with half a dozen wars sputtering on the horizon, is the answer.

Smuts signed the treaty, but, as most people know, he filed a memorandum of protest and explanation. He believed the terms uneconomic and therefore unsound; but it was worth taking a chance on interpretation, a desperate venture, perhaps, but anything to stop the blare and bicker of the council table and start the work of reconstruction.

At Capetown he told me that for days he wrestled with the problem, to sign or not to sign. Finally, on the day before the day of days in the Hall of Mirrors at Versailles, he took a long solitary walk in the Champs Elysées, loveliest of Paris parades. Returning to his hotel, he said to his secretary, Capt. E. F. C. Lane, "I have decided to sign, but I will tell the reason why." He immediately sat down at his desk, and in a handwriting noted for its illegibility wrote the famous memorandum.

What of the personal side of Smuts? Though he is intensely human, it is difficult to connect anecdote with him. I heard one at Capetown, however, that I do not think has seen the light of print. It sheds some light on his methods too.

When the Germans ran amuck in 1914 Smuts was Minister of Defense of the Union of South Africa. The Nationalists immediately began to make life uncomfortable for him. Balked in their attempt to keep the Union out of the struggle, they took another tack. After the Botha campaign in German Southwest Africa was well under way, a member of the opposition asked the Minister of Defense the following question in Parliament: "How much has South Africa paid for remounts?"

Answered to a Sixpence

The Union forces employed thousands of horses in the field, and the Nationalists sought to make some political capital out of an expenditure that they called waste.

Smuts sent over to army headquarters to get the figures. He was told that it would take twenty clerks at least four weeks to compile the data.

"Never mind," was his laconic comment.

The next day happened to be question day in the House. As soon as the query about the remount charge came up Smuts calmly rose in his seat and replied, "It was exactly eight million one hundred sixty-nine thousand pounds, ten shillings, sixpence."

He then sat down without any further remark.

When one of his colleagues asked him where he got this information he said: "I dug it out of my own mind. It will take the Nationalists a month to figure it out, and by that time they will have forgotten all about it." And it was forgotten.

Smuts not only has a keen sense of humor, but is swift on the retort. While speaking at a party rally in his district not many years after the Boer War he was continually interrupted by an ex-soldier. He stopped his speech and asked the man to state his grievance. The heckler said, "General Delarey guaranteed the men fighting under him a living."

Quick as a flash Smuts replied, "Nonsense! What he guaranteed you was certain death."

Like many men conspicuous in public life, Smuts gets up early and has polished off a good day's work before the average business man has settled down to his job. There is a big difference between his methods of work and those of Lloyd George. The British Prime Minister goes to the House of Commons only when he has to make a speech or when some important question is up for discussion. Smuts attends practically every session of Parliament; at least he did while I was in Capetown.

One reason was that on account of the extraordinary position in which he found himself any moment might have produced a division carrying with it disastrous results for the government. The crisis demanded that he sit literally on the job all the time. He left little to his lieutenants. Confident of his ability in debate, he was always willing to risk a show-down, but he had to be there when it came.

I watched him as he sat in the House. He occupied a front bench directly opposite Hertzog and where he could look him squarely in the eyes all the time. I have seen him sit like a sphinx for an hour, without apparently moving a muscle. He has cultivated that rarest of arts, which is to be a good listener. He is one of the great concentrators. In this genius, for it is little less, lies one of the secrets of his success. During a lull in legislative proceedings he has a habit of taking a solitary walk out in the lobby. More than once I saw him pacing up and down, always with an ear cocked toward the Assembly Room so he could hear what was going on and rush to the rescue if necessary.

In the afternoon he would sometimes go into the members' smoking room and drink a cup of coffee, the popular drink in South Africa. In the old Boer household the coffeepot is constantly boiling. With a cup of coffee and a piece of biltong inside him a Boer could fight or trek all day. Coffee bears the same relation to the South African that tea does to the Englishman, save that it is consumed in much larger quantities. I might add that Smuts neither drinks liquor of any kind nor smokes, and he eats sparingly. He admits that his one dissipation is farming.

This comes naturally, because he was born fifty years ago on a farm in what is known as the Western Province in the Karroo country. His father and his grandfather were farmers. He did his share of the chores about the place until it was time for him to go to school. Inbred in him, as in most Boers, is an ardent love of country life, and especially an affection for the mountains. On more than one occasion he has climbed to the top of Table Mountain, which is no inconsiderable feat.

There are two ways of taking the measure of Smuts. One is to see him in action as I did at Capetown, while Parliament was in session. The other is to get him with the background of his farm at Irene, a little way station about ten miles from Pretoria. Here, in a rambling one-story house surrounded by orchards, pastures and gardens, he lives the simple life. In the western part of the Transvaal he owns a real farm. He showed his shrewdness in the acquisition of this property because he bought it at a time when the region was dubbed a desert. Now it is a garden spot.

Irene has various distinct advantages. For one thing it is his permanent home. Groote Schuur is of course, the property of the government, and he owes his tenancy of it entirely to the fortunes of politics. At Irene is planted his hearthstone and around it is mobilized his considerable family. There are six little Smutses. Smuts married the sweetheart of his youth, who is a rarely congenial helpmate. It was once said of her that "she went about the house with a baby under one arm and a Greek dictionary under the other."

Personal Characteristics

Most people do not realize, perhaps, that the Union of South Africa has two capitals: Capetown, with the House of Parliament, is the center of legislation; while Pretoria, the ancient Kruger stronghold, with its magnificent new union buildings atop a commanding eminence, is the fountainhead of administration. With Irene only ten miles away it is easy for Smuts to live with his family after the adjournment of Parliament and go in to his office at Pretoria every day.

I have already given you a hint of the Smuts personal appearance. Let us now take a good look at him. His forehead is lofty; his nose arched, his mouth large. You know that his blond beard veils a strong jaw. The eyes are reminiscent of those marvelous orbs of Marshal Foch, only they are blue, haunting, and at times inexorable. Yet they can light up with humor and glow with friendliness.

Smuts is essentially an out-of-doors person, and his body is wiry and rangy. He has the stride of a man seasoned to the long march and who is equally at home in the saddle. He speaks with vigor and at times not without emotion. The Boer is not a particularly demonstrative person, and Smuts has some of the racial reserve. His personality betokens potential strength, a suggestion of the unplumbed reserve that keeps people guessing. This applies to his mental as well as his physical capacity. Frankly cordial, he resents familiarity. You would never think of slapping him on the shoulder and saying, "Hello, Jan." More than one blithe and buoyant person has been frozen into respectful silence in such a foolhardy undertaking.

His middle name is Christiaan, and it does not belie a strong phase of his character. Without carrying his religious convictions on his coat sleeve, he has nevertheless a fine spiritual strain in his make-up. He is an all-round dependable person, with an adaptability to environment that is little short of amazing.

Now let us turn to another and less conspicuous South African whose point of view is the exact opposite of that of Smuts. Throughout this article has run the strain of Hertzog, first the Boer general fighting gallantly in the field with Smuts as youthful comrade; then the member of the Botha cabinet; later the insurgent, and now the foe of the order that he helped to

establish. What manner of man is he and what has he to say?

I talked to him one afternoon when he left the floor leadership to his chief lieutenant, who by the way is a son of the late President Steyn of the Orange Free State, and, like his father, who called himself president to the end of his life, although his little republic had slipped away from him, has never really yielded to English rule.

We adjourned to the smoking room, where we had the inevitable cup of South African coffee. I was prepared to find a fanatic and fire eater. Instead I faced a thin, undersized man who looked anything but a general and statesman. Put him against the background of a small New England town and you would take him for an American country lawyer. He resembles the student more than the soldier and, like many Boers, speaks English with a British accent. Nor is he without force. No man can play the rôle that he has played in South Africa these past twenty-five years without having substance in him.

When I asked him to state his case he said:

"The republican idea is as old as South Africa. There was a republic before the British arrived. The idea came from the American Revolution, and the inspiration was Washington. The Great Trek of 1836 was a protest very much like the one we are making to-day."

Hertzog's Views

"President Wilson articulated the Boer feeling with his gospel of self-determination. He also voiced the aspirations of Ireland, India and Egypt. It is a great world idea, a deep moral conviction of mankind, this right of the individual state, as of the individual, for freedom.

"Never again will Transvaal and Orange Free State history be repeated. No matter how a nation covets another—and I refer to British covetousness—if the nation coveted is able to govern itself it cannot and must not be assimilated. It is one result of the Great War."

"What is the Nationalist ideal?" I asked.

"It is the right to self-rule," replied Hertzog. "But there must be no conflict if it can be avoided. It must prevail by reason and education. At the present time I admit that the majority of South Africans do not want republicanism. The Nationalist mission to-day is to keep the torch lighted."

"How does this idea fit into the spirit of the League of Nations?" I queried.

"It fits in perfectly," was the response. "We Nationalists favor the league as outlined by Wilson. But I fear that it will develop into a capitalistic, imperialistic empire dominating the world, instead of a League of Nations."

I asked Hertzog how he reconciled acquiescence to union to the present Nationalist revolt. The answer was:

"The Nationalists supported the government because of their attachment to General Botha. Deep down in his heart Botha wanted to be free and independent."

Commenting on the Union and its relations to the British Empire, Hertzog continued:

"The Union is not a failure, but we could be better governed. The thing to which we take exception is that the British Government, through our connection with it, is in a position by which it gets an undue advantage directly and indirectly to influence legislation. For example, we were not asked to conquer German Southwest Africa; it was a command.

"Very much against the feelings of the old population—that is, the Dutch element—we were led into participation in the war. To-day this old population feels as strongly as ever against South Africa being involved in European politics. It feels that all this empire movement only leads in that direction and involves us in world conflicts.

"One of the strongest reasons in favor of separation and the setting up of a South African republic is to get solidarity between the English and the Dutch. I cannot help feeling that our interests are being constantly subordinated to those of Great Britain. My frm conviction is that the freer we are and the more independent of Great Britain we become the more we shall favor a close coöperation with her. We do not dislike the British as such, but we do object to the Britisher coming out as a subject of Great Britain with a superior manner and looking upon the Dutchman as a dependent or a subordinate. There will be a conflict so long as they do not recognize our heroes, traditions and history. In short, we are determined to have a republic of South Africa, and England must recognize it. To oppose it is fatal."

"Will you fight for it?" I asked.

"I hardly think it will come to force," said the general. "It must prevail by reason and education. It may not come in one year, but it will come before many years."

Hertzog's feeling is not shared, as he intimated, by the majority of South Africans, and this includes many Dutchmen. An illuminating analysis of the Nationalist point of view was made for me by Sir Thomas Smartt, the leader of the Unionist Party and a virile force in South African politics. He brought the situation strikingly home to America when he said:

"The whole Nationalist movement is founded on race. Like the old guard, the Boer may die, but it is hard for him to surrender. His heart still rankles with the outcome of the Boer War. Would the American South have responded to an appeal to arms in the common cause made by the North in 1876? Probably not. Before your Civil War the South only had individual states. The Boers, on the other hand, had republics, with completely organized and independent governments. This is why it will take a long time before complete assimilation is accomplished. A second Boer War is unthinkable."

We can now return to Smuts and find out just how he achieved the miracle by which he has not only retained the Premiership but spiked the guns of the opposition.

When I left Capetown he was in a corner. The Nationalist majority not only made his position precarious but menaced the integrity of the Union. For five months—the whole session of Parliament—he held his ground. Every night when he went to bed at Groote Schuur he was unaware what disaster the morrow would bring forth. It was a constant juggle with conflicting interests, ambitions and prejudices.

Now you can see why he sat in that front seat in the House morning, noon and night. He placated the Laborites, harmonized the Unionists and flung down the gauntlet openly to the Nationalists. Throughout that whole historic session, and although much legislation was accomplished, he did not permit the consummation of a single decisive division. It was a triumph of parliamentary leadership.

When the session closed in July—it is then midwinter in Africa—he was still up against it. The Nationalist majority was a phantom that dogged his official life and political fortunes. The problem now was to take out some insurance against a repetition of the trial and uncertainty which he had undergone.

Fate in the shape of the Nationalist Party played into his hands. Under the stimulation of the Nationalists a Vereeniging congress was called at Bloemfontein late last September. The Dutch word "vereeniging" means reunion. Hertzog and Tielman Roos believed that by bringing the leading representatives of the two leading parties together the appeal to racial pride might carry the day. Smuts did not attend, but various members of his cabinet did.

Reunion did anything but reunite. The differences on the republican issues being fundamental, were likewise irreconcilable. The Nationalists stood pat, while the South African Party remained loyal to its principles of imperial unity. The meeting ended in a deadlock.

Smuts, a field marshal of politics, at once saw that the hour of deliverance from his dilemma had arrived. The Nationalists had declared themselves unalterably for separation. He converted their battle cry into coin for himself. He seized the moment to issue a call for a new Moderate Party that would represent a fusion of the South Africanists and the Unionists. In one of his finest documents he made a plea for the consolidation of these constructive elements. In it he said:

"Now that the Nationalist Party is firmly resolved to continue its propaganda of fanning the fires of secession and of driving the European races apart from each other and ultimately into conflict with each other, the moderate elements of our population have no other alternative but to draw closer to one another in order to fight that policy.

"A new appeal must, therefore, be made to all right-minded South Africans, irrespective of party or race, to join the new party, which will be strong enough to safeguard the permanent interests of the Union against the disruptive and destructive policy of the Nationalists. Such a central political party will not only continue our great work of the past, but is destined to play a weighty rôle in the future peaceable development of South Africa."

The High Goal of a High Career

The end of October witnessed the ratification of this proposal by the Unionists. The action at once consolidated the Premier's position. Whether at the polls or in Parliament, he is practically assured of a working and sympathetic majority. The Nationalists must either back down or fight. I doubt if in all political history you can uncover a series of events more paradoxical or perplexing, or find a solution arrived at with greater skill and strategy. It is a revelation of Smuts, with his ripe statesmanship put to the test and not found wanting. It means a whole new era in South Africa.

It only remains to speculate on what the future holds for this remarkable man. South Africa has a tragic habit of prematurely destroying its big men. Rhodes was broken on the wheel at forty-nine, and Botha succumbed in the prime of life. Will Smuts share the same fate?

No one need be told in the face of the Smuts performance that he is a world asset. The question is, how far will he go? A cabinet minister at twenty-eight, a general at thirty, a factor in international affairs before he was well into the forties, he unites those rare elements of greatness which seem to be so sparsely apportioned these disturbing days. That he will reconstruct South Africa there is no doubt. What larger responsibilities may devolve upon him can only be guessed.

Just before I sailed from England toward the end of October I talked with a high-placed British official. He is in the councils of empire and he knows Smuts and South Africa. I asked him to indicate what in his opinion would be the next great milepost of Smuts' progress. He replied:

"The destiny of Smuts is interwoven with the destiny of the whole British Empire. The Great War bound the colonies together with bonds of blood. Out of this common peril and sacrifice has been knit a closer imperial kinship. During the war we had an Imperial War Cabinet composed of overseas premiers, which sat in London. Its logical successor will be a United British Empire, federated in policy but not in administration. Smuts will be the Prime Minister of these United States of Great Britain."

It is the high goal of a high career.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Mr. Marcosson dealing with South Africa and the Congo. The next will be devoted to the railways, and particularly the Cape-to-Cairo route.

Portrait of a Politician

By Alfred Noyes

ISN'T he beautiful, riding there
In his pearl-gray car, with his nose in the air;
And a hat such as only diplomatists wear
Tipped—so—at the well-known angle!
Why, think of the things that he never has done;
And his place in the world that his grandame won—
A family place, as it were, in the sun—
With never a hint of a wrangle.

II

The passions of people that walk in the street,
The folly of folk that must labor to eat,
Have never touched him with indelicate heat,
Or rendered his pulse unsteady;
He dwells in a loftier air, serene
As our best and our greatest have always been,
And he never quite knew what "ambition" could mean,
For, you see, he was there, already!

III

So journalist, doctor and scientist pass,
And he looks at 'em all through a quizzical glass,
With the codfish eye of the "governing class,"
Or the glare of a hawk at a pigeon;
And the votes of those picturesque workaday folk
Can be dropped in a box, for they're rather a joke,
But to soother 'em down for their pig in a poke
He would point to established religion.

IV

He is never much worried by outside foes,
For his own diplomacy flirts with those;
So the army is not, as you might suppose,
To picket some perilous border.
But he privately hints, with a sphinxlike stare
Through the government windows over the square:
"Just look at those bowler hats down there!
How else could we keep 'em in order?"

V

Was he right? Was he wrong? I can only say
He was taking a prominent part next day
In a league that proposed to put armies away
For ever and ever and ever!
And he looked so wise that the Laborites said
He must really be picked as their Peace League's head;
And he was; and he quietly choked it dead;
And that's what I call quite clever.

VI

Don't call him a Tory. His great mind towers
So loftily over this world of ours
That you never could limit its liberal powers,
Or fetter his thoughts to that form:
And nobody knows how the thing was done,
But the anarchists, after their fight was won,
Blinked their eyes like owls in the sun.
He was there!
In the chair!
On the platform!

VII

And the parliaments come and the parliaments go;
And the empires perish like last year's snow;
But it makes no difference to him, you know;
For he sits on a sure foundation;
And the whole of the world may be fashioned anew,
But since he has never expressed a view
He will sit on the top of the new world too;
And smile, at his own creation.

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In other 1921 Paramount Pictures you will see whole *groups* of great stars in the same picture.

One instance of many: in the cast of "The Affairs of Anatol," the play by the great Viennese dramatist, Arthur Schnitzler, directed by Cecil B. DeMille, there are no fewer than *eight* stars: Wallace Reid, Gloria Swanson, Elliott Dexter, Wanda Hawley, Bebe Daniels, Agnes Ayres, Theodore Roberts and Theodore Kosloff. All this galaxy of talent in one Paramount Picture, and there will be 104 of them in 1921 for you!

1921 will carry on the great national success of Paramount as represented by the high-water mark it touched during the National Paramount Week in September, 1920, when more than six thousand American theatres showed *nothing but* Paramount Pictures, and sixty-seven cents of every dollar that was paid to enter motion picture theatres was paid to enter those theatres which were foresighted enough to have Paramount.

Foresighted is right, because there was not a single print of any Paramount Picture, not a single, solitary reel, that was not working.

The people were out for Paramount then as they will be throughout 1921.

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In addition to the most successful American directors, dramatists and novelists, who are naturally attracted by the sheer artistic supremacy afforded their work by the Paramount equipment, it is now history that the greatest dramatists of Europe, men of immortal fame, are working and devising subtle new plots for Paramount. Some of them have already arrived over three thousand miles of ocean to collaborate more closely with the Paramount producing organization for your delight.

Paramount is the name which has enrolled Sir James M. Barrie, Henry Arthur Jones, Edward Knoblock, Sir Gilbert Parker, Avery Hopwood, Elinor Glyn, Sir Arthur Wing Pinero, Joseph Conrad, Cosmo Hamilton, Arnold Bennett.

Paramount is the name of the organization which affords the greatest scope for the greatest directors, men of the stamp of Cecil B. DeMille, William DeMille, George Fitzmaurice, George Melford, William D. Taylor, Hugh Ford and Charles Maigne.

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Wallace Reid in "The Charm School"
A Saturday Evening Post Serial
By Alice Duer Miller

Billie Burke in
"The Education of Elizabeth"

A Cosmopolitan Production
"The Inside of the Cup"
Winston Churchill's great novel

Douglas MacLean in
"The Rookie's Return"
A Thomas H. Ince Production

William DeMille's Production
"Midsummer Madness"
From Cosmo Hamilton's novel
"His Friend and His Wife"

George Fitzmaurice's Production
"Paying the Piper," companion piece to
"On With the Dance"

Thomas Meighan in
"The Frontier of the Stars"
A Charles Maigne Production

Roscoe ("Fatty") Arbuckle in
"Brewster's Millions"

Dorothy Gish in
"The Ghost in the Garret"

Cecil B. DeMille's Production
"Forbidden Fruit"

Douglas MacLean in "Chickens"
A Thomas H. Ince Production

A Cosmopolitan Production
"The Passionate Pilgrim";
with Matt Moore

Charles Maigne's Production
"The Kentuckians," by John Fox, Jr.
with Monte Blue

Ethel Clayton in
"The Price of Possession"
A Hugh Ford Production

A Lois Weber Production
"What Do Men Want?"

Dorothy Dalton in "The Teaser"

Thomas Meighan in "The Easy Road"

A George Melford Production
"The Faith Healer"
William Vaughan Moody's famous play;
with Milton Sills and Ann Forrest

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"Buried Treasure"; with Marion Davies

Roscoe ("Fatty") Arbuckle in
"The Traveling Salesman"

A Robert Z. Leonard Production
Mae Murray in "The Gilded Lily"

Sir James M. Barrie's
"Sentimental Tommy"
A John Robertson Production

Sir James M. Barrie's
"What Every Woman Knows"
A William DeMille Production

Wallace Reid in Frank Spearman's Story
"The Daughter of a Magnate"

Sydney Chaplin in
"King, Queen and Joker"
A Sydney Chaplin Production

A Hugh Ford Production
"The Great Day"
The Famous Drury Lane Melodrama
A Famous-Lasky British Production

A Famous-Lasky British Production
"The Mystery Road"; with David Powell
By E. Phillips Oppenheim

Thomas Meighan in "The Quarry"

A Cosmopolitan Production
"The Manifestations of Henry Ort",
with Matt Moore

A George Melford Production
"You Can't Fool Your Wife"
By Hector Turnbull

A George Loane Tucker Production
"Ladies Must Live"
By Alice Duer Miller

A Hugh Ford Production
"The Call of Youth"
By Henry Arthur Jones
A Famous-Lasky British Production

A Cecil B. DeMille Production
"The Affairs of Anatol"
By Arthur Schnitzler

Roscoe ("Fatty") Arbuckle in
"The Dollar a Year Man"

A Famous-Lasky British Production
"Appearances," by Edward Knoblock

A Cosmopolitan Production, "Love Piker"

Douglas MacLean in "One a Minute"
A Thomas H. Ince Production

A William D. Taylor Production
"The Witching Hour", with Elliott Dexter
By Augustus Thomas

Wallace Reid in "Free Air"
By Sinclair Lewis

Elsie Ferguson in
"Sacred and Profane Love"
By Arnold Bennett

Wallace Reid in "Watch My Smoke"

Gloria Swanson in "Everything For Sale"
A William DeMille Production
of an original script by Edward Knoblock

Gloria Swanson in a new story by
Elinor Glyn

A George Melford Production
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NEW YORK

THE TROUBLE WITH WOMEN

(Continued from Page 23)

making so much money, that she no longer had to work, accounted for the feeling. Was she getting lazy? She did not mention her indisposition to Rodney. It was nothing, of course.

She couldn't mention it without creating the impression that it was more serious than it was.

She needed to take a brace. But the feeling did not yield to her will. Rather it increased as the days passed. One afternoon she mentioned it to Gertrude. Afterward she remembered the curious expression of Gertrude's face as she had talked—and then she knew with a feeling in which panic and exultant pride were curiously interwoven.

She went that very afternoon to a doctor to make sure.

"Yes," he said as she was leaving, "I should say April—the middle of April."

Sophie walked down her beloved Avenue toward Thirteenth Street to tell Rodney the news.

And she really would leave Millman's. They would go to live in the country. They would make the dream come true. Nothing could ever separate them now. Sophie walked into the flat as calmly as she could. She wanted to surprise him.

Rodney was in the living room with a great canvas, big as the long wall of the room. His drawing table had become a great palette, vivid with great blobs of colors. He stood in front of the canvas with a brush in his hand, splashing on the color. He was so occupied that he had not heard her come in. Sophie stood watching him. A line of Kipling's flashed across her memory:

They shall splash at a ten-league canvas with brushes of comet's hair.

"Why, Rodney!" she cried.

He turned swiftly and grinned.

"Hello!" he cried.

"What on earth are you doing?"

"Painting," he said. "I just couldn't stand it any longer. I had to paint. Black and white—little niggling things. They're all very well. But this!"

He threw on a great splash of cerise color. For a moment Sophie wondered if he was drunk. Perhaps he was drunk—with color.

"Sophie," he said, "I feel like a boy caught in the jam closet. But you won't tell anybody on me, will you?"

"Why, no, of course not! Only ——"

It was all so different from what she had imagined it would be. She couldn't immediately adjust herself to the situation. He put down his brush and looked at her.

"Sophie," he said, "if I could, do you know what I'd do? I'd drop everything and go to Yucatan for the winter and just see if I couldn't paint."

"Why don't you?" Sophie asked.

"How can I?"

"Just—go," said Sophie gravely.

"And leave you?"

"Why not?" She would never tell him why not. Never!

"But I wouldn't make any money."

"We've nearly two thousand dollars in the bank. Couldn't you go on that?"

"Of course I could, but—it doesn't seem right somehow."

"I think you ought to go," said Sophie. It was hard to speak calmly. But she did it. She perhaps overdid it.

"I'm so glad you see it sensibly, Sophie. I knew you would."

"You simply must go," Sophie said.

"But won't you mind?"

"Of course I'll ——"

Sophie struggled to control herself. She knew if she couldn't keep from crying she couldn't keep from telling her secret. And he mustn't know. If he knew he wouldn't feel free to go. He'd feel that he'd have to stay.

"Of course I'll mind," she brought out finally. "But that's nothing."

"I'll mind, too, Sophie," he cried.

He took her in his arms. She hid her face against his shoulder. She even permitted herself to cry a little.

"We'll have to stand it, dear heart," he said.

"Yes," Sophie whispered, "we—we'll have to stand it."

XIV

RODNEY SANDS plunged into a chaos of preparations for his journey to Yucatan, a chaos from which Sophie again and again extricated him. He managed to procure passage on two different steamers stopping at Progreso before Sophie stepped in and canceled one of them. He decided twice that he could not leave her, but Sophie knew he didn't mean it. They both knew he didn't mean it. He was bound to go.

"Sophie," he said, "you've fed me and encouraged me and managed me until I can earn a living for the first time in my life. If I stayed—why, by spring we could take a house in the country. I'd like to buy a house. I want something established and permanent in my life. If I rush off like this the first chance I get I may never settle down."

He said all the things that Sophie thought. He said all the things he ought to say, but Sophie steadfastly refused to take him up on the things he said. Her pride was at stake. She couldn't make him stay on her account. She wouldn't enslave him—as other women enslaved their husbands. And even when he was in the act of producing the reasons why he ought to stay with her and go on with his career as an illustrator she knew that in his heart he wanted to go to Yucatan, to paint, to play Gaugin. He could not give it up.

She could make him give it up. She could turn his wish with a single sentence. Another woman would. Another woman would have made the gesture of urging him to go to Yucatan, and the next day have shown him all the reasons why he couldn't. But she would not do that. She had promised him she would never ask anything of him. She had promised herself she would never ask anything of him. It was at once her point of honor and her hope; it was her faith.

On another evening during that desperate week, when from hour to hour Sophie struggled not to stop him, he told her he was almost afraid to go. He was pacing back and forth across the room with the gesture that Sophie knew so well.

"I dream of going down there and being born again," he said. "I dream of letting the color of the tropics smash me, and then of putting it down on canvas so it will smash other people. But what if I fail?"

Sophie said: "You know that whatever happens, you can never fail with me, Rodney."

He turned to Sophie. He bent and kissed her forehead. He kissed her eyes.

"Sometimes, Sophie, I believe I'd rather stay here and be happy with you than paint like El Greco and Cezanne and Gaugin rolled into one."

Sophie shook her head. He had a terrifying knack of saying exactly the things she wanted him to say, and not meaning them. It would be easier if he didn't see her side, if he were oblivious of her. It was torture to see him come so near to the view she wanted him to take, and then reject it. If he did it once more she mightn't be able to control herself. She would burst into wild sobs. She would tell him the truth.

"But, Rodney," she said, "that's just the point. You aren't happy staying here, and I can't be happy if you aren't!"

That, she told herself, was true. She couldn't bear to have him stay on in New York and continue his work as an illustrator if every so often he was going to wish he were a painter—to wish he had gone to Yucatan. She didn't want him to stay—she wanted him to want to stay. Above all she didn't want him to stay because of what was coming.

"Oh, well," he admitted, "I suppose I might as well get this thing out of my system. Maybe I'll be perfectly willing to settle down in New York after I've had a taste of Yucatan."

Sophie managed to occupy herself with making lists of things he ought to take with him and shopping for them. She read up on Yucatan—its dangers, its poisons, its diseases; and with the help of the doctor she made up a first-aid kit, with typewritten directions for every emergency. She even procured a glistening hypodermic needle, with the half dozen vials of potent tablets that went with it; and, having learned all about it, she taught Rodney how it should be used in case of fever or snake bite or approaching collapse. Somehow she managed to get everything bought and packed and taken to the pier in time for his sailing.

Gertrude and Oswald Fane were going to run down to see him off. Sophie braced herself for this ordeal. They mustn't know. They must think she wanted him to go.

He Stood in Front of the Canvas With a Brush in His Hand, Splashing on the Color

XV

IT PROVED one of those clear October mornings when the harbor sparkles in the sun and the air makes one feel that it is good just to be alive. They took a taxicab downtown to the ferry. They had plenty of time—Sophie had seen to that—and by a common instinct they avoided the only subject that mattered. They sat smiling at each other, and speaking only of commonplace details, like the way the cab lurched over the rough pavement. Sophie found she could smile, even if she was thinking of that other time when they had taken a cab to the river and boarded a Sound steamer for the Cape and their honeymoon.

It hadn't occurred to Rodney Sands this time to take her with him. Of course he couldn't take her to Yucatan, but he hadn't even raised the question. Sophie hoped he wouldn't raise it now. She couldn't bear to have him raise it—now.

They crossed on the ferry and got Rodney's things aboard the fruit company's steamer and walked up and down the pier looking for Gertrude and Oswald Fane.

(Continued on Page 46)

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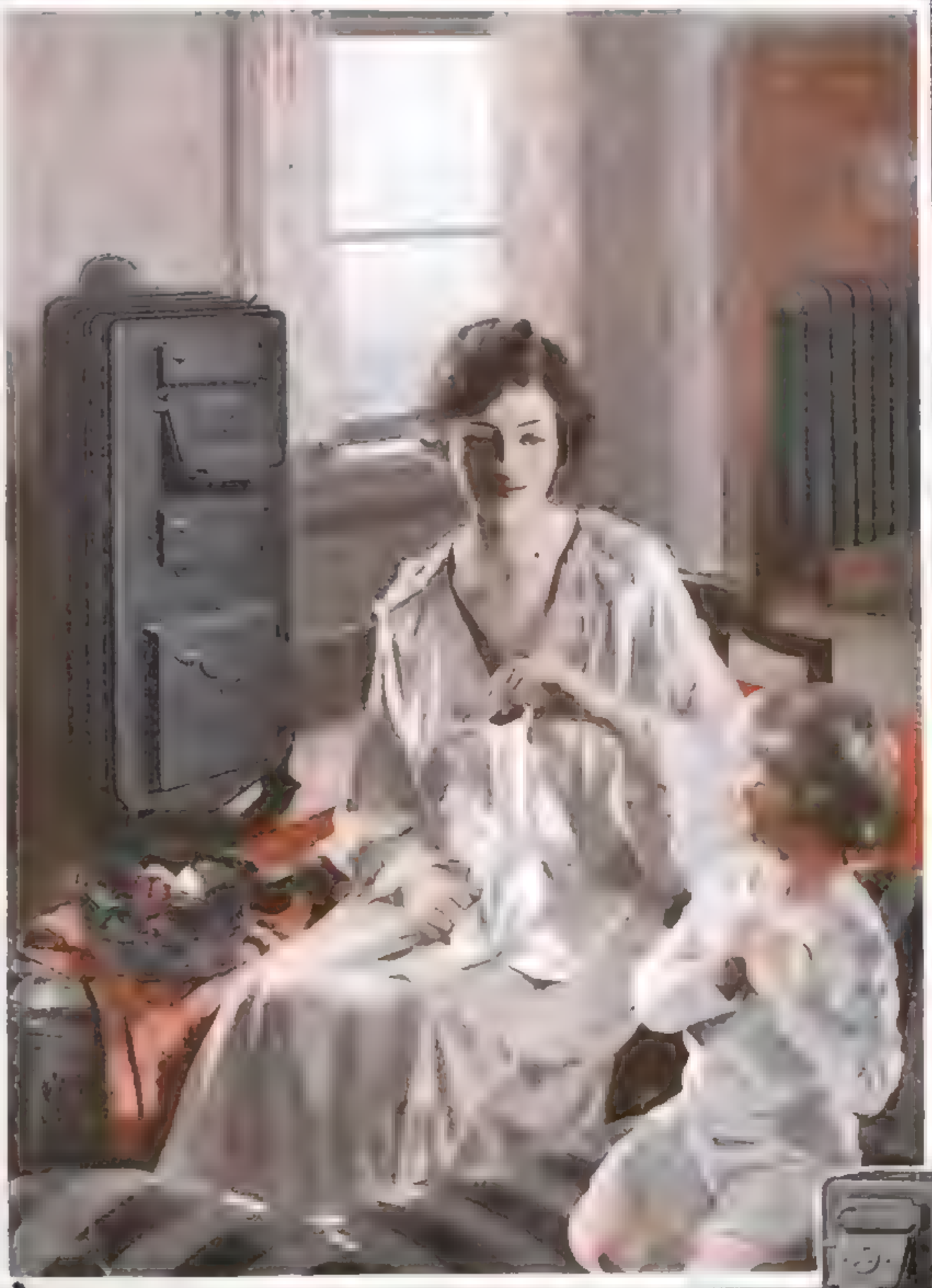

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(Continued from Page 44)

Rodney Sands put his arm through Sophie's and clasped her hand tightly in his. Their shoulders touched as they walked touched now of design where once, when they had walked the beach on the Cape, it had seemed their shoulders touched by accident—a minute accident infinitely repeated.

Within, Sophie wondered if his shoulder would ever touch hers again. But outwardly she smiled, and told Rodney an anecdote of an irate customer she had soothed the day before at Millman's. She wished Gertrude and Oswald would never come. She wished they would come at once. She couldn't keep up if they didn't come. She saw them at a distance, Oswald with his grin and Gertrude with her tight-lipped smile. They were always funny together. They looked so hostile to each other. Rodney saw them too.

"Sophie," he whispered, "suppose those two should fall for each other."

She looked at him sharply, but she saw that he was joking.

"It amuses me to imagine it—it's so absurd," he finished, as Oswald and Gertrude joined them.

"This is a great day," Oswald said solemnly.

Sophie thought Rodney and Gertrude looked pained. She felt she couldn't stand Oswald Fane's talk this morning. She would shriek if he didn't keep still.

"This," said Oswald, "is the first time in the history of American culture that an illustrator has paused in the very beginning of a great popular success to reject it and say ——"

"Shut up!" said Rodney gruffly.

"But I say, Rodney, it's true no illustrator has ever done quite what you're doing to-day."

"The truth," Rodney Sands said bitterly, "is that many and many an illustrator has made just exactly the kind of ass of himself I'm making of myself."

Oswald smiled a tolerant smile. Sophie could have slapped Oswald. The absurd argument might have continued indefinitely if Rodney hadn't had to go aboard the steamer.

Sophie yielded herself to a last kiss. She shut her eyes. When she shut her eyes and felt his arms round her and his mouth against hers she could dream for an infinitesimal moment that he wasn't going, and then she released herself and smiled up at him with only the beginnings of tears in her eyes.

Rodney Sands walked up the gangplank and disappeared in the bowels of the steamer, to appear again on the after deck. Sophie stood on the pier with Oswald and Gertrude. She took Gertrude's arm in hers. It steadied her to take Gertrude's arm. With her free hand she waved to Rodney Sands. He waved back. The hawsers went aboard; the tugs whistled; the steamer moved. It was all over.

On the way back to New York Oswald studied Sophie with a new interest.

"It must be rather hard to be the wife of an artist," he said to Sophie. "Artists have to do these things. That's what being an artist means."

Gertrude said nothing, nor asked a single question.

That night Sophie sat in her familiar armchair beside the reading lamp with her hands clasped behind her head staring across the empty room. It meant, of course, that he didn't really love her. It could mean nothing else. He probably hadn't ever loved her. She could see that—now.

XVI

SOPHIE went back to work in the book department at Millman's the next morning. She had many things to decide. But for the moment she could decide nothing, and there was work to do. The autumn tide of books was now in full flood. Great packages of new books came in daily from the publishers for her examination. As many as two hundred new books were issued in a single week. Sophie sat up till midnight every night acquainting herself with them. Sophie struggled all day against the lassitude that possessed her body to keep track of her stock, to keep up her lists, to find space for everything; and the pace would grow steadily faster until Christmas. She meant to stay until Christmas at any cost. She must see the book department through the Christmas rush

After a week she began to make definite plans for herself. She would have to tell Mr. Blodgett the precise truth and get a leave of absence beginning the first of January and extending to the first of May, or longer. And she would need to apportion her income with care lest she run short of money in the months when she would have no salary. She decided to rent a cheaper flat. She had a year's lease on the place in Thirteenth Street, but she managed to sublet it without much difficulty. Indeed, she sublet it before she found anything else that would do. She wanted a flat with a kitchen and a bath and laundry tubs of its own. Later she would have to have all these things. There was no use going into a furnished room.

In the end she found a three-room flat far out on the Subway in the Bronx, a flat that cost that year only thirty-five dollars a month. The rooms were small and ugly. There was no space for her books. There was no chance for the effect of spaciousness, the charm she had managed to achieve in the big old-fashioned living room in Thirteenth Street. But the little box of a flat had all the essentials. It would do, and it was all she could now afford.

The hardest thing was to tell Gertrude. She suspected that Gertrude knew, but Gertrude would never admit she knew until Sophie told her. She wasn't afraid Gertrude would say "I told you so." Gertrude wasn't like that. But she knew Gertrude would blame Rodney, and she couldn't bear to have Gertrude blame Rodney. It wasn't Rodney's fault that he was an artist. He couldn't help it.

Sophie sent her books and the other things she hadn't room for in the new flat to storage on the last day in October. She planned to sleep in Thirteenth Street that night and see the other things loaded on a van early the next morning, before the new tenants arrived. It was that last night that Gertrude called. Gertrude sat down on the edge of a trunk and surveyed Sophie's dismantled living room.

"Tell me all about it," she said in her blunt way

"I—I'd just as soon tell you all about it, Gertrude," Sophie said. "Only ——"

"Only you're afraid I'll say things."

"Yes"

"Can't promise not to say things," Gertrude admitted. "But I'll try."

"You see," Sophie explained, "he wasn't happy. He had dreamed all his life of being a great painter. He used to make fun of the dream. He used to say that all he wanted was security—a home. But it wasn't true. He couldn't laugh himself out of the dream he'd had since he was a boy. I couldn't ask him to give that up. And that's all—that's all there is to it."

"Don't see," Gertrude said. "Don't see at all."

"It's very simple," Sophie assured her.

"It's not quite so simple as you're trying to make me believe," Gertrude said tartly.

"I should think you could see that being a successful illustrator didn't satisfy him," Sophie said. "He wanted to paint. He wanted to be a real artist."

Gertrude nodded.

"That's all," Sophie insisted. "That's all there is to it."

"No," Gertrude said.

Sophie made a weary gesture. Couldn't Gertrude fill in the details for herself?

"Where," said Gertrude with sudden passion "where does Yucatan come in?"

Sophie turned away her head. That was the one question she couldn't answer satisfactorily. She turned on Gertrude fiercely.

"Use your imagination," she cried. "New York is dull—and drab—and small. Yucatan is new and gorgeous and big. That's where Yucatan comes in."

Gertrude shook her head.

"If he was bound to paint he could paint here. He could paint wherever he happened to be."

Sophie's eyes blazed.

"That's for him to say—not you."

"All right," said Gertrude. "That's that. Now tell me about yourself."

"Why—why," Sophie began, "I ——"

"You're going to have a baby, aren't you?"

"Yes"

"And that's the reason you're moving into a cheaper place?"

"Yes," Sophie said.

Gertrude took a deep breath.

"And that man took all the money and went off to Yucatan and left you here alone to take care of yourself when you ——"

"He didn't know," Sophie interrupted.

"He didn't know!"

"He didn't have the slightest suspicion," Sophie assured her.

"Then why didn't you tell him?" Gertrude cried.

"He wouldn't have gone—if I had."

"Did you want him to go?"

"I wanted him to go if he wanted to," Sophie said.

Gertrude stared at Sophie. Gertrude dropped her eyes. Gertrude stood up.

"You do love him, don't you?"

"Yes," said Sophie, "I love him."

"In spite of everything?"

Sophie smiled. She knew something about love that Gertrude didn't know.

"Because of—everything," she said simply.

"Then—then you're glad you're going to have a child?"

"I'm frightened a little," Sophie admitted. "But of course I'm glad. Why shouldn't I be?"

"I wouldn't be," Gertrude confessed, "I'd feel I'd been trapped. I'd feel I'd been tricked."

Sophie shook her head gravely.

"No, Gertrude, it isn't like that. It isn't a thing you resent. It's a thing you want."

"But what if he never comes back?"

Sophie bit her lip.

"That's all the more reason why I should have—something, isn't it?"

Gertrude jumped up and threw her arms round Sophie and hugged her. It was the first time in her life that Gertrude had ever done anything so born of love. It was the first time Sophie had ever seen Gertrude cry. But after ten minutes they dried their eyes, and hunted the tea things out of the barrel in which Sophie had packed them, and sat down to discuss all the practical arrangements in a fashion utterly matter-of-fact and easy.

XVII

SOPHIE had her first letter from Rodney the day before Thanksgiving. It was only a note written on the boat, a note in which he assured Sophie that he could never thank her for what she had done.

"I simply wouldn't have done it if it hadn't been for you," he wrote. "I'd never have had the nerve. I'd have kept on dreaming about it—all my life. And it's a life-and-death matter with me, Sophie. It just is."

The day after Thanksgiving Sophie had a longer letter written from a café in Progreso, in which he took rather the opposite view.

"I wish you'd stopped me," he wrote. "You could have done it. Here I am in Yucatan—all my stuff ready for months in the interior, and I want nothing so much in the world as to take the next steamer home. I can't of course. I've got to see it through now. But how I wish I hadn't! And, Sophie, how I wish I had you to talk to me!"

Sophie wept over that letter, and spent a long Sunday afternoon in writing an answer to it. She addressed the envelope toward dusk—he had said he would be in Pococatulpec—and carried it to the post office in the Pennsylvania Station that it might not lose an hour in getting mailed.

In the next three weeks Sophie heard nothing from him. She wrote again to Pococatulpec on Christmas day. She ought to have an answer sometime in January, she thought. In the meantime she expected some new address from him.

Sophie left her job at Millman's immediately after Christmas, and settled down in her flat far out on the Subway to await the event. She had some hand sewing to do, and she kept in daily touch with Miss Snider of the book department by telephone. Indeed, she continued to know the new books as they came from the publishers and to choose those that must go to her standing-order customers. It was like having a half-time job, and Mr. Blodgett saw to it that she was paid for the work she did.

Sophie found herself in a kindly world. She could not give herself to sorrow, not even when January passed without a letter from her husband. Gertrude came in almost every evening, and they got dinner together and sat for hours over their coffee and gossiped about Millman's and told each other about themselves. Gertrude had become less belligerent. She talked more freely. She even admitted to Sophie that she could imagine falling in love and marrying. She probably never would, but she could entertain the possibility.

"I never saw you look so well," Gertrude told her one evening. "You radiate health. You're—you're blooming."

(Continued on Page 48)

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(Continued from Page 46)

Sophie smiled happily.

"I never felt so well in my life," she admitted.

Gertrude gazed at her. It was February now.

"Hasn't he written yet?" she asked.

Sophie shook her head.

"No," she said, "not yet."

"Do you think he will?"

"I don't know—I hope so—but there's no way to know."

Gertrude reflected that he might have died of fever; he might have been robbed and killed; he might have got lost in the jungle.

"He may have gone into the interior," she said aloud. "He may be staying in some place far from a railway, where he can't mail a letter."

"There are any number of ways of explaining it," Sophie said. "But it's—they're all guesses. There's no way to know."

"But how do you think of him, Sophie? Do you—do you ——"

Gertrude hesitated. She did not wish to make it worse than it was.

"I think of him as a boy who's never grown up," Sophie said. "A boy who's terribly unhappy because he hasn't—grown up."

"Do you think he ever will grow up, Sophie?"

Sophie shook her head.

"I don't know. I think he'll keep on trying. But—you see, I loved his being a child."

"But you're his wife, Sophie."

"I know. I thought that if I married him he would grow up." She laughed. "I never told you, Gertrude, about the morning we were married. He was to meet me at half past ten. He wasn't there at half past ten. I waited fifteen minutes, and then I tried to call him—he was staying at a hotel. The wire was busy and I called five times before I got him. He was so humble and so evasive. I had to make him tell me what the trouble was."

"Well?" Gertrude asked.

"He had been staying at this hotel for several days, and signing the checks for his meals. I knew that of course. He had taken me there to dinner. But he had a hundred dollars or more, and I had forbidden him to buy an engagement ring. I should have known better, but I thought he was all right. The day before we were to be married he went out and bought a wedding ring—a platinum one. And the morning we were to be married he had a dollar and seventy-five cents in cash and a hotel bill of seventy or eighty dollars. They wouldn't let him take his baggage until he paid it. So he had been sitting all morning at the telephone trying to find somebody who would come and bail him out!"

"Absolutely irresponsible—criminally irresponsible," Gertrude said.

"I loved it," Sophie said. "I'd never known anybody like that. But I loved it—I loved helping him. He was so absurdly helpless!"

Gertrude shook her head.

"It won't do—in marriage," she said.

"Yes it would," Sophie cried. "I'd have been happy always to help him if he'd let me, only he wasn't. He wanted to help himself—he wanted to grow up."

"Do you call running off to Yucatan on a wild-goose chase growing up?"

"How can you be so sure, Gertrude, that he won't come back with canvases that will make him famous?"

"It's beyond me," Gertrude said.

"You can't tell, you know," Sophie said. "He might find himself."

February passed and March came, but Sophie had no word from Rodney Sands. It was as if Yucatan had swallowed him. He was gone. March passed and April came, but Rodney Sands was silent.

XVIII

SOPHIE lay very still. It was good to be perfectly still, to be relaxed and watch the sunlight on the wall. Gertrude came in. Sophie smiled without moving her head. It was funny to see Gertrude so excited, so almost breathless with excitement and walking on tiptoe. Gertrude bent over the bassinet beside Sophie's bed and with infinite care drew back the soft coverings and gazed at the baby.

"He does look like you, Sophie," she whispered. "He does."

"He looks like his father," Sophie said. "He looks so like his father it's weird."

Gertrude considered.

"M-m-m," she said, "a little—just the merest suggestion."

She replaced the coverings and sat down.

"How he does sleep!" she exclaimed in a whisper.

"You can talk out loud, Gertrude," Sophie said.

"I'm so afraid I might wake him."

"He never cries!" Sophie said proudly. "The nurse says he's the best baby in the place."

XIX

SOPHIE went back to her little flat in the Bronx on the first day of May, when Rodney Sands, Jr., was two weeks old. She had a nurse for the first week while she learned all the things she needed to know about taking care of him and established his schedule. She would not go back to Millman's until the first of June. Then she would have to have a nurse again all the time. She would only see him in the morning before she went to work, and again at half past ten when he had his last feeding for the night, and on Saturday afternoons and Sundays. And yet he would dominate her life. She would hardly have a thought that did not include him. She hardly wanted to have a thought that did not include him. It was as if he had taken his father's place in her life.

It wasn't hard, she found, to arrange all the details of his life. He slept so much—almost twenty hours out of the twenty-four. He slept so much that sometimes Sophie was tempted to wake him. She wondered, gazing at him, how long it would be before he learned to smile at her. And every evening when she sat in her familiar armchair, reading or talking to Gertrude, she longed for the moment when she could go into the bedroom and take him up in her arms and feed him. She heard everything Gertrude said, but always her ear was attuned for the cry that would announce he was awake and hungry. He did not cry, but she wished he would. She was tempted to let half past ten go by in the hope that he would waken of his own accord and cry for her, but she could not. When the hour came she rose automatically. She had to go to him.

Sophie dreaded only the time when she would have to go back to Millman's. Someone else would have the delicious privilege of giving him his bath. She would have to wean him from her breast. It was inevitable. She had promised to go back on the first of June. She realized one evening that less than a week remained. Gertrude had left immediately after dinner. She was alone, except for the baby, and she couldn't disturb the baby until half past ten—not for hours.

It occurred to her that she had been successful in arranging her life without Rodney Sands. She had somehow filled the gap that his going had left. At least she had covered it over—and she wasn't unhappy. At least she wasn't desperately unhappy. Life was still worth living. It was only that the tang had gone out of it. Sophie's shoulders drooped. But suddenly she took a deep breath. After all, she had her memories. She had counted. She had mattered in Rodney Sands' life. She pictured him in some native village of the Central American jungle, putting the raw colors of the tropics on canvas. He was doing what Gaugin had done. Some day he would come back to civilization with a great case of canvases. There would be an exhibition at Osher's in Fifth Avenue. There would be an exhibition in London, an exhibition in Paris. The cables would carry his name from capital to capital. The newspapers and the magazines would have special articles about him. Connoisseurs would bid against each other for his paintings. The great collections would demand examples of his work. Pilgrims would make journeys to Yucatan in the hope of attaching themselves to his fame. He would be a world figure.

No one would know her part in his drama. No one would know that he had written her: "I'd never have done it if it hadn't been for you." For if he came back he would not come back to her. He hadn't written to her since the day he had landed in Yucatan. He didn't love her. And if through some sense of obligation he came back to her she must find the courage to send him away. She would not let him stay merely because he was her husband, merely because she loved him. Above all she would not let him stay because they had a child in common. She could take care of the boy. She would not burden his father with the responsibility of marriage and of fatherhood. He must be free, and she, Sophie, would live very quietly and obscurely.

She felt a little as she had felt back in those days in Belleville, when she had managed the Belleville Public Library and decided that she would be an old maid, growing a little grimmer and a little more industrious with the years, like Miss Mimms, the principal of the Belleville High School. She had told herself then that building up the Belleville Public Library would not satisfy her girlish dreams, but at least it would be useful.

The chance to go to Millman's had changed all that. Millman's book department had seemed the great adventure. Millman's had engrossed her attention for nearly two years. At first she had been frightened, and then she had called on all her latent powers. She had given herself completely to her work. She had made good. She had become competent. And long before the job had become familiar and habitual and dull she had met Rodney Sands. He was the great adventure. He was what she had been waiting for, without knowing that she was waiting. He had been the dream come true. She was disillusioned now, but she could still be useful. Indeed, she had been useful. It was true that Rodney Sands might never have gone to Yucatan if she had not made it possible. That night when she had paused on her doorstep and watched the two thieves steal up on Rodney Sands she had been the agent of destiny. She had had her share in giving the world the artist who was coming. And life wasn't so gray as it had been in Belleville. She was a mother. She wouldn't grow grimmer with the years. She mustn't. She must be happy. It would be hard often. It seemed for the moment desperately hard, but the moment would pass. She hadn't been unhappy these last months—not often.

She saw now that she had never quite faced the fact that Rodney Sands was gone out of her life forever. She had refused to imagine what he was doing—what he would do. She had refused really to imagine a future without him, but now she could imagine it. She could live on without Rodney Sands always. She could live happily without ever seeing Rodney Sands again. That was her job, and she had her memories. Let the world ring with his name! No one would know her share in that chorus, and no one could ever take away her knowledge of the share she had had.

Sophie hardly heard the tentative ring at her doorbell. She raised her head and listened and decided it was a mistake. Gertrude never rang like that. But now she heard a knock at her door. Sophie came out of her daydream and opened the door. He was taller than she had remembered, and paler.

"Hello, Sophie," he said.

"Hello, Rodney," she said.

It was exactly as if they were two old acquaintances, with no special interests in common, who had met casually. Sophie led the way back into her living room, just as she had that evening so long ago when he had called for the first time at the flat in Thirteenth Street. But this time she did not ask him if he would be seated.

She said instinctively, "Have you had your dinner?"

"No," Rodney Sands admitted. "I got in at six o'clock and I've been hunting for you ever since."

Sophie was already conning her memory of what was in the ice box.

"I can give you bacon and eggs," she said, "or an omelet with cheese. I've got things for a salad."

"Anything," said Rodney Sands. "Anything at all."

He laid down the portfolio he was carrying and followed her into the kitchen. He sat down on the kitchen chair while Sophie got things out of the ice box and set a place at the table. He sat there staring at her.

"You're looking wonderfully well, Sophie," he said.

He spoke as some distant relative—a second cousin perhaps—might have spoken if, on coming to New York, he had dropped in to call on her. She wanted to ask him why he hadn't written he was coming. She wanted to force him out of this pretense that they were casual acquaintances. Only perhaps he was right: perhaps that was the way to manage it.

"I came up by train from New Orleans," he said. "It was quicker than going direct by boat, and I was in a hurry."

He did not explain why he was in a hurry. He did not explain anything. He went on telling her the meaningless details of his trip, and how he had called at the flat in Thirteenth Street and been told she was somewhere in the Bronx, and how he had looked her up in the telephone book and taken the wrong subway train and had to walk miles crosstown. And yet he did not seem to be evading her. There was some new quality in him, some new assurance. Perhaps that was what becoming a painter had done for him.

"Aren't you going to eat anything?" he asked, when everything was ready.

"I've had my dinner," she said. "But I'll have some coffee with you."

"I'm ravenous," said Rodney Sands.

"I'm so glad," Sophie said.

She was glad. It gave her an enormous satisfaction to find he had come back hungry. She was beginning to know that she loved him more than ever, but she was not going to let him see it. He would never know.

He ate all the omelet and two helpings of salad. Over his coffee he lit a cigarette and leaned back in his chair.

"It's a long story, Sophie. Do you want to hear it?"

"Of course," Sophie said.

"I'm sorry I didn't write to you." He paused. "That doesn't express it. That's just silly, and I don't want to be silly. I want to tell you just as simply as I can what happened to me.

"I haven't painted a single picture since I saw you."

"Oh!" said Sophie.

"I couldn't paint a single picture. It's too ridiculous, but I want to tell that part of it too, even if it doesn't matter. I went up into the mountains. It was gorgeous. It was more gorgeous than I had dreamed. Nature does hideous, terrible things in the tropics—and that was what I wanted.

"There was so much to paint I didn't know where to begin. I thought I'd take a day to pick up the thing I wanted to do first. I took a week, and then I told myself I must choose something and do it—it didn't matter what. I had months ahead of me, and the thing to do was to make a beginning.

"I set up my easel on a bare shelf of rock, with the jungle pressing in all round me. It was full of the rawest color I ever saw in my life, and I got out my things and started in to make up a palette. I spent the morning doing that. It was too hot to work in the middle of the day, so I sat down in the shade. I slept for two hours, perhaps three. It was cooler then, and I squatted down in front of my canvas. I had the arrangement all in my head—a tree with enormous leaves, leaves a poisonous green down one side, and the yellow rock"—he gave the shape with a gesture of his hand—"completing the rhythm. But somehow it didn't satisfy me. I wanted something even simpler. I figured on it the rest of the afternoon, until the sun went down and the darkness came on—well, the way the curtain comes down on the last act of a play in the theater.

"The next morning I started in again. I was beginning to get awfully fidgety; but I kept on studying out that composition, and all the time that color crying out to be put down. You only had to put it down verbatim to get a smashing thing. I knew that. But I kept on figuring just how to do it best. I figured all the next day, and the next. I figured on that composition for one solid week—seven days—and in all that time I hadn't put brush to paint."

Sophie saw that he was growing tense even now when he told about it.

"I can't tell you how I felt," he said. He took a deep breath, and with a conscious effort leaned back in his chair.

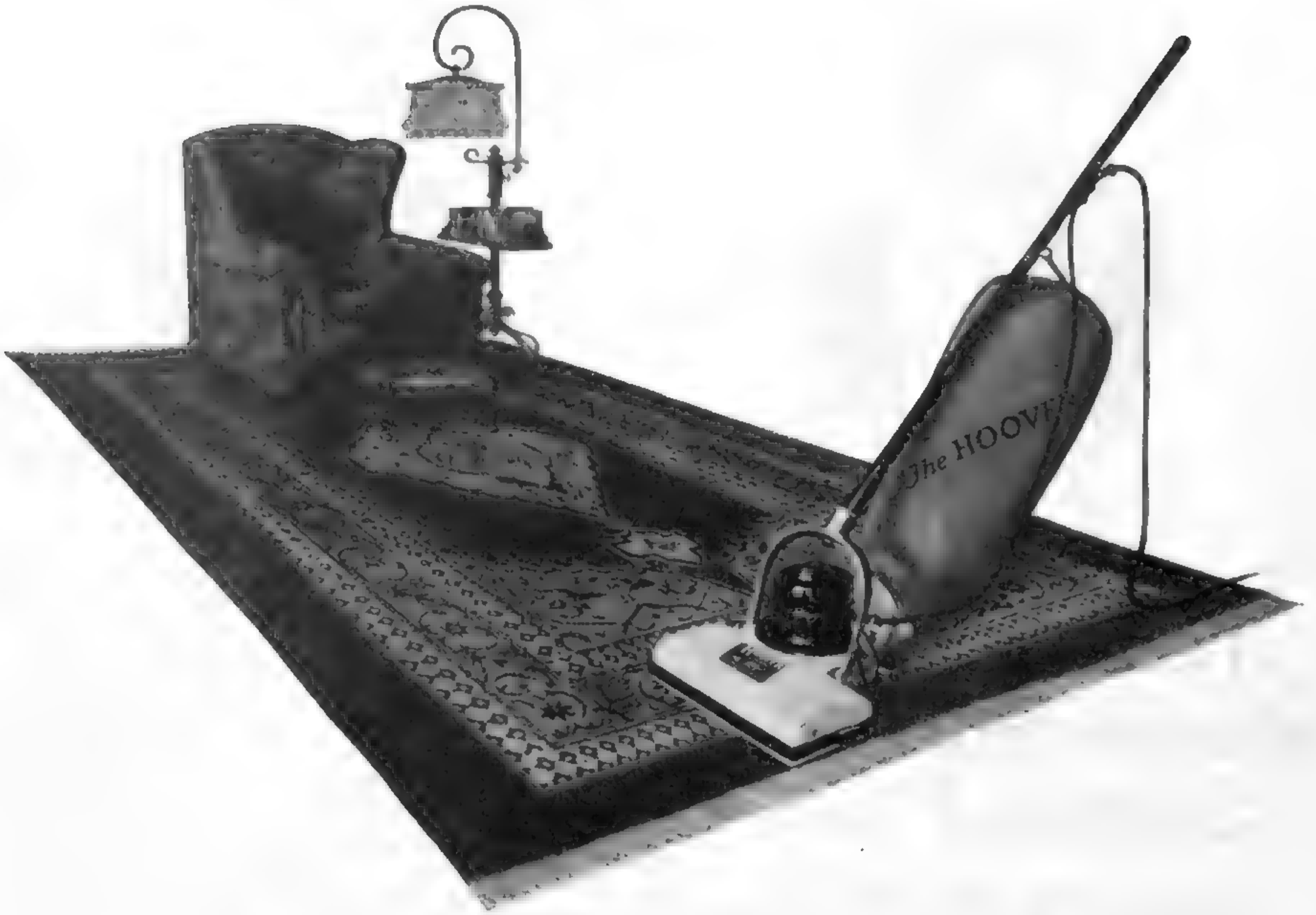
"But—well, I can only tell you that I touched the last depth of despair. I thought if I got up in the morning and stood on the rock and just dived off—it was a hundred feet or so down—I'd settle the thing once for all. But I couldn't quite do it.

"For a week I lay around, getting up my courage, and then one blistering hot afternoon I packed up everything on a mule I'd bought from a native and started back to Porocatuipec, and I've been there ever since."

"What did you do?" Sophie asked.

"I lived with a Spanish family in a house on the hill overlooking the little harbor. Every morning I'd walk down to the wharf and look for a steamer coming into the bay.

(Concluded on Page 50)



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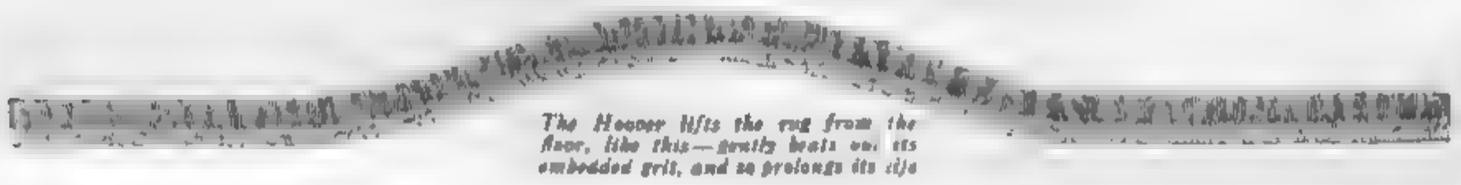

The Hoover lifts the rug from the floor, like this — gently beats out its embedded grit, and so prolongs its life

(Concluded from Page 48)

The steamers came once a month, but I went down to look every morning. And then I'd go back and have lunch and take a siesta. Every afternoon I went down to the café—there's only one in Pococatulpec, a little corrugated-iron shed—and play checkers with Señor Verida. I couldn't talk to him, because he didn't know any English; and he couldn't talk to me, because I didn't know any Spanish. So we played checkers. He always beat me at first, but as the weeks went on I learned his game. I learned to take a game from him occasionally. I learned to take two games out of five. Finally I learned to beat him."

He jumped up and began to pace back and forth across the little kitchen with the gesture that Sophie remembered so well.

"Sophie," he said, "why did you let me go?"

"I thought you needed to go. I thought it was your chance to be a painter—another Gaugin."

Rodney Sands smiled his rueful smile.

"I never had the slightest chance of being another Gaugin. I simply can't paint—that's all. And now I don't even want to. I'm cured."

"Why didn't you come home?"

He whirled and faced her.

"How could I come home? I was like a little boy who has run away from home forever in midafternoon and who wants to back out when it begins to get dark."

Sophie looked at him. She was beginning to understand.

"Can't you see how it hurts," he said, "to stand here and tell you after all these months that I haven't done a thing but play checkers?"

Sophie saw how it hurt.

"I knew the moment I got there that it was all a mistake. I wrote and told you so, and you wrote back encouraging me to stay. You wrote that I must stay."

"But ——" Sophie began.

"What I wanted was for you to tell me to come home; to tell me you missed me—anything that would have saved my face."

"I didn't understand," Sophie said. "I didn't know. I thought ——"

"Sophie," he said, "there was just one thing in the world I wanted, and just one thing I couldn't get along without, and that was you. I couldn't paint. I couldn't draw. I could only play checkers and dream about you and a life with you, and I couldn't go back to you. I thought ——"

Sophie put her arms round his neck and kissed him.

"Will you really take me back?" he cried.

"I don't believe I ever quite gave you up, Rodney."

She dropped her head on his shoulder and sobbed as if her heart was broken.

"Don't, Sophie, please don't! You'll make me cry."

"It w-w-won't hurt you to cry," Sophie said. He gulped; the tears were stealing down his cheeks.

"Sophie," he said, "we can have all the life together we've dreamed about"

"Yes," said Sophie.

"Sophie, I'd rather be happy with you than paint like all of them rolled into one."

He had said the same thing almost in the same words months before, but now she knew he meant it.

"Will you quit your job and go and live in the country with me?"

"Y-yes," said Sophie.

"And—and all the rest of it? A home and children and ——"

"Yes," said Sophie.

She glanced at the watch on her wrist. It was eleven o'clock. For the first time since he was born she had forgotten the baby—and now he remembered. His cry of protest came sharply from the bedroom.

"What's that?" said Rodney Sands.

Sophie ran into the bedroom. She picked up the baby and soothed him and carried him into the kitchen. Rodney Sands bent over her.

"See," Sophie cried, "he's smiling at you! It's the first time he has smiled!"

"Is it—is it ——"

Rodney Sands hesitated.

"He," Sophie said proudly. "He's a boy."

Sophie sat down to nurse the baby. Rodney Sands watched her like a man in a dream. He sat there without speaking until the baby had had his fill and been put down for the night.

"It's too like a dream, Sophie," he said. "It's ——"

"Rodney," said Sophie earnestly, "I'm not sure but I hoped this would happen. I didn't think it out. But in the beginning I did think it was—I—I thought—I don't know what I thought. But that day you told me you wanted to go—I'd come home to tell you—and then everything was so different. I'd promised I would never ask anything of you. I thought I was heroic not to tell you the truth. And afterward—when I wanted to—I felt perhaps this was the best thing after all. I thought if you tried Yucatan you might be happy to come back to me. At least, I couldn't ask you to stay. I never dared tell anybody what I hoped. And when you didn't write I was sure I'd been mistaken. But ——"

"Sophie," Rodney said, "the trouble with women is they know too much. Somehow they manage to understand everything"

He put his arms round her and held her close.

"The trouble with women," Sophie said softly, "is that—they fall in love."

(THE END)

A correspondent who out-Sherlocked Scotland Yard

Carl W. Ackerman, chief of the Foreign News Service of the

PUBLIC LEDGER

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Jim Henry's Column

Habit

Don't you sometimes get to dreaming of being *free?* I don't mean just roughing in the open—the idea is rather to get away from all the customs and habits which seem to crowd in on a man more and more as he gets older.

Wouldn't you like to do differently every blessed act of yours tomorrow?

Different bathroom, different clothes, different breakfast, car, office, stenographer, a new line of business chatter—you know the feeling.

As near as I can analyze it, a habit is the result of instinct taking the place of intelligence—thinking with your muscles instead of your brain.

For example, quite a lot of men use hard shaving soap because once upon a time it was the best thing they could get and the habit gripped them. Some will go down to the grave without ever having enjoyed the amazing sensation of a sharp razor purring through a Mennen-treated beard that hasn't any more bristle than the fur on a kitten's chin.

That's what I mean by being free—emancipating yourself from the kind of soap that soured your Grandfather's life and with reckless abandon giving Mennen Shaving Cream a trial.

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and afterward—Mennen Talcum for Men—it doesn't show—

After all, you will just swap one habit for another—for no one ever changes from Mennen's. My demonstrator tube costs 15 cents by mail.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

THE MENNEN COMPANY
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SMALL-TOWN STUFF

By Robert Quillen

Sheep Dogs

ONE who would herd sheep must have dogs, for sheep will wander away and become lost or fall prey to prowling beasts of the night. Dogs will guide and protect the sheep; but, being dogs, they will fight among themselves for no reason at all. They are not an unmixed blessing.

There were five sheep herders in a valley. Their interests were common. They grazed their flocks where they would and marketed the fleece where they could. At times one herder's flock found better grass than the others enjoyed, and at times one herder got a better price for his fleece, but the years averaged good fortune and bad. The valley was fertile and there was enough for all.

On a summer morning one of the herders saw in his neighbor's flock a sheep he coveted. He called one of his dogs, pointed out the sheep and demanded that it be brought to him. The dog set off to obey, but was met by a dog guarding the other flock, and a battle followed. Other dogs joined the fray and fought until exhausted, but in the end the dishonest herder got the sheep he coveted.

When the other herders discovered this treachery of their neighbor they resolved to buy more dogs for the protection of their property. Possession of surplus dogs tempted them to follow the example of the covetous herder. Thus it came about that animals once kept to guard sheep were valued because of their ability to steal, and herders who once measured their wealth in sheep began to find greater pride in their kennels. Each herder spent the greater part of his profits for dogs, and dog fights became an everyday occurrence. The sheep were often left to their own devices, and many of them died of neglect or were slain by the wolves.

This state of affairs might have endured without end had not one of the herders dreamed an ambitious dream. He dreamed of owning all the sheep in the valley and hiring his former neighbors to herd for him. To this end he began to breed savage dogs and school them in the art of fighting, and when he had ready a great pack he loosed them upon the other dogs of the valley and cheered them on.

The fury of the battle destroyed countless hundreds of sheep and broke down the folds, but in the end the dogs bred to conquer the valley were whipped back to their kennels or destroyed, and their owner was forced to pay for a portion of the damage his greed had wrought.

Before attempting to collect their scattered sheep and rebuild their folds, the four neighbors who had made common cause met to devise some means for ending the perennial strife that had for years so sadly eaten into the profits of sheep raising.

One will readily understand that these were men of sense who could profit by a hard lesson.

It was agreed among them that while each should keep the sheep he had stolen in other years and the sheep he had acquired by defeat of the common enemy, none should thereafter molest sheep not of his own raising and each should forbid his dogs to fight.

Now here arose a delicate point: Each desired the peace and mutual trust necessary to prosperity, but each possessed many more dogs than he needed for peaceful herding. The dogs were of value, and to kill them would mean a considerable financial loss. Each herder realized that the keeping of dogs useful only for purposes of warfare would be an expensive luxury and would tend to make strife more probable, and yet each hesitated to dispose of his dogs lest one of the others should fail to follow his example and thus be enabled to dominate the valley.

At length one of the herders reached a decision and said: "Gentlemen, I am for peace. I realize that strife pays no dividends. Moreover, I have all the sheep I can handle. This last war has made some of them as wild as bucks. I am willing to agree that no one of us shall hereafter steal another's sheep, and I give you my word that I trust each one of you implicitly. I know that you are men of honor and will do the thing you promise. But I have grown accustomed to first-class fighting dogs. I feel safer when I can see them in the yard. If I knew there would not again be need of dogs I wouldn't hesitate to dispose of them. But nothing is certain in this world and, while I am heart and soul in favor of everlasting peace, I shall nevertheless keep my kennels full in order to be on the safe side. Good intentions are doubtless a safeguard, but eager players at times forget the rules, and in case of emergency I much prefer depending on my dogs. They are animated hell-fire in time of trouble, and I trust you will pardon the assertion that they can lick anything in this valley."

When he had finished speaking the meeting came to an end and the herders went about their private affairs. Each tended the wounds of his crippled dogs and purposed in his heart to live in peace until the end of time. But each reflected that no man knows what a day may bring forth and, being of a mind to avoid disaster, fortified his good resolution by building a few new kennels to house larger and fiercer dogs he purposed breeding.

A dove flew into the valley to make her nest, but, having learned the state of affairs, flew out again to find a home in another place—a place where peace did not depend upon the good intentions engendered by sore spots.

Adventure

THERE is a conspiracy among writers of books to pretend that adventure ripens only in a distant land or in great cities where thirty tongues are spoken, and that nothing ever happens in the country. Now this is true in a limited sense only. In the country there are no criminal bands operating under cover of social standing to loot a jeweler's vault of its treasures; no outcast heroes of royal blood scheming with handsome American youths to regain their thrones and access to the taxes; no hunting of big game; no tossing on the seven seas. Neither is there any happening that will justify seven-column headlines in metropolitan newspapers.

But at times there is a sort of adventure to test one's wit and prowess; frequently there is need of skill in the art of boxing; there is an occasional test of moral and physical courage; and there is pathos and humor.

A little after noon of a day last spring, when children from the first grade were trooping up Main Street to Fairview, where they would scatter and take other routes to their homes, a rangy hound came trotting in from the country. His frothing jaws testified to his madness, and he kept unerringly to the center of the street, as these poor, afflicted creatures will. A few men saw him and shouted to the children, but the children were laughing and shouting to one another and had no ear for other affairs than their own. There were pistols in the banks, and there was another on a shelf under the general-delivery window at the post office, but there were no other weapons on Main Street. There was no time to get one of these, for the hound was near the intersection of streets and the children had begun the crossing.

Jim Hawkins' oldest boy, who finished college with literary and football honors last year and now clerks in a grocery, was filling a paper sack with potatoes in front of the store. He saw the hound when it was twenty yards from the nearest child and made the flying start peculiar to those who have trained for a sprint. He whipped off his coat as he ran. Without change in his even pace the hound swung his head to snap. The coat filled his open jaws, and boy and dog were lost in a cloud of dust. Other men ran forward, bringing a pistol, and when the dust cloud settled the boy was revealed astride the hound, his hands locked about the animal's neck, holding the ugly, poisonous head to the ground. Now here was no adventure for one accustomed to facing lions, but I submit that one in search of thrills need not pass by an opportunity to go to the mat with a forty-pound dog having hydrophobia.

There was also a time when a gentleman from the country, stopping at the oil mill for a few sacks of meal, left his little daughter on the wagon seat to hold two heavy mules during his absence. The afternoon freight pulled in on a switch near by to let a passenger train pass, and the mules became frightened and ran. They were headed for a telephone pole a few yards distant. Had they kept their course and pace, beyond doubt they would have made junk of two good work animals, and the shock of the collision might conceivably have thrown the little girl under their heels. Billy Black does the weighing at the mill. He is another college product—all this speaks well for education—and he is light on his feet. Before the mules had completed their third jump he was out of the office and after them. A clean, clear running high jump, and he was on his feet in the wagon. Another second and he had the reins and was swinging the mules to the open road. A commonplace incident, but such stuff as this went through the Argonne and made a game of chasing submarines.

Consider, then, the case of Howard Foley. He was returning to his work after dinner when he passed a stable where a fellow townsman traded mules and horses. A horse recently arrived in a carload from the West had balked in harness and had gone frantic under punishment. As Foley drew near it fell. The trader reversed his whip and began to beat the fallen animal over the head with the butt of it. Each blow brought blood.

Foley ran forward and caught the trader by the shoulder. There was a sharp interchange of language not learned in a classroom, and then the two men squared away for battle. The trader was the heavier and had the whip as weapon, but his wind was short and he had no skill with his fists. Foley whipped him on his feet and then rocked him to sleep with a right swing that he brought up from his knees. The horse proved to be a veritable imp, and Foley's right hand did not heal until long after the bruises were gone from the trader's face, so the moral is none too clear; but here was one who did battle for the fallen and the helpless, and crusaders can do no more.

Pathos and humor? There is so fine a line between them. Little Bob Johnson, a negro, so named to distinguish him from Big Bob Johnson, a neighbor of like color, lives east of town and makes a good living by growing sorghum cane and cotton. One day he and his wife went to a distant field in the bottoms to pick cotton and locked their two small children in the cabin to keep them out of mischief. The boy was six and the girl not yet two. They found matches and were soon in a furnace. The boy tried to open the doors and failed. Few of the older cabins have windows, and this had but one, and that in the other room. The rooms were not ceiled overhead, and the joists were two feet apart. The boy placed a chair on a table, mounted it, and learned that he could reach the joists. Then he descended, took a cotton-rope plow line from a peg on the wall, tied one end of it about his sister's ankle and, with the other end in his hand, climbed again to the chair. Once astride the joists he drew his sister to safety and lowered her into the other room. Then he dropped to the floor, broke out the one window and got to good clean air. Nor was this the end. His sister's scanty garments were burning and the spring from which the family got water was two hundred yards distant. The sorghum mill was near the house, however, and near it was a barrel of newly made molasses yet warm from the kettles. A clean gunny sack, held down by an iron hoop, covered the barrel. The boy jerked off the cover, caught his sister by the feet and thrust her head first into the molasses. The blaze gurgled and died. When the parents came hurrying from the field, having read tragedy in the column of smoke, they found the little girl sitting contentedly under a tree, licking herself, and the hero dancing about the cabin enjoying the blaze as only a small boy can.

In the country is peace and quiet, but adventure of a sort is everywhere. A pirate with a cutlass in his teeth and a patch over one eye makes an excellent character for a storybook, but the highland moccasin nestled among the cabbages is much more deadly. Humdrum is a state of mind and not a locality. There is always a thrill round the corner for one who is attuned to thrills and goes halfway to meet them.

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Manufacturers of White House Shoes for Men, Maxine Shoes for Women, Buster Brown Shoes for Boys and Girls and Blue Ribbon Service Shoes.

MAKING POWER OUT OF NOTHING

(Continued from Page 13)

is Germany's postwar building capacity. It follows that, while delivering the 1,000,000 tons of ships due to the Allies under the Versailles Treaty, she could restore within eight years her whole vanished commercial fleet of 5,000,000 tons. But owing to shortage of pig iron, due directly and only to shortage of coal, all the shipyards last spring were together receiving a monthly ration of 6000 tons of construction iron and steel; and even now, when they are receiving about 13,000 tons, hardly any big ships can be built.

Germany's once-great sugar industry is doubly killed by shortage of coal. In 1919 the coal-starved railroads could not carry nitrates to the fields; and when the fields delivered their much-diminished supply, a third of it could not be turned into sugar because the sugar factories had no fuel. The sugar production, which in 1912 was 2,700,000 tons, fell to 760,000 tons. Lack of coal is even the main cause of lack of coal. In February last the Prussian Parliament passed a law providing for settlement of 150,000 miners in the Ruhr Basin. But houses for these miners could not be built because there were no materials. Of 18,000 brick kilns in the republic only 1200 had enough fuel to keep them going. Coal shortage is the one reason why Germany is manufacturing seventy-eight per cent less cotton than in 1913. In that year she imported 477,946 metric tons of raw cotton. The 607,124,000 marks which the cotton cost was paid by export of machines, dyes and other finished goods, the production of which is to-day dwindling, owing to the coal famine. Copper, cotton, oil cakes, and every material needed for industrial and agricultural regeneration, stand ready in abundance if only coal or some other power could be had. The best proof of this is that Germany is importing American coal. Delivered at Rotterdam, it costs her thirty dollars a ton, which at present exchange is nine times the maximum legal price of native coal. But industries which can produce immediately exportable goods can afford to pay the price.

The Vicious Circle of Industry

The remedy for Germany's coal famine at first sight seems very simple. Germany has her Westphalian coal fields extending over 2000 square kilometers, and her Upper Silesian fields, by far the greatest in Europe, extending over 5000 square kilometers. If lack of coal keeps her population idle, why not turn sufficient of the unemployed into coal miners until equilibrium between coal supply and demand is restored? The practical obstacles to this are insuperable. Coal mining in Europe is not merely a skilled trade. It is also in large measure the occupation of a hereditary caste. If skilled miners could be improvised they could not be housed. If the coal production were largely increased the shattered railroad system could not move it. In this matter coal is the logician's *circulus vitiosus*—there is a shortage of locomotives to drag coal, and locomotives are short because there is no coal with which to make iron. In practice this question does not rise, because labor is so weak in numbers and so inefficient in work that the existing Ruhr and Silesian mines produce only seventy per cent of their capacity. That makes the opening of new mines useless.

About this the Federal Coal Council has issued instructive facts. The output of any existing group of mines, says the council, could be increased 2000 tons a day by employment of 1600 additional miners, if they could be had, and by a new capital expenditure of 210,000,000 marks. To gain the same production from a new mine would require employment of 3000 miners and a capital expenditure of 450,000,000 marks.

The production of coal, that means, has very nearly reached the limit possible under present conditions of capital, labor and working cost. It is the recognition of that fact which has diverted Germany's most resourceful men of science and the most energetic men of business in quite other directions; and which has now produced the great brown-coal boom.

Brown coal has been described as practically nothing. That is a true description of it when it is taken from the ground. It is a poor, a very poor, relation of black coal. It is half coal of the Tertiary formation, vegetable matter which has experienced only the initial part of the thermic and compressional processes which in older deposits yielded bituminous coal and, in the last stage, anthracite. Brown coal is loose in structure, sometimes woody, sometimes earthy. It contains always less carbon and more hydrogen, oxygen and nitrogen than black coal; and it usually contains more ash, which is waste. Its saving merit is that it can be easily worked, and that its supply is inexhaustible. Brown-coal fields are on the Rhine near Cologne; in Central Germany—that is, in Prussian Saxony, Thuringia, Anhalt and Brunswick; farther, between the Elbe and the Oder; in vast fields in Upper and Lower Lausitz; in Cassel, in Westerwald in the Rheinland, and in Bavaria and Silesia. The brown-coal beds stretch far into Russia. If converted into efficient and transportable fuel the known beds would supply all Europe with power for a thousand years.

Low Heating Value

Brown-coal mining is easy, because there is no mining at all. The beds lie as a rule only thirty feet deep, under a surface of, first sand and then clay. The sand and clay are cleared away, the ground water is drained off, and the coal is dredged out. No shafts are driven; there are no costly machines; no timbering; no explosives; no need for precautions against accidents. Near Halle one may see farmers doing their own brown-coal mining for domestic use. Their only machinery is a spade. That is the reason why Germany's brown-coal output has increased rapidly at a time when her black-coal production has been falling badly off. And the fact that the brown-coal output may be indefinitely increased is the first, though not the most important, basis of the boom that is now going on.

Between 1913 and 1917 Germany's brown-coal production rose from 87,233,000 to 95,553,000 tons. For 1920 the production is estimated at 110,000,000 tons. But these figures give no true notion of production possibilities. They represent, with a few exceptions, merely the increased output from long-existing mines. When all the projected mines are at work, and when many weak mines at present locally exploited by capital-weak owners have been taken over by the new scientific and commercial forces of the "Schwerindustrie" magnates who now lead the movement, Germany will produce at least 180,000,000 tons annually. That level of production will be reached in three years from now. In ten years the output will be nearly 300,000,000 tons.

But the brown-coal boom does not owe its vigor to calculations of mere quantity increase. Increase the value by scientific means is the cry. Without science brown coal remains practically nothing. The official valuation of the 87,233,000 tons turned out in 1913 was 191,920,000 marks. At the pit's mouth, before science took it in hand, its value, that means, was a little more than two marks, or only half a dollar a ton. Its caloric value is only 2000 to 2500 heat units, or a third of that of good black coal. It contains up to sixty per cent in weight of water. Because of its great weight and bulk compared with its heating power it will not stand transport. The locomotive fuel consumed in transporting a trainload of brown coal, plus its water, a mere seventy English miles is equal in heating power to the load.

Every kind of inferior fuel can be consumed either raw on the spot or, after treatment, if the treatment is not too costly, at a distance. Before the war some German brown coal was consumed raw by local industry; the rest was briquetted and carried by canal or rail. But the new fuel problem cannot be solved by merely increasing the brown-coal output and using it in these ways. That was done only during the war, when cost did not count. All the state niter and aluminum works laid down after Walter Rathenau told Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg that the war would be

(Continued on Page 57)

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WHEN YOU are wondering about the distinctively delicious flavor of HEINZ Tomato Ketchup—

How it gives to every food it touches a new zest—an inviting, appetizing good taste that surprises you—

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Some of the
57

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Spaghetti
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The return of competition to a basis of merit is welcomed by Hudson and Essex in common with all builders of established reputation.

They have not regarded competition on the basis of ability to deliver as at all a good thing for the motor industry. That situation invited many to plunge into automobile manufacture and exploit the quick profits seizable from unprecedented demand.

A Situation That Was Inevitable

Now, once more the task of supplying the motor car demand devolves upon the builders whose organization, experience and product have proved their fitness to survive through years of competition that recognized none's right to live except by superior merit.

We could not, in candor, urge that Hudson and Essex alone are deserving of consideration to the exclusion of all other cars.

We know there are other thoroughly good cars, some even that can well wear the name of great cars, and we acknowledge the ability, application and loyalty to ideals which alone could have produced them. We know, too, that these cars are giving such satisfaction to their owners that many will assuredly purchase again the same make of car they now drive. And we do ourselves no disservice in this admission.

For we believe no other builder profits so greatly as Hudson through this loyalty that men give a car that serves them well.

Today more than 100,000 Hudson Super-Sixes are in service. It is, and has been for five years, the largest selling fine car in the world. Consider, if its title to leadership were less deserved, if the flaw would not have appeared in five years.

The Same Men Also Build Essex

And Essex shares this prestige. Not merely because Hudson builds the Essex, and therefore pre-pledges to it all the experience and knowledge gained in building the Super-Six. Rather because the Essex, not content with this endorsement, has established its own place with such famous records as four times breaking the transcontinental record with four different cars, and in establishing the world's 50-hour endurance mark. And nearly 50,000 owners also know and acclaim its worth.

What Qualities Shall Triumph in the Future

Endurance today stands as the chief factor of motor car economy. Owners now appraise their car costs over long periods as accurately as they count the overhead of their business. In such computation repair costs and replacements must appear when they occur. And men will just as surely seek exemption from these costs as thousands of Hudson and Essex owners have found it, in the endurance of dependable cars.

On endurance, the new competition will inevitably join the issue. And here Hudson and Essex most gladly invite comparison.

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY —— ESSEX MOTORS
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

E S S E X

(Continued from Page 55)

a struggle of material, were located in the brown-coal country of Central Germany. The commercial problem is different.

In relation to price, brown coal is not efficient enough as power to induce industrial concerns to scrap their mills and move to the spot. Briquetting has therefore been the chief use. Of the 87,000,000 tons produced in 1913, 44,000,000 tons was turned into briquettes. But the postwar economical revolution has entirely upset the prewar finely calculated and stable relations between cost of plant and value of fuel; and though briquetting is still profitable when it can be done with existing machines the establishment of new briquette mills to handle the increased production would not pay. The Federal Coal Council estimates that the new mills and machinery necessary to convert a mere 17,500,000 tons of brown coal into briquettes would cost 5,600,000,000 marks. And as the briquetting process results in a loss of between a fifth and a third of the raw materials' caloric value, the council has formally vetoed plans of that kind.

The main aim of the coal council is to support the new national aim of turning brown coal from a third-rate fuel into a source of unlimited power and of unlimited wealth. Direct consumption of solid fuel is always waste. Years before the full possibilities of indirect consumption were known the physicist, Helmholtz, declared that: "A hundred years hence the burning of coal will be punishable as arson." *"Kohlenfeuerung ist Raubbau!"*—coal burning is piratical waste—say German professors to-day. That is the principle underlying the marvelous development of the brown-coal industry. Brown coal is being distilled as only black coal has hitherto been. Though technically far more difficult, and perfected only after tremendous brain work and tremendous financial outlay on the part of professors and business men, the process is far more profitable than the distillation of black coal; for black coal has great value as power even when it is subjected to "arson," whereas brown coal has hardly any.

Shortsighted Treaty Makers

And Germany has another, a special motive. She is particularly short of coal-distillation products. The peace treaty compels her to deliver annually to France for three years 50,000 tons of tar, 35,000 tons of benzene, and 30,000 tons of ammonia. The peace-treaty draftsmen, with an uncanny lack of foresight, shown not in this small matter only, stipulated that the tar should be produced from ordinary black coal. It seemed at the time that they had attached a very considerable part of Germany's industrial wealth. They did not know that Germany had already partly developed new processes which would make her far richer in this class of products than she would have been had there been no war at all.

Before the war the distillation of brown coal was hardly practiced. On a very small scale was carried on a process called *Schwelverfahren*, by which the coal was submitted to external heating, with result of a certain production of gas, but no by-products worth mentioning. The coke yielded was practically worthless. It was dumped into heaps and let rot, or used for a particular kind of slow cooking practiced only in Saxony and Thuringia. And even this unprofitable process could be applied only to the more bituminous kinds of brown coal. Technical obstacles prevented real distillation.

The first and greatest difficulty was the high water content. The heat of the gases evolved mostly went in evaporating this water; and what heat remained was not sufficient to expel the precious tar, so that the undetarred coal fell to the lower zones of the retorts, where it was burned up. Brown-coal distillation attempts were, in fact, a failure; and no business man who had any other use for his money was willing to take them up.

During the war the government tried its hand. The naval blockade had cut off the supply of overseas petroleum; and oil was needed for the Diesel motors of submarines. The story of this attempt is a very instructive lesson of the commercial inferiority of the bureaucrat to the combination of professor and business man. The bureaucrats started with no more science than obtained at the beginning of the war. Oils, they knew, are yielded by all kinds of dead organic matter, vegetable or animal, from the giant ferns of the Carboniferous era down to the invisible infusoria of all ages. The chemist Engler, the inventor of synthetic indigo, proved that any fat turns into "mineral" oil at a temperature of 400 degrees and a pressure of twenty-five atmospheres. Armed with this knowledge and certain facts from the *Schwelverfahren* process, the state's officials invested 50,000,000 marks in brown-coal distillation works in Central Germany. They proclaimed that within six months they would have sufficient oil. The experiment failed. The technical methods pursued proved to be mistaken, and the commercial management proved to be doubly mistaken. The whole state capital, and certain private capital invested with it, was lost.

It was the continuing need for lubricating oils, after the first state attempt had failed, that brought brown-coal distillation as a technically perfect and commercially profitable industry. In 1916, shortage of lubricants threatened to bring the whole war machine to a standstill. The Berlin General Staff, having had enough of the commercial bureaucrats, sent for the director of the big Deutsche Erdoel Corporation and commanded him to produce brown-coal lubricating oil. It is noteworthy that the word "command" in German *"Befehl"*—appears in the official history of this affair. A "command" was a powerful stimulus in Germany in time of war; and before three months were out every German military train between the Somme and the Jordan had its axles greased with an extract of brown coal. Expense then counted for nothing; and the first lubricants were produced at uncommercial cost.

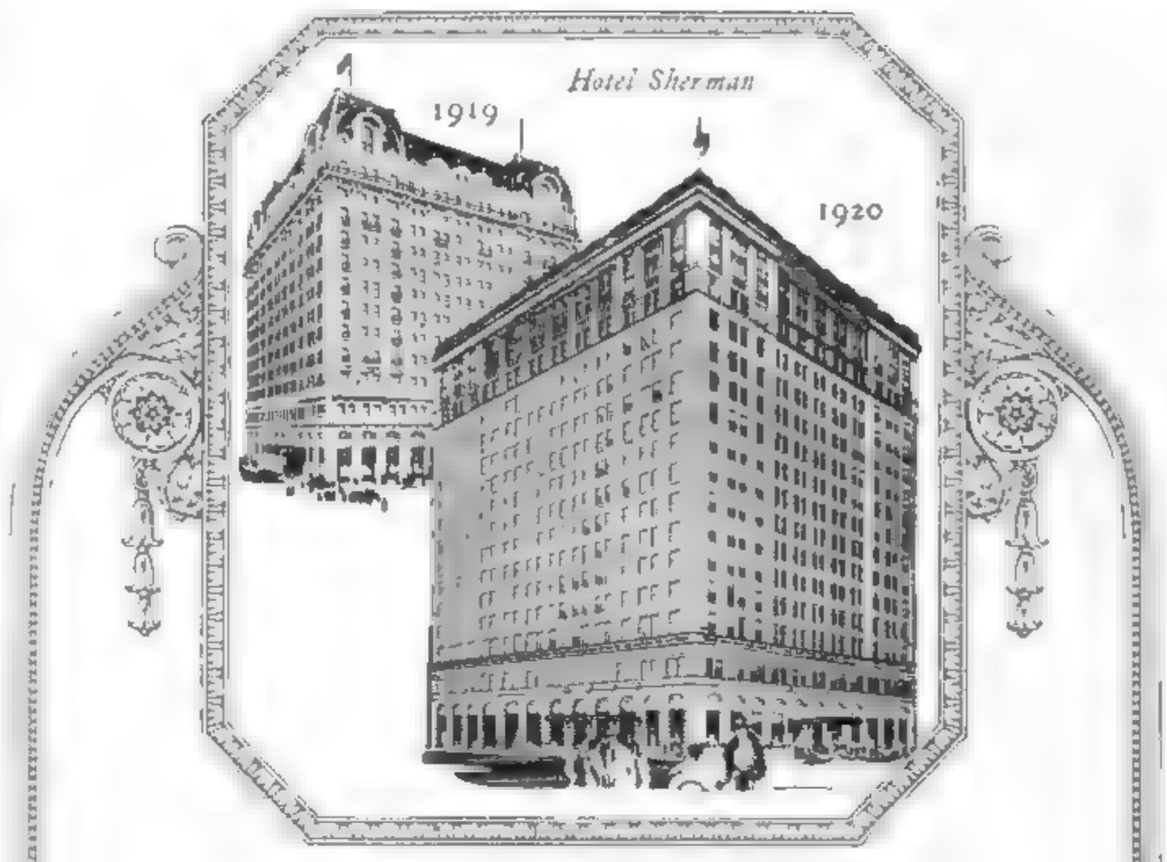
The Erdoel Corporation resolved that the process should become commercial. During two years it sank millions of marks in experiments. Half the professors of chemistry were on its pay roll. What actually was being done was for purposes of war secrecy kept a profound mystery; but a few days after the armistice conclusion made secrecy needless the company announced that since the beginning of 1918 it had been producing out of brown coal on a commercial basis, lubricating, illuminating and heating oils, ammonia, benzene, and every one of the products that had hitherto been extracted from petroleum or from black coal.

In the main, the success was due to a generating process devised by a professor, Doctor Drawe, by which brown coal can be distilled to any stage of completeness. The chief feature is the use of foreign heat for the preliminary drying of the coal.

A Growing Industry

Before 1918 the production cost, in gold, of oils from brown coal had been reduced about twenty-five per cent. Germany's military collapse potently aided further developments by creating automatic protection. It brought the Reichsmark down to about an eighteenth of its gold value; and as the production cost of oil, in paper marks, rose only elevenfold, the oil is to-day cheaper than ever. In gold, brown-coal oils cost about seventeen per cent more than similar oils prepared from crude petroleum. But the brown-coal oils are commercially cheaper, because the freight is saved. If American oil in small quantities enters Germany to-day, that is not because it is cheaper but because the brown-coal rival is not so far sufficiently produced to supply all German needs.

The brown-coal distillation industry is taking enormous dimensions. At Muldenheim, near Halle, in the heart of the brown-coal country, is being set up the greatest distillation works in Europe, works which within five years will be able to turn out oil-bearing tar equal to a sixth of the total production of Germany before the war. This is a state concern, but no longer bureaucrats but business men and technicians from private corporations are in charge. Fourteen private corporations are distilling or are about to distill. Chief of them remains the pioneer corporation, the Deutsche Erdoel Corporation. Big brown-coal oil producers are the Riebeck Mining Company, the Werz-Weissenfels Brown Coal Company, and the Upper Silesian Coke Company. All these concerns own vast tracts of brown-coal land in Prussian Saxony; and some of them have the last unmined deposits of the rich bituminous brown coal called pyrospisite, which yields as much as sixty-five per cent of tar. In addition are numerous corporations which distill brown



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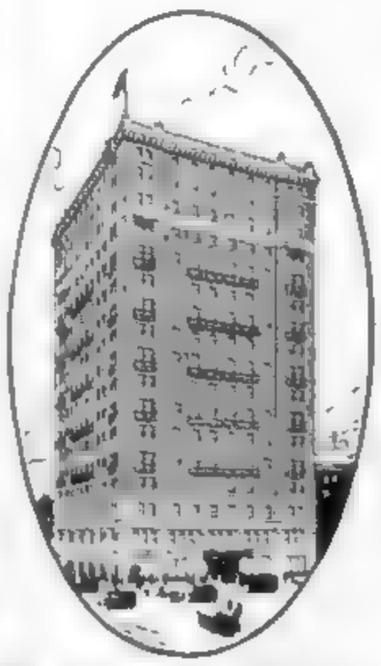

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coal for the sake of other tar products, and with these oil production is an incidental branch. The output is growing rapidly. By 1930, according to calculations of the Oil Producers' Association, which are based merely upon existing or already constituted companies, the annual production will be at least a million tons, and with that Germany's whole need of oils, as measured by prewar standards, will be fully met.

The Erdoel Company, which began the movement, still leads it. Out of this concern will shortly be created a combine which for magnitude of production will throw into the shade the greatest of the oil corporations of Baku. The Erdoel Company is about to fuse with the other great prewar oil corporation, the Deutsche Petroleum Company. The Deutsche Petroleum Company is practically only a branch of the Deutsche Bank. Paradoxically, this combine draws its chief capital strength from its rival mineral oil. Both companies formerly imported and refined mineral oil, and the Erdoel Company to-day owns the oil fields of Wietze, in Hannover, the only natural source left in Germany after the peace. Until lately the Deutsche Petroleum Company, backed by the Deutsche Bank, owned a majority interest in the Rumanian Steaua Romana Corporation, the biggest European mineral-oil producer outside Russia.

This interest has now been sold to an Anglo-Franco-Rumanian syndicate; and the compensation received was 70,000,000 Swiss francs. In German currency that is round 800,000,000 marks. Counting old capital, the new combine will have a total capital of over a billion marks, which is six times as great as the capitalization of the Essen Krupps. Nearly all this money is to go toward production of brown-coal oils.

Railroad Electrification

In brown-coal oil Germany has found a solution for the long-delayed problem of electrifying her railroads. Over ten years ago complete electrification was recommended on engineering and commercial grounds; but the reform was delayed by objections based on military apprehensions of the General Staff. These objections no longer apply. The new Muldenheim brown-coal oil distilleries are being set up in connection with an existing state railroad electrical power station. The coal shortage makes electrification imperative, for the railroads at present consume 17,500,000 tons a year. Without brown-coal oil, electrification is impossible, for coal-generated electricity would save only a small percentage of coal; and water power, except in the south, does not exist. With oil will be generated electricity, and with electricity trains will be propelled. The saving to the state will be enormous. The present state railroad coal bill totals 2,350,000,000 marks.

On the basis of general calculations of cost prepared by the Mülheim Coal Experimental Institute, it is estimated that the state railroad oil bill would not exceed 455,000,000 marks. Problems of capital and other expenditure of course need solution. But the freeing for industrial consumption of 17,500,000 tons of black coal would so enormously alleviate the coal famine, and would express itself in such an enormously increased output of more valuable goods than coal, that the financial advantage of driving the railroads with electricity generated from brown-coal oil is beyond doubt.

The solution of the general oil question for Germany will be an advantage at least equally great. Germany is practically without mineral oil. Of her two prewar sources, one, the oil field of Pechelbronn, in Alsace, has gone to France; and only the oil-bearing sands of Wietze remain. Their highest production of crude oil, reached in 1910, was 145,000 tons; to-day they produce 100,000 tons; and in fifteen years they will be exhausted. But Germany's normal need of oil, judged by the figure of 1912, is 1,025,000 tons. In that year she imported 241,030 tons of lubricating and 795,011 tons of illuminating oil. To-day her normal need is much greater; firstly, because she has lost so much of her full value coal; secondly, because of the extension of oil firing, of the Diesel motor, of motor-car transport. Import on the prewar scale is impossible for all visible time. The import of 1912 cost her 104,235,000 marks in gold; since then the gold price of oil has everywhere risen enormously; and Germany would have to pay the increased gold price multiplied by eighteen which is the present depreciation of her currency against gold.

Elsewhere oil is superseding coal. The British monopoly of coal in Europe—which results in foreign countries being charged as much as 500 per cent over English native prices—is throwing most countries back upon oil. Norway has founded a big corporation which will establish oil depots all along her coasts; the Swedish Board of Trade last month recommended similar measures. "The Coal Age is over; the Oil Age has come," says the chief of this institution. Applied to Germany, that means that without natural oils at home, and without the means of import, her resurrection as an industrial country is impossible. The conversion of otherwise worthless fuels into oil not only gives her a chance but promises to put her again in the matter of mechanical power at the head of the Old World.

The Benzene Output

From brown coal Germany, in addition to heavy oils, has begun to extract benzene. This process, owing to the compulsion to deliver to France, is important; and it is doubly important because America, with her present world monopoly, will soon, according to European experts, be barely able to supply herself. The making of brown-coal benzene requires unusually high temperatures and pressures; but it was long ago theoretically and technically, though not commercially, possible. Two years back, brown-coal benzene cost in gold 250 per cent more than American petroleum benzene. To-day the more bituminous brown coal, the *Schwelkohle*, is yielding benzene abundantly, and at a lower price than that at which Germany could import if the present import prohibition was removed. The Berlin chemist, Erwin Bluemner, who has helped to solve the problem, predicts that within a few years the annual output will reach 300,000 tons. But to produce this amount, he says, needs first legal restrictions on the direct consumption of brown coal.

From this the Berlin government shrinks. It declares instead that brown coal used for distillation, either of benzene or of the heavy oils, will get a bounty in shape of release from the present all-round twenty per cent coal tax. At present prices, six marks a kilo, the expected benzene output will present Germany with nearly two billion marks a year. It is a good return on the four or five millions paid to professors and experts by the Erdoel Corporation and the other companies, since the General Staff's "command" stamped, so to speak, brown-coal oils out of an oilless earth.

Brown-coal possibilities, however, do not end there. The cheapness of the heavy oils, of benzene, ammonia, paraffin, pitch and other by-products, is an outcome of the discovery of practical uses for brown-coal gas. The gas is supplied to industrial works. The system of long-distance industrial delivery of brown-coal gas started in Silesia in connection with the coke-oven branch, which is in turn a branch of Silesian iron and zinc smelting. At first, inferior gas generated from all sorts of organic refuse was used for heating the coke ovens; and the good coal gas was entirely freed for power development in industrial works that need a calorie value of at least 4000.

New Industrial Settlements

To-day brown-coal gas is used for coking. The next development was the supply of gas for direct industrial purposes. Several score of factories are being so run. The gas is so cheap that great industrial undertakings find it profitable to dismantle their mills, and to reestablish them in brown-coal centers—that is, they are able to do what they could not do if obliged to use the coal raw. The gas is cheap because the by-products—in reality, chief products—have a ready sale; the by-products are cheap because the gas is not wasted.

Out of brown-coal gas the Lower Silesian Gas Central is creating a new industrial settlement which will employ 150,000 men, all of whom would otherwise be workless owing to stoppage of their mills by the famine in black coal. The Julius Pintsch Corporation, whose gas plant lights half the railroad cars in Europe, has begun the erection of brown-coal gas works in direct connection with electric-power stations. The whole electrical-power plant of Lichtenberg, an outlying part of Berlin, has been so reconstructed. The gas retorts, the tar and oil-saving plants and the boiler furnaces are all practically one vast machine.

Since March last, brown-coal gas has been used for heating Siemens-Martins furnaces; and it is being used experimentally for driving gas turbines. Through it the economically efficient gas turbine, the vain dream of engineers since the first patent was taken out by Barber in England, a hundred and thirty years ago, has become a fact. The development of the gas turbine was long checked by high-temperature troubles. The tremendous speed—up to three-quarters of a mile a second—of the hot gases dealt with metal parts exposed to it as remorselessly as the blast from a sixteen-inch gun deals with the barrel rifling. The Holzwarth turbine, now being manufactured in Germany, has finally overcome this difficulty—so Germans claim. But commercial use of the turbine demands cheap gas. This gas comes from brown coal.

Prolonged tests, reports Professor Stauber, a great expert on this matter, prove that electrical generation costs per kilowatt hour only 19.5 pfennigs with the gas turbine, as against 20.8 pfennigs with the gas-reciprocating engine—a particularly efficient machine—and 22.7 pfennigs with the steam turbine.

Naturally the realization of this fact in everyday industry is no easy problem, as the vast new capital needed for turbine manufacture must be taken into account. But future industrial undertakings and future power stations will profit from the double fact of cheap gas and an efficient gas turbine; and again Germany, through mere possession of and scientific exploitation of brown coal, will become mistress of new mechanical and ultimately of new political power.

New Vistas of Utility

But there are further vistas. The paraffin extracted from brown coal has become precious since it was discovered that it is converted by oxidation into fatty acids. This process, reports Professor Pschorr, newly appointed rector of Berlin's famous technical high school, is relieving the soap famine which harries all Central Europe; and it may even later relieve the famine in edible fats. Another professor, Dr. R. Hoffmann, tells how methyl alcohol is being prepared in large quantities from brown coal.

A third professor, Doctor Luftschitz, chief of the Dresden Material-Proofing Department, is making excellent cement out of brown-coal ash, without the addition of any binding matter. This cement is used for house-building; and thus the *circulus vitiosus* by which miners' housing shortage causes coal shortage and coal shortage causes housing shortage is partly broken, and the solution of the black-coal problem is brought into sight.

Meantime Germany has the prospect of enormously increasing her national wealth. An expert of the Mülheim Coal Experimental Institute declares that within a few years the value of the whole brown-coal output will be increased tenfold, and that ultimately a twenty or even forty fold increase may be attained. The present value of Germany's output of 110,000,000 tons at the legal maximum price of round sixty paper marks a ton is 6,600,000,000 marks. Under the old processes 50,000,000 tons would be consumed raw, selling for 3,000,000,000 marks; and the remaining 60,000,000 tons, which would be converted into briquettes—yielding only 25,000,000 tons—would sell for 5,000,000,000 marks. Thus the total value of the brown coal if consumed in the old way is round 8,000,000,000 marks. The calculations of the Mülheim Institute show that distillation of all the 110,000,000 tons would yield products worth 78,000,000,000 marks. This calculation leaves out of account the inferior coke, and assumes distillation only to the stage of intermediates. The value of the drugs, dyes and solvents in the ultimate processes is not counted. If full distillation is practiced, and if the water gas produced by steaming from the coke is turned to industrial use, the total value might rise to a hundred billions. But that is not the limit. The doubling of the brown-coal output within a few years is certain and as the processes now being perfected will probably become ever more economical, the possibilities of wealth creation have practically no end.

?

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KANSAS CITY :: SAN FRANCISCO

THE OPEN DOOR

(Continued from Page 7)

A premonition seizing Mell, he bent his head and looked under her hat. One glance was enough.

"Poor child, she's fainted," he breathed.

VIII

FOR nearly a minute Mell chafed her hands and dabbed her forehead with his handkerchief after wetting it in a pool of rain, but still she stayed limply lifeless, half propped up between her suitcase and the back of the bench.

"I suppose I ought to call a cop," thought Mell in growing fear. "Nothing much I can do myself, without a cent in my pocket."

Making instinctive search, again his fingers touched Delilah—key to that open door through which he had expected to pass before the rain could wet him.

"That's right," he thought, "I'd forgotten you."

Taking off his coat, he draped it over the girl to keep her as dry as it could, and with a last look up and down the deserted path he ran to the Drive above. Almost immediately an empty taxi drew to the curb in answer to the signal of his cane.

"Just a moment," said Mell to the driver. "I've a friend down here who isn't very well."

The driver gave him a watchful glance from a face that might have served as a model for the Knowledge of Evil. If Mell had had time to reflect he might have told himself that the charioteers of the circus see and hear many strange things in the dark arches that lead off the arena. But—

"I shan't be a minute," said he.

He disappeared, and was back again directly, carrying the girl as though she were a tired child who had fallen asleep, one of his hands passed through the handle of her suitcase.

"What you been giving her?" asked the driver, jumping down from his seat with the air of a merchant who scents a good night's business. "Knock-out drops?"

Mell didn't answer until he had placed his burden in the cab. Then he put his coat on and turned to the driver.

"The lady has fainted," he said.

"Fainted!" said the driver with a hardening of his jaw. "How much is there in it for me?—that's what I want to know."

"You'll get your fare."

"Like hell I will! This ain't no ambulance." He pointed inside the cab. "Get her out!" he crisply ordered. "Get her out or I'll get her out for you!"

A few hours before Mell couldn't have done it, but when a man has just been planning his own last exit it might be said that the meaning of the word "desperate" has grown dim in his mind. The driver suddenly felt something hard between the lower buttons of his coat, and looking down he saw an iridescent blue barrel and an opalescent flash of mother-of-pearl.

"I tell you the lady has fainted," said Mell in his quietest voice, "and I want to get her to a doctor as quickly as I can. Now then, up on your seat and drive where I tell you—or your next stop is going to be at the undertaker's," he grimly added with an unexpected flash of humor.

With a scowl the driver resumed his seat, and Mell got inside, opening at once the glass partition at the front.

"Drive down One Hundred and Twenty-fourth Street till I tell you to stop," he said. "I think there's a doctor's office somewhere along there, with a boarding-house sign above the doorbell."

Revived by the air that came in through the front window, the girl beside him began to stir.

"It's all right," said Mell as she opened her eyes in scared bewilderment. "When people faint in the park somebody has to look after them. I couldn't leave you there to drown, you know."

NOT until the next morning did Mell fully realize the responsibilities which he had shouldered in such rapid succession.

"Anæmia, malnutrition, heavy cold on the chest," the doctor had said. "We must check the anæmia or it may become pernicious. Cold in the chest may develop into anything. Rest, warmth, proper nourishment and attention. She ought to improve before long."

He wrote a prescription, briskly efficient, and at Mell's request he gave him the name of a practical nurse who lived in the neighborhood.

Of course Lois had protested, as a half-drowned chick will sometimes weakly struggle to get out of its blanket behind the kitchen stove; but she, too, had reached that stage of indifference which Mell knew so well, and again Purpose won, as it always wins when matched to battle against I-Don't-Greatly-Care.

Before Mell left she was installed in a comfortable room on the third floor back, and a matronly looking woman was heating a can of chicken broth on a gas stove near the window.

"I've certainly got to hustle," thought Mell the next morning, which is the favorite time for sons of Adam to count the cost. "Still, it can't be for long—and then I'll get Delilah back again. I'm sorry I had to pawn her last night."

In his sales campaign of the next two weeks his immaculate raiment helped him, and though he didn't know it, the fact that he had been so close to the open door helped him, as it had helped him with the charioteer. There was a new-found glance in his eye that made young Cerberus blink again and carry his card respectfully to the martial maidens.

And the martial maidens, looking up and seeing this young John Barrymore by the sides of their desks, stopped fighting their keyboards long enough to be charmed with the many advantages of Combination A.

No, in the long run it wasn't the cost that bothered Mell. It was, as ever, the lady. As soon as Lois began to feel stronger she also began to worry.

"How many times has the doctor been here?" she asked on one of his visits.

"Oh, not many," said Mell with a significant look at the nurse.

"I'll never be able to pay him."

"Don't worry about that. I've paid him"

"It's all the same. I'll never be able to pay you."

"Oh, yes, you will."

"How?"

"As soon as you get a job."

"If I ever get one!"

"Now please don't worry. You'll get a job all right."

"How? With you?" And eagerly she added: "I'm really a good stenographer, you know, if people wouldn't mind my silly cough."

"Yes, perhaps with me," he said, to please her.

She looked at him expectantly then, but he said no more. The next evening when he called he couldn't help noticing how tired and dispirited she looked.

"I went out to-day to look for a job," she told him, "but I couldn't find anything. I told you how it would be."

He could see then how much it meant to her—this finding something to do and paying her debts and feeling independent.

"Listen now!" he said, after thinking it over. "If I were to have a typewriter sent up here—and bring you some work—do you think you could do it for me?"

Could she do it for him? Her eyes told him long before her tongue!

"I'll start her writing a form letter," he thought as he went away. "That'll be safest. And every night when I take them away I'll simply tear them up. It's a mean thing to do, in a way, to fool a child like that," he thought, his cheeks reddening, "but as long as it helps to make her well ——"

The next morning he stopped at one of those little rush printing shops and ordered a thousand letterheads and envelopes.

"Marley Supply Company," he wrote for copy and, perceiving for the first time the need of a street address, he paused for a moment and then extemporized, "555 Fifth Avenue, New York City."

His next task was to rent a typewriter and have it sent to Lois' boarding house.

"And now for the circular letter," he thought, frowning and trying to smile at the same time.

It was a poor letter, one of the kind that begs to call your attention to the fact and trusts to receive a reply by return, which shall have our best attention. Somewhere in the middle it mentioned the Marley Typewriter Ribbons and the Marley Carbon Papers, and respectfully requested a trial order.

"I've often wondered what your business was," Lois smiled up at him when she had read the letter. "Have you the addressing list that you want these letters sent to?"

"No, I forgot that," said Mell, slowly turning red again.

She was silent for a time, her chin resting on her hands, her eyes still on the letter.

"Do you know what I'd do if I were you?" she suddenly asked.

"No, tell me."

"I'd send these letters to the stenographers themselves instead of to the firms, only I'd make the letter a little more chatty than it is now. Girls like to get letters—I guess everybody does—and then when your salesman calls he can ask for the girls by their names, and they'll remember your letter, and somehow it's a sort of an introduction ——"

All of which was delivered quite breathlessly, her eyes shining into his somewhat like two stars into two glass marbles.

"All right, I'll do it," said Mell after a clumsy pause. "And if you want to amuse yourself to-morrow you can get up another form letter to be used in place of this one—something lively and chatty, as you said just now."

Before he went she said to him, "You've no idea how much better I feel to-night."

"You certainly look ——" He almost said "beautiful," but caught himself and said "better" instead.

Going down the stairs a few minutes later, he pulled a truly dreadful face and told Mell Marley just what he thought of him.

"You'd better get hold of Delilah again," he almost fiercely concluded. "You were a fool ever to let her go!"

In the light of the first store window he counted his money.

"There's enough," he nodded, and hurrying round to the sign of the Three Gilt Balls, he soon slipped the gleaming blue barrel into the pocket of his coat.

"There," he sighed with deep relief, "I feel better myself now!"

x

SHE gave him a shock the next day, as daughters of Eve have given shocks to the sons of Adam ever since man began to follow his manifest destiny.

"I'm coming downtown to see you to-morrow," she said after he had given her the list of names. "I'll have the letters finished by three o'clock at the latest, and I'll take them down to 555 Fifth Avenue so you can sign and mail them."

He tried to argue her out of it, but any son of Adam who has ever tried to argue with a daughter of Eve will know how successful he was.

"I wonder if there's any such address as 555 Fifth Avenue," he asked himself as he reached the street. "Oh, what a liar she'll think I am!"

And scourging himself with the words as though with cat-o'-nine-tails, he bitterly added, "A liar as well as a thief, she'll say, when she finds it all out."

Suddenly making for Madison Avenue, he took a car downtown and got off at Forty-fourth Street.

There he walked west until he came to Manhattan's most magnificent avenue—lighted as though by a double string of glowing, clustered pearls.

Yes, there was a 555—an old-fashioned office building that had once been a dwelling; and by the entrance was a painted sign—"Office to Let"—with a smaller sign in the corner—"Desk Room to Let."

In the doorway sat the janitor, evidently smoking a good-night pipe and reflecting, one might say, upon life in general and possibly why it is that horses have manes and cows don't, and cows have horns and horses don't.

"How much is the desk room?" asked Mell, tapping the sign.

"Twinty-five dollars a month. Used to be more, sir, but the building's coming down in the spring."

"Have you a desk and a couple of chairs that you could rent me for another five dollars a month?"

"Sure, for another five dollars a month, paid personal to me, I could rig you up so fine that you wouldn't change places with J. P. Moorgan himself."

An hour later Mell opened the door beneath the sign of the Three Gilt Balls.

"Back again, I see," smiled the clerk.

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ECONOMY—More miles per gallon. The Neverfail *saves* on gas consumed.

POWER—The Neverfail *uses* all gas consumed, for *positive pep* and *power*.

SIMPLICITY—Only *one adjustment* on the sturdy Neverfail—then forget it.

QUICK STARTING—The Neverfail mixture is just right for easy starting, quick acceleration—winter or summer.

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THE PRICE—$10—with a *Money-Back Guarantee*.

In the Neverfail, gasoline from the fuel bowl is drawn through two jets, by suction of the high vacuum, and is finely divided—broken into bits—before the air touches it. The result is a fine, even, rich though economical mixture at all speeds, in all weathers—good carburation *always*.

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Doubles the life of the shell because it is the only brush which *operates successfully in used shells*. Requires no oil, its friction roller continually wiping the track, eliminating the necessity to clean commutator and brush. It takes the "jump" out of [illegible] gives a fat spark for starting. Does away with [illegible] and Timer Unit for satisfaction and real economy.

THE OFFER—Find out for yourself what the Neverfail Carburetor and Timer Unit will do for your car. Send us your dealer's name and ten dollars for the Carburetor and 50 cents for the Timer Unit, and we'll send them post paid. If you're not entirely satisfied, we'll take them back at [illegible] and refund your money. Our Money-Back Guarantees are included in each package.

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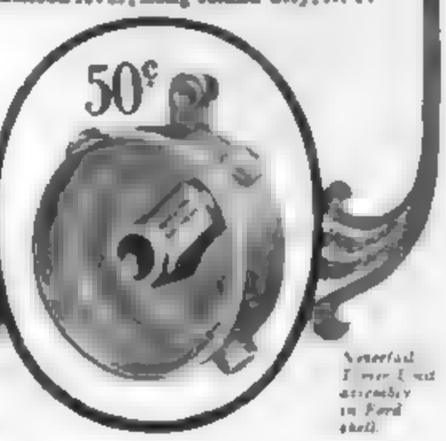


Neverfail Timer Unit assembled in Ford shell.

Majestic
Duplex Heating System

Heat Your Home with

One Register

IN the MAJESTIC Duplex Heating System we offer you a *one-register* system that *overcomes any possible objection to a single-register system*—an improvement so revolutionary that it has been called "the greatest ever made in warm-air heating."

The Duplex System can be used with *any* warm-air furnace, and should not be confused with "pipeless installations." Both the Duplex and the "pipeless" are *one*-register systems, designed to operate under like basic conditions—but in principle and operation they are wholly different.

The Duplex System has no *disadvantages*, but does have many *new advantages*. It gives 25% to 50% more heat-passing capacity, and is *flexible*—permitting the use of additional runs of pipe, if needed.

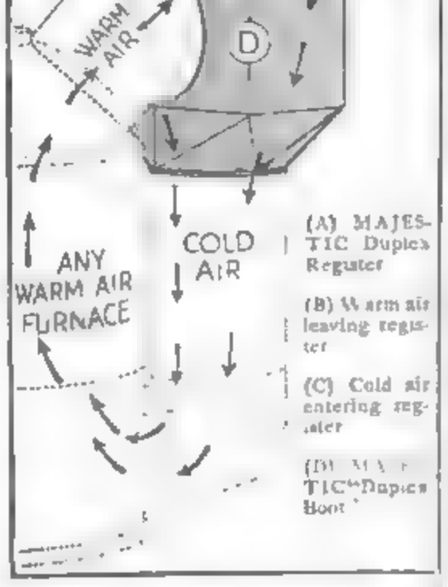
As a One-Register System

The Duplex System is guaranteed to give complete satisfaction in any house which can possibly be heated through a single register. In addition, the Duplex Register occupies only half the floor-space of a floor-level register of equal capacity. It is absolutely safe for children, cannot burn them—insures circulation and eliminates floor-drafts—sits back against a wall, out of the way—avoids necessity for cutting a hole in the center of your floor. It is an attractive, useful piece of furniture, which distributes heat with maximum efficiency.

Other Registers If Needed

Since the Duplex System is used with standard warm-air furnaces, a run of pipe can be taken from the furnace to your bath-room or any other isolated point. The MAJESTIC Duplex System thus is flexible and meets varying conditions and requirements.

Many furnace manufacturers are supplying the MAJESTIC Duplex System for use with their established lines of standard warm-air furnaces. As the Duplex System can be used with *any* standard warm-air furnace, any furnace dealer can install it with his furnace at your request. Select the furnace you prefer. And insist upon getting the MAJESTIC Duplex System for use with it. Write for our booklet "Better Heating" which explains the Duplex System in detail.



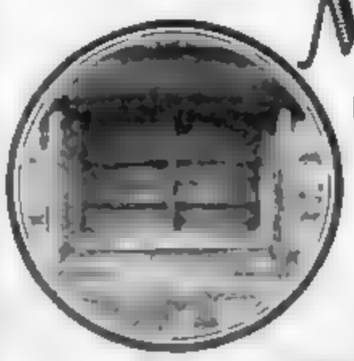
The MAJESTIC Duplex Heating system consists of a Duplex Register (A), and a boot (D). The warm air and cold air connecting pipe is supplied by dealer

10 Advantages

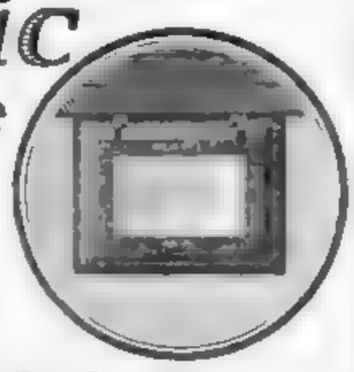
1. Overcomes every objection to a one-register system.
2. Does not limit furnace to one register, if you need others.
3. Gives you 25% to 50% greater heat-passing capacity.
4. Circulates heat evenly throughout the rooms.
5. Makes furnace more efficient—insures maximum fuel economy.
6. Register sits back against the wall, out of the way.
7. Register occupies one-half less floor-space than a floor-level register of equal capacity.
8. Safe for children—register cannot burn them.
9. Avoids necessity for cutting hole in center of room.
10. Doesn't shoot heat to ceiling, thus eliminating floor-drafts—register doesn't catch dust and sweepings.

Write for a copy of this booklet

Majestic
Coal Chute



Protects against damage—lessens depreciation—enhances property value—saves money. Made in styles and sizes for every house or building. If you are planning to build, specify a MAJESTIC Coal Chute. Write for dealer's name.



This or—Which Do You Prefer?—This

THE MAJESTIC CO. 111 Erie St., Huntington, Ind.

"Yes," said Mell, putting Delilah on the counter with a shamefaced frown. "Fact is, we're both back. I'll take the same as before, please."

XI

TRUE to her promise, Lois called at the office of the Marley Supply Company the following afternoon—and everything was ready for her, even to the name on the directory downstairs and again on the frosted-glass door above. The other desk roomer who shared the place with Marley was out, so that any stranger might naturally have thought that the entire office belonged to the immaculate Mell.

"What a nice, comfortable office!" exclaimed Lois, trying the chair by the side of his desk. "And such a pretty rug!"

She had a parcel in her lap, but before untying it she leaned over and looked out of the window at the jam of chariots and the surging waves of patricians and plebes below.

"I should think you'd love to work here," she said. "I know I would."

He dimly saw it coming, and a feeling of dismay swept over him

"She'll have me renting the whole floor yet," he uneasily told himself as he watched her untie the parcel. First she brought out the circular letters she had written.

"You know, you told me I could change them if I wished?" she timidly asked him. "Well, I don't know whether you'll like it or not, but it seemed to me that this is the letter that would interest me more than any other."

"Miss May Hauser, % A. B. Keller Company," read Mell. "Dear Miss Hauser: How would you like to be able to change your typewriter ribbons and clean your machine without soiling your hands in any way?

"Those who use the Marley Ribbons and Carbon Papers never get the least touch of ink upon their fingers.

"We shall be pleased to have our representative call and prove this remarkable statement if you will return the inclosed card. It already bears your name and address, and requires nothing but dropping in the mail chute. Yours sincerely ——"

"There!" said Lois. "Of course most of the girls would be too shy to mail their cards, but I know they would like to hear about it just the same."

"Yes," said Mell, "but how do you know that they could change our ribbons without soiling their hands? It's a dirty job at the best of times, isn't it?"

"Yes," said Lois, laughing a little, "but here's the joke: You make a combination offer, like the one you told me about the other day, but you include a pair of nice gray lisle gloves—thin ones, you know, that look like silk and feel like silk. I always used to keep a pair for changing ribbons, and I often wondered why some bright salesman didn't think of what I've just been telling you. Do you like the letter?" she breathlessly broke off.

"I think it's fine," he told her.

Of course he would throw them all into the wastebasket as soon as she was gone. He couldn't very well sell Marley Ribbons when no such things existed. But Lois' idea about the gloves was something else again. He might be able to use that in his other work.

"And here are the post cards, all typewritten and ready," she proudly continued, "and here the envelopes—stamped. I borrowed three dollars from Mrs. Jenner to buy the cards and stamps. I thought it would save time, you know, and I told her, of course, that you would pay her back to-night."

Before Mell had recovered from his astonishment he was signing the letters and Lois was blotting them.

"Now I'll sit over at this other desk and put them in their envelopes," she said when the signing was done, "and then I'll take them down and mail them in the letter box outside."

"Oh, well," thought Mell—watching her with that unmistakable smile which says "The joke's on me"—"she might as well mail them as not, now. She'd think it strange if I told her not to, and as long as it makes her happy and helps to get her well ——"

There wasn't the least doubt about her happiness. And two mornings later, when she went downtown with Mell and they found eleven answers to their hundred circular letters, she was more than happy—she was radiant.

"You see?" she laughed. "I'll bet there'll be more answers yet."

But Mell didn't laugh. All at once he had grown very thoughtful as the possibilities of the business were beginning to dawn upon him. If the manufacturers could only supply him with a distinctive trade-mark, and give him credit to the extent of the orders which he had on hand each day ——

"They are all mighty keen for business. I know that much," he thought, "and I know the best people to go to. Anyhow, if I could get a lot of orders in hand, there would be no harm in trying."

The orders, he found, with Lois' gloves in the combination, came more easily than he had ever dreamed possible. But the question of credit was not so easily answered. Finally, though, he found a sporting manufacturer who was willing to take a chance.

"Provided you'll agree to buy from nobody else but me for the next five years—at a fair price to be agreed upon—I'll stand behind you till you get on your feet; that is, of course, if you've never gone bankrupt or stuck your creditors and know no reason why you shouldn't have credit extended to you. How's that?"

"Fine!" said Mell, moistening his lips with the tip of his tongue.

But the shadow passed, and in the concentration of the passing weeks, during which his business grew like a plant in the hands of a Chinese conjurer, he had little time to think of anything else but an apparently endless procession of details. At the end of the first week he had rented the whole office, and Lois' typewriter had been moved down into it. At the end of the second week the next office was rented and three salesmen and a bookkeeper had been added to the force. Not only that, but Lois was thinking of having a girl to help her.

"You mustn't work too hard, you know," said Mell. "You'll run your health down if you do."

They were dining together that evening at one of those tables d'hôte where, if you don't look out, you sit and eat in silent wonder how on earth they do it for the money. Lois was wearing a dress that must have come out of the suitcase—at least Mell had never seen it before. It was blue, and had little clusters of beads on it here and there, and kept drawing Mell's eyes as though there were something magnetic about it, which, after all, is the only true test of a dress.

"You like it?" she unexpectedly smiled at him.

Mell got the word out at last.

"I think it's beautiful," he said.

"I'm glad you like it," she said in a lower tone.

Mell took a deep breath.

"Hold back! Hold back!" he sternly told himself. "Even—even if it wasn't for that other thing, she's a lot too young for you."

"Now I've had my dinner, I'm going to tell you something," she said. "You can wish me many happy returns, if you like. It's my birthday."

Of course it wasn't long then before they were having one of those arguments about whether or not he should give her a present; but properly pursued, there is never more than one ending to an argument like that.

"Well," she said at last, "if you simply insist, I saw something in a window on One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street the other evening ——"

It was rather late when they got uptown, and you can imagine Mell's surprise when she led him straight to his old friend, the pawnshop.

"There!" she said, pointing to a mandolin in the window. "That darling insect! I used to play a mandolin at—I used to play a mandolin," she hastily corrected herself, "and if that one isn't too dear ——"

It was quite droll when they went in. The pawnbroker, thinking that Mell had come back for it, smilingly went into the back room and came back with Delilah. Fortunately Lois was looking at something else and didn't notice.

"No, no," said Mell, and made that hasty sign which says "Take it away"—"the young lady wishes to see the mandolin in the window," he chidingly added.

It was, as Lois had said, a darling insect, and after she had tightened the strings she turned it over on its back and thrummed heavenly chords out of its little diaphragm.

"Now," she said when they left the pawnshop a few minutes later, Lois with the mandolin in a bag under her arm, "this

(Continued on Page 65)

LINCOLN

OF COURSE, it was only to be expected that the new LELAND-BUILT LINCOLN MOTOR CAR would be enthusiastically received.

Motordom, for several years, had looked forward to some new achievement—to some new developments that would endow the motor car with added potency.

It had hoped for the day when engineering genius would broaden the scope of motor car utility—and evolve a car less limited by deficient highways.

It had longed for a car more facile in abridging distance—a car that would seemingly smooth the highway and transform the hill into a plane.

It had visioned a car so undisturbing in its way of going that extended travel would be relieved of weariness and fatigue.

That the LELAND-BUILT LINCOLN CAR would create a profound impression was only natural.

It was only to be expected that the car would be enthusiastically received—

because, in the LELAND-BUILT LINCOLN, motordom perceived a car of new accomplishments—the car for which it long had yearned.

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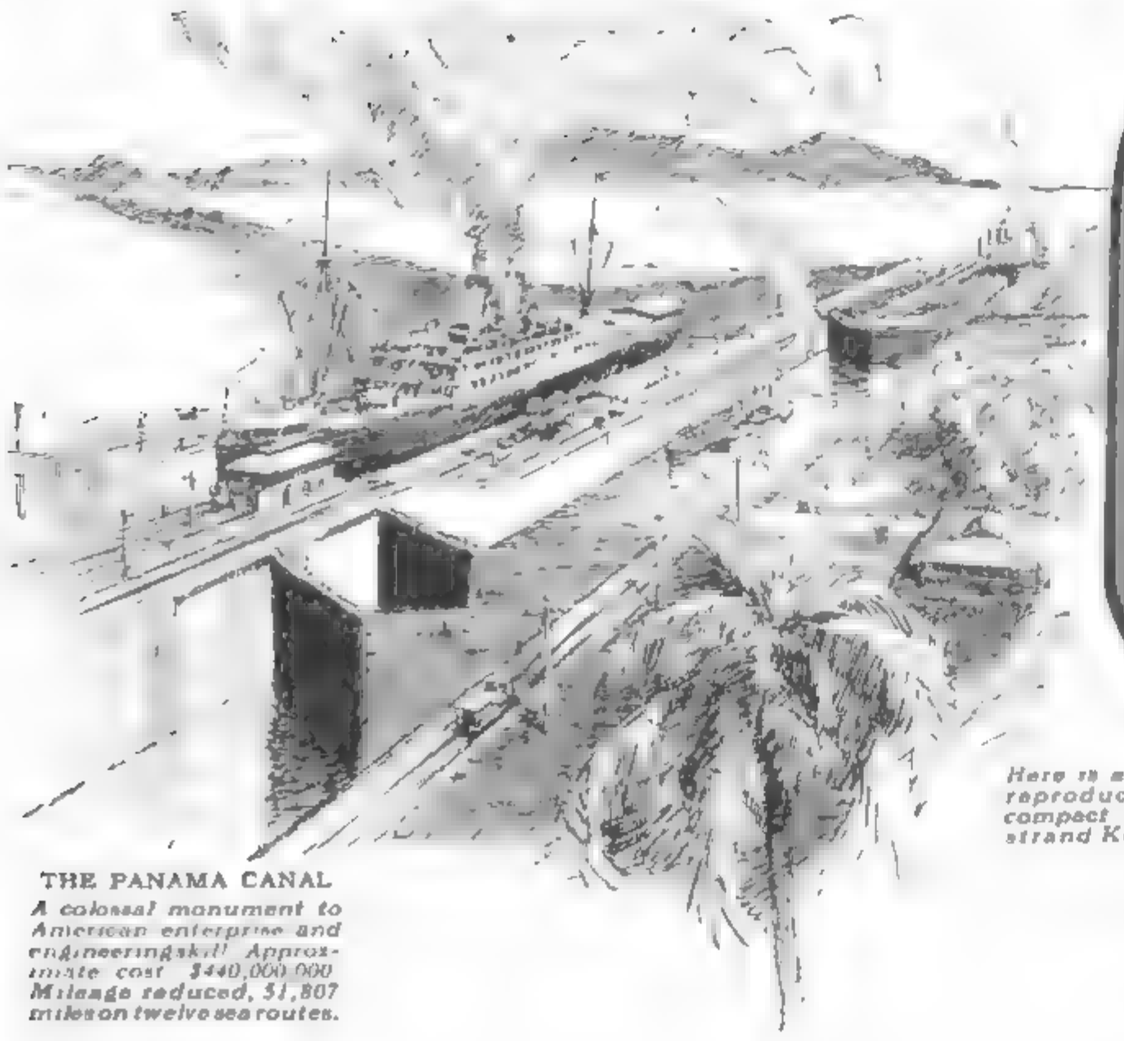
Border design adapted from the Tablet commemorating Abraham Lincoln's address at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, November nineteen, eighteen hundred and sixty-three



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The machine automatically places units under units, tens under tens, hundreds under hundreds, etc. Totals and subtotals automatically in red—no keys to hold down. Corrections instantly made before or after handle is pulled forward.

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Consult your telephone book for the address of the local Sundstrand office. Ask for demonstration.

(Continued from Page 62)

still being my birthday, I'm going over to Riverside Drive and serenade the moon."

It was cold, and presently they started running together—Mr. Marley, of the Marley Supply Company, and his very young-looking stenographer—so that when they reached the deserted park they had to sit on a bench and catch their breaths before Lois could start tickling the insect again. Then after a few more of those heavenly thrums she rose, gave Master Mellwyn a court curtsy and turned a rapt face to the moon:

Approche donc, ma belle,
Approche—toi, mon bien,
Ne me sois plus rebelle,
Puisque mon cœur est tien.
Pour mon âme apaiser,
Donne-moi un baiser.

"I had no idea that you knew French," he said.

"Oh, I know many things," she mysteriously told him; and sitting by his side she began in a cozier key:

When in thy dreaming,
Moons like these shall rise again,
And daylight beaming
Prove thy dreams are vain —

She sang it gently, as though not to waken the night, and as Mell looked at her, her face bathed in the moonlight, such thoughts came to him that he quickly looked away again and buried his hands in his pockets.

A few minutes later, when he started to take her home, she chatted to him gayly enough, but underneath her arm the insect hung its little head in a most unmistakable disappointment.

XII

AND still the business grew. "Two or three years like this," thought Mell, "and I'd be independent." In a dim way he began to make plans for the future—plans in which he was always vaguely dissatisfied.

"If I could only adopt her," he told himself once.

From which, of course, you may draw your own conclusions.

But though the business prospered, Mell began to develop a look of watchful apprehension every time the door opened.

"It's like the sword of Damocles," he thought. "It's simply bound to fall sooner or later."

It fell the week before Christmas. Mell happened to be alone in the office when the door opened and the manufacturer walked in—he who had taken a gamble on the Marley Supply Company.

"Glad you're alone," he said. "I had a rotten sort of message over the telephone this morning. Of course I know it's a lie, but I want to nail it good and plenty."

"It's come," thought Mell, holding tightly to the arms of his chair.

"This is the story," continued the other. "It came from a sort of competitor of yours. As far as I can make it out, you used to work there, selling typewriter supplies. Well, anyhow, they say that about a year ago you were convicted of embezzlement right here in general sessions. Now if you like we'll both go over there and break their lying necks for them."

"Thanks," said Mell in a low voice; "but—you see—we couldn't very well do that, because it's true, you know."

The manufacturer scowled. "Personally I wouldn't believe it, but if twelve men agreed you did it that's something else again. Looks as though we'll have to change our arrangement; don't you think so?"

Mell didn't say anything, but felt his house of cards come tumbling—tumbling down.

"Of course if I was all alone, it would be different," continued the manufacturer. "But I've got a couple of partners to consider, and take it all the way round I'd like to go on doing business with you, but after to-day it will have to be on a cash basis; and I guess I'll have to ask you—when can you settle up for what you owe already?"

He had hardly gone when Lois came in, serenely radiant according to her late habit.

"Shall I telephone these orders to the factory now?" she asked, picking up a list from her desk.

"No," said Mell without looking up. "Mr. Blum was just in here." Still without looking up he told her briefly what had happened.

"But you didn't do it!" said Lois, drawing nearer. "It's the silliest thing I ever heard. Of course you told him that you didn't do it."

"What's the difference as long as I was sentenced?" asked Mell. "And anyhow, he wouldn't believe me if I told him how it happened. Nobody ever did, and nobody ever will."

"Tell me then," she whispered, sitting down by his side. "You know that I'll believe you."

He coughed a bit at that, but still he wouldn't look at her.

"You know," he began, "I should never have gone into business. I always wanted to be a modern Homer, or something like that. But—well, a few years ago I had to start doing something to make a living, and I was finally promoted to cashier of Tallboy & Kinder, a big firm dealing in investment securities.

"I don't know why it is," he continued after a pause, "but I never seemed to care for paper money. You know it's always gold in the classics, and I finally developed a sort of a foolish theory that a nation which really has gold for its currency becomes a finer, better nation just because of that. There was something in the daily contact, I imagined. Anyhow, I finally conceived the wild idea that some week, when making up the pay envelopes, I would pay the whole staff in gold—and make them better men, I suppose," he wryly added.

"I believe you," whispered Lois. "I believe you, every word."

"So one week, the day before I usually made up the pay roll, a customer brought in five thousand dollars in currency to pay for some bonds, and it all happened to be in gold certificates. One of our messengers was just going out, and I said to him: 'Here, Jimmy, take this five thousand over to the subtreasury and change it into gold pieces—twenties, tens and fives.' I gave him a list, and off he went with the money."

"Yes?"

"And he never came back. He had a bundle of bonds with him, and they never came back either."

"But of course you explained it."

"Like a fool I waited till next day, thinking the boy would turn up and not liking to be laughed at because of my golden notions. There were queer circumstances too. Ordinarily someone would have heard me tell the boy—I was never alone in the cage—but because I wanted to spring the whole thing as a surprise, I followed him out into the hall and gave him the money there—right out of my pocket. That sounded very fishy, of course—and other things too. I was under bond, and the bonding company insisted on a trial. Well, the jury recommended mercy, and that's the reason, I suppose, that I got a suspended sentence. Perhaps the judge believed me just a little bit. Funny story, isn't it?"

"I don't see anything funny about it," she said. "To me it sounds just as natural."

"Great Scott!" said Mell in a husky voice. "You don't mean to say you believe it?"

"Of course I believe it," she said. "Who wouldn't?"

For a time he looked out of the window at the charioteers below, not knowing that Lois' hand once timidly approached his arm, not knowing how she was mothering him with her glance.

"Well, for one," he finally answered, "Mr. Blum wouldn't believe it." And in a duller voice: "We'll have to close up this place to-night. We simply can't get along, you know, without credit."

Lois sat at her desk for a while, and then put on her hat and coat.

"Never mind," she said; "even if we can't go on with this, we'll find something else to do."

"We?" he asked, staring at her.

"Yes, we!" she cried in a very bossy manner.

Relenting then, she spoke more as a lady should

"I'll be back in half an hour," she said. "Please don't go out; I'm expecting a telephone call."

It was just half an hour when she returned.

She found Mell pacing round the office like a full-grown lion that has just received wonderful news from the jungle.

"What do you think?" he cried at once, almost gasping with it. "Blum just called up and said we could have all the credit we wanted!"

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Estate Gas Sunburst is so new that not every dealer has it in stock. But you can get one promptly by using the coupon below.

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I am enclosing $12 cash [illegible] here if you send money [illegible] if not

Send Sunburst through my dealer and I will pay him on delivery. ☐

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EACH time the hostess entertains she must select one of the three types of table service: Russian, English or Mixed.

Are you familiar with these three types? Do you know the fundamental differences between them? Do you know when to use one and when another?

The Wallace Hostess Book, written by Winnifred Fales, a recognized authority on social matters, defines the three types of service and specifies when each is prescribed. This beautiful book contains a wealth of detailed information regarding correct table settings. The simplest dinner served by the woman who must be her own cook and housemaid may be in as good taste as the elaborate meal served by a retinue of servants, provided the silverware and service are correct.

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"Well! Well!" said she, and immediately gave herself away of course.

"You know something about this!" he accused her.

"Do I?" she asked. She took her time, though, before she told him.

"Oh, dear," she said at last, sitting down all at once, "do you know that I'm a naughty girl?"

"You are not!"

"Yes, I am—a naughty girl. Please don't interrupt me, Mr. Marley. You told me something, and now I'll tell you something. When dad married again I—I didn't like her; and you know what I did? I ran away! I had a little money—enough to last while I learned shorthand and typewriting. Anyhow, I just telephoned dad and told him we were interested in typewriter ribbons and carbons, and asked him if he would please guarantee our account with Mr. Blum; and he said he would if we would go and have dinner with him to-night."

"We?" he asked, staring at her again.

"Yes, we!" she cried, reverting to her bossy manner and throwing her chest out a little. "We, we! That's us!"

"No, dear, listen," he said. He called her dear, you see, though he was quite unconscious of it.

"I can't go. It's awfully nice of you to believe in me, but say what you like, I've got a record, you know."

"A record!" she scoffed. "You think I'd mind a record like yours if I really loved a man? You know what I'd be willing to do with him? I'd be willing to have his record printed on a sign and hung on his back, and then I'd climb that signaling tower at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street with him and kiss him right in front of all the people—kiss him hard too!"

"Oh, no, you wouldn't!"

"Oh, yes, I would!"

"Oh, no, you wouldn't!" said Mell. But there wasn't much steam behind it that time.

"Wouldn't I?" she cried, advancing to him as he sat at his desk. "Do you know what I've a good mind to do right now?"

"You mustn't!" said Mell in alarm.

"What do you mean—I mustn't?"

Whereupon, being a classical scholar, he did a very rich thing. Ducking from what he thought was a threatened advance, he leaned far over on his chair and put his head in under his desk, much as the far-famed ostrich buries itself in the sand.

"Come out!" she cried.

"I won't!" he replied in muffled tones.

Suddenly they both froze into attention. A step was heard in the hall. And though Mell bumped his head and Lois was somewhat out of breath, when the letter carrier opened the door a few moments later they were sitting at their desks with the width of the room between them, each studying a business letter as though it were some sort of cryptogram relating to buried treasure.

Seeing who it was, Mell did one of his strange things. Seizing his hat and coat he slipped out with the letter carrier.

You ought to have seen the look that Lois gave him as he went!

XIII

AND still the business grew—a circumstance, however, that seemed to bring pleasure neither to Mell nor to Lois.

For nearly a week after he had hidden his head under his desk she would hardly speak to him. Then one day, hearing him cough, she began to chat. But Mell was quiet then, much too quiet to be natural; and another day when Lois came in she found him writing something on a little slip of paper and hurriedly thrusting it into his breast pocket when he thought she wasn't watching him.

"You're not looking very well," she told him a few mornings later. "If I were you I'd take a vacation. I think I could get along somehow."

"I'm all right," he gruffly told her.

They both went quiet then—a silence which was finally broken by the letter carrier bringing the second delivery. Mell looked the letters over with a fishy eye, but all at once he sat up very straight.

"Here's something funny!" he suddenly exclaimed, drawing a battered-looking envelope from the deck.

"What's funny?" asked Lois, over at his side in no time.

"This letter. It's from Tallboys & Kinder, the firm I told you about where I tried to pay them in gold. It's been following me round the city for the last six weeks. Imagine it turning up here!"

It was a long letter, but Mell didn't get far. The missing boy had been caught and had told everything—even to the five thousand dollars which Mr. Marley had given him to be changed into gold.

"We realize the injustice which was done you," the letter continued, "and it is our sincerest wish to right it as thoroughly and speedily as possible. Though the pain and mental distress which you must have suffered ——"

That was as far as Mell read, his sight becoming blurred.

"Oh, I'm so glad!" said Lois, looking over his shoulder, but she didn't get much further either.

"You b-b-b-blessed child!" said he, his arm going round her.

They sat there for a time, their cheeks pressed together, and then Mell gently rolled her face round for purposes of his own.

"Wait! I'll wipe your eyes," he said.

He reached for his handkerchief, and as he pulled it out of his breast pocket Delilah's pawn ticket came out with it and fell into the wastebasket. Mell looked to see what it was and saw the excerpt from the classics which he had written on the back of the ticket a few days before—that time when Lois had caught him:

"Man always possesses, close to his hand, all the means necessary for his own happiness."

"How well the old boys knew!" breathed Mell as his arm went round Lois again. "It's just as I have always said: You simply cannot beat the classics!"

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MY SON

(Continued from Page 30)

something even if it is the cynic's stupid conviction that everything is wrong and mean and contemptible, or the rationalist's limited faith in just what he can prove like a little sum in figures. There is no such being as a man without faith. Every one of them has an overwhelming passion for believing. But if they are not taught faith in God they will believe in something, however false or silly, because they must."

"Oh, mother," he exclaimed bitterly, "it is not this fad of spiritism that is troubling me. Their experiments are as childish as rubbing a black cat in the dark to see the electric sparks fly from the hair when you do not know what a natural thing electricity is. They are only rubbing one another's backs, stirring up the common animus of telepathy, combining it with imagination and calling it psychic phenomena!"

I was relieved by this answer. But if he was not disturbed about the advent of spiritism in his church, what else had happened, I wanted to know.

"Nothing has happened, mother," he answered, "it is myself that is giving me all the trouble. What do I believe? How much? Where do I stand in times like these as a minister? It requires courage to preach with the four winds of the world blowing against you!"

"The Lord give it to you, my son," I said and went out.

I dined alone that evening and retired early to bed, but not to sleep. I lay for a long time feeling like a wordless old prayer in the dark for my son.

At last I heard Peter come upstairs, then the click of the switch when he turned out the light in his room, which I had left on. Then the measured tread of his feet for hours, back and forth across the floor.

I read something once about the "spiritual isolation of darkness." There is such a thing. As a rule you do your best deeds in the daytime. You make your reputation. You are somebody or nobody among men. But at night when the lights are out and you are alone, removed in consciousness even from resonance of all other human life, the sense you have of yourself is different. You meet the man you really are, face to face, in this mirror of darkness, no longer enhanced or diminished by the adjectives of other men's opinions. At the moment when you think you are about to fall asleep, the witness of your own spirit comes in, sits up with you and audits your accounts to the last secret deed and thought you have had in the wrong direction.

Then though you may be a good man or a great one, you discover that you are in a state of spiritual insolvency and you must have a bout with your wrestling angel until the dawn, to square things up and get the blessing you need. I reckon this was the sort of spiritual isolation through which Peter was passing that night. He was at last face to face with the God who calls men to preach the gospel, not to lecture on morals and the mere ethics of human conduct.

He showed the ravages of the struggle the next morning when he came down to breakfast. He was pale and strangely calm. For the first time in my life I felt infinitely removed from him. He was different. I was late getting off to church that morning. When I arrived they were already singing the opening hymn, which was really a hymn with a hymn's tune, not an aria in the name of the Lord:

Come, Thou Almighty King,
Help us Thy name to sing.

I paused a moment outside the door to listen and wonder, because there was a roll and volume to the music with an old man's groaning bass and an old woman's high treble sticking about two notes above the tune.

This was not the singing of any church choir, I concluded, and hurried in to see what was going on.

There was no choir, only the organist, Peter standing in the pulpit and the whole congregation singing. I had scarcely reached the place where I sit in this church before he said, "Let us pray!"

And now a queer thing happened. I have never been able to follow Peter when he leads in prayer, because he does it so well, with such studied smoothness of his purely earthly periods that my old hobbled spirit cannot keep up with him. But this was the halt, lame and blind prayer of a man who has cast aside the vanity of fine words, and I found myself stumbling along with him, a little shaken and tearful.

Peter took his Old Testament lesson from the first chapter of Habakkuk, which is a prayer for the revival of the Lord's work among his people.

There is a fire and a fleetness about the verbs of a prophet in a prayerful mood that surpasses the imagination of ordinary men.

"Their horses also are swifter than the leopards, and are more fierce than the evening wolves," I heard Peter chanting in a voice that rose and fell like a mournful curse. "And their horsemen shall spread themselves, and their horsemen shall come from far; they shall fly as the eagle that hasteth to eat," he read, and it seemed to me I saw all the ruthless furies of our times riding down the souls of these people. "They shall come all for violence: their faces shall sup up as the east wind, and they shall gather the captivity as the sand."

I cannot tell how or why, but suddenly these Scriptures fitted the secret thoughts and fears of that congregation, though Peter did not stop to interpret them into the crueler violences of our own day. He turned immediately to the fourteenth chapter of John and read a "portion" of it, as William used to say, and took the sixth verse as his text: "Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me."

In the old days I formed the habit of easing down after William took his text. I permitted myself to be mulled in the Word, merely keeping my eyes open and fixed on William for the sake of appearances. But Peter's preaching had never afforded me this somnambulent peace of the spirit. I always had to sit up on the pins and needles of my mind and listen to what he was saying, because it was never kin to me, and kept me disturbed. Now suddenly I realized that something strangely soothing and familiar was going on.

Peter was bending over the pulpit, speaking gently with a sort of tenderness not at all in his usual tones, but as you do to children who must be comforted. He was assuring them of something as if this was a matter of life, not death. To believe this settled everything, not that Jesus showed the way, but that he is the way, the truth, and the life. To be encompassed in the security of his life, and his truth, was to know God.

If you are not a preacher you cannot preach nor give life to the Word. So I cannot interpret that sermon. It was made of all the simple promises that men do not believe now. It offered those rewards men no longer crave to have. And yet this church was changed to a holy place. And there was in it the stillness of hearts that listen. Now and then a sentence fell from Peter's lips that echoed in my ears like the refrain of something heard years and years ago.

There was the usual congregation, people whom I had seen every Sunday for nearly a year, but did not know. Now I recognized the faces of these strangers here and there as if they were the kindred of my heart, elderly men and women who exchanged a glance as if they said "Amen!"

I took out my handkerchief and wiped the tears from my eyes. What was happening to me? This was Peter, not William, saying over the gifts of God to his people. Then suddenly I saw that Peter was like his father. Strange that I had never seen this resemblance before. The same expression, aloof and sad, the same bemused gesture of touching his brow. William used to do that! Now he was bringing the sermon to a close with a tender invocation that they should believe, and love one another and fear not. William used to do that! And now we were singing "How firm a foundation." That was his father's favorite hymn. The music of it rolled and billowed beneath the high nave of this church as if imprisoned souls had been released in these great words.

When the service was over I waited for Peter, who always came down to greet his people, receive their compliments and bow himself handsomely this way and that down the aisle to the door. But he did not come, and the people did not wait for him. They were going quietly away like men and women who have just prayed and are not ready to laugh. For a moment I stood alone in the nearly empty church. Then I saw the half-open door behind the altar and knew that Peter had gone.

On Sunday afternoons I sometimes went to the attic and looked over William's sermons in the old tin box, not to read, having heard them so many times, but just to take them out and put them back again as you unfold and fold precious memories.

I went up there this Sunday afternoon. When I came to the top of the stairs I saw the lid of the box open, and one of the packages lying unfolded in the chair that I keep to sit in up there.

At the top of the page was written in faded script:

"Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me."

William's handwriting grew dimmer before the tears in my eyes. I remembered the Sabbath so many years ago when he preached this sermon for the first time. Peter had taken the lift of a sentence here and there from it to steady his desperate courage that morning. They were all marked as if he acknowledged a debt to be paid.

I was sitting in the parlor, feeling blessed and peaceful when he came in from his evening service.

There are wounds for those who triumph as well as for those who fail. And it is not wise to touch them when they are freshly made. So I said nothing to my son about what had happened that day. Thus for a time there was silence between us. Then I caught Peter regarding me with a beam in his eye.

"So it was you, mother, who wrote the copy for the Good-News page? I might have known it," he said, smiling.

"But you did not even suspect it," I retorted, still nettled because I had not been suspected.

"The very good can rarely write so well about goodness," he offered. "I found the clippings of your Good News in father's old box of sermons," he explained. "Father had the sense of God, as other men have the sense of things," he went on after a pause. "I quoted from his sermon on the same text this morning."

"Yes," I answered gently.

"You recognized the passages?"

"No, not in the way you mean," I returned; "but I recognized the truth. It is always familiar."

"Mother, I may need those sermons now," he said, as if "now" was to be very different from the past.

"They are the legacy of a rich man, Peter," I answered, "but not like gold that can be squandered. The sermons in that box reach back far behind your father's day. In the very bottom you will find one preached by your great-grandfather, who received one vote for the bishopric at the General Conference in 1870."

From that we went abroad in the years and I told him of this line of preachers from which he had sprung—the lives they had lived, the triumphs they had enjoyed, always poor in the world, always rich in God. It was the way I had of ordaining Peter and anointing his head with oil.

History is usually dull because it is a record of conditions, institutions and deeds, not of the lives of the people who achieved them. Very few men inhabit history, because historians are not interpreters of life but mere recorders of facts, the calendar keepers of civilization. And the reason why the characters portrayed in fiction are doubtful is because it requires a great man to interpret virtue, while any man with a fatal facility of expression can interpret vice. And the reason why it is easier to dramatize a scandal or a comedy is because Ichabod, instead of Isaiah, writes the lines and the monkey phrases for the actors and the comedians. Only a great artist can paint the epic scenes of our common life. Even then only great people with the eyes to see know what is in the picture. It is not that the people want to read about the littleness and meanness of men, nor that they cannot appreciate the drama of what is good, but it is that they do not get it.

For all these reasons I also am unable to set down with the distinction it deserves the record of my son from this time. I am an old woman. I could never learn the art of writing, though I have tried. The words I need grew up long ago in the Scriptures and

(Continued on Page 71)

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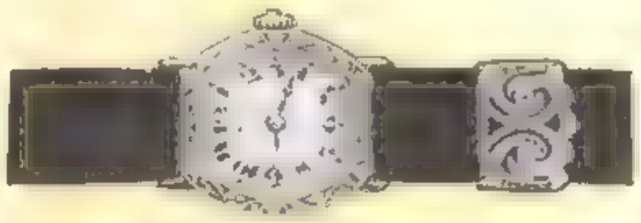

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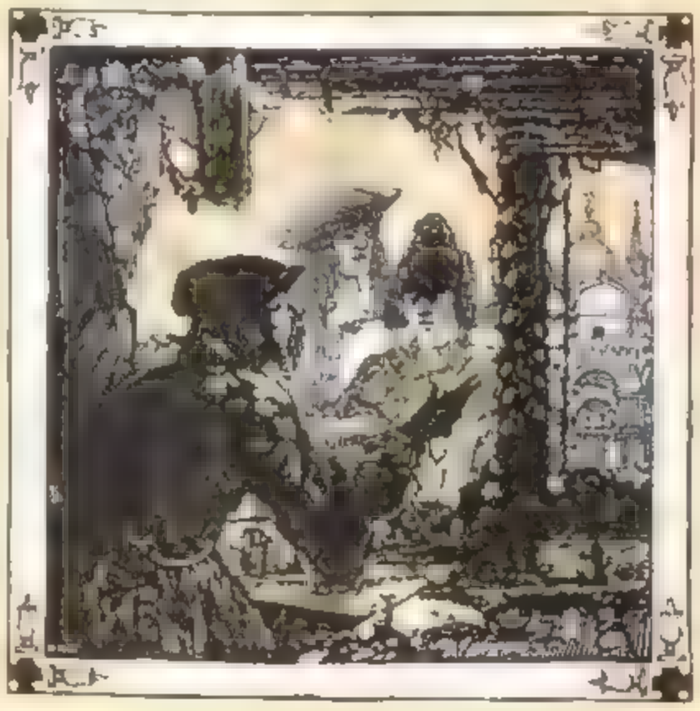

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¶ We, ourselves, have been astonished at the great range of its usefulness and its great degree of adaptability.

¶ Many lines of business of whose existence we did not even know, have bought Reo Speed Wagons—and then told us of its wonderful work.

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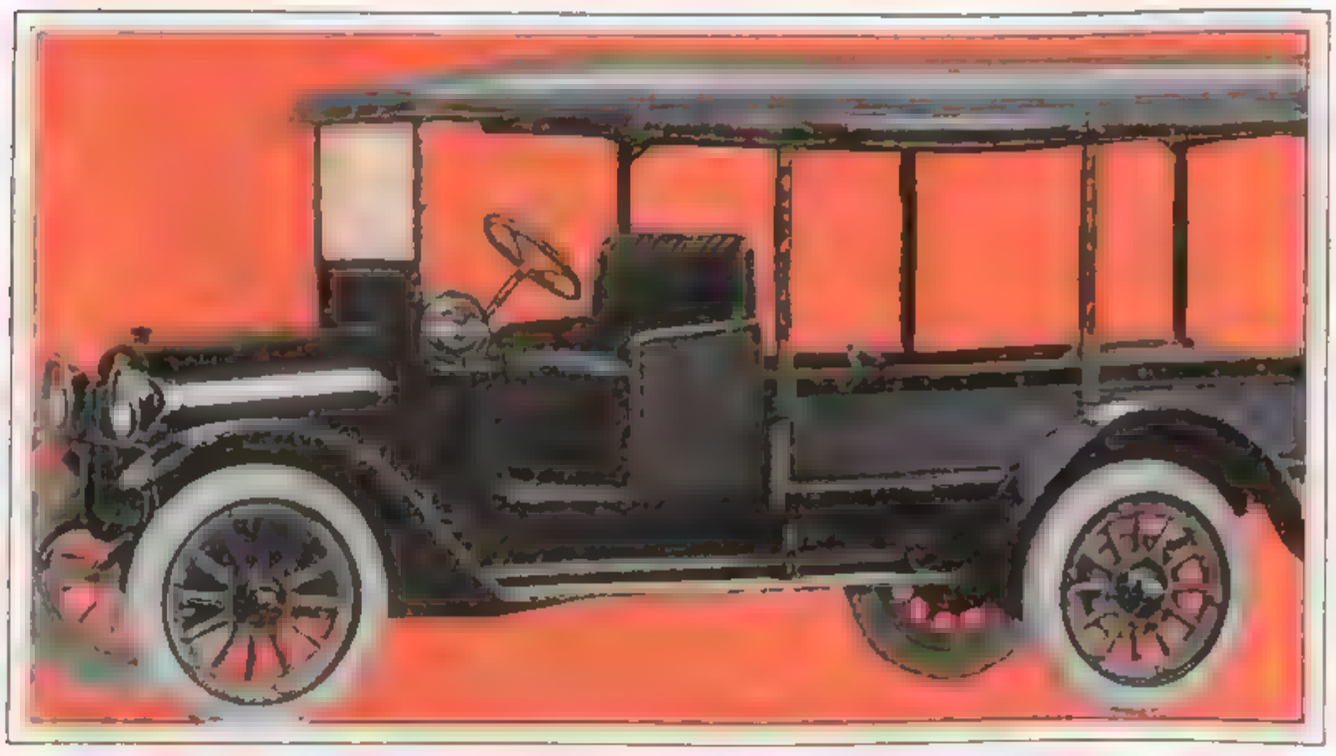

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(Continued from Page 68)

in the best poetry. I cannot find them, nor put them together again, to fit this new life of my son. But if I could do it it would be something to tell—how he became plain, like the blessings we enjoy without thankfulness, and made himself of no reputation in a world where his honors and success had been assured. From this day he never enjoyed the fame of a popular preacher. His ministry drew him quickly out of sight of the rewards and judgments of men. But before the end of the year I saw with my own eyes a miracle wrought in this church.

Peter began to preach from the Scriptures, not from his own mind or the philosophies of other men. He preached with the earnestness of a man who believed in the Word with a sort of anguish for the souls of men.

One day a reporter called after the service. He said he supposed Mr. Thompson knew that his preaching was attracting a great deal of attention in the city. Peter said "No." Well, it was quite sensational in fact, the reporter informed him, and would Mr. Thompson mind furnishing a copy of his morning discourse for the paper? Peter told him that he had no copy. He had got most of it from certain passages in the New Testament. What about an interview, then? He was sure Mr. Thompson's views on the problems of the times would be a good feature for the Sunday edition of his paper. But Peter was not disposed to backbite his day and generation, and he told the young man that he was done with all problems save the eternal ones of repentance, faith and salvation. The answer sounded silly and insincere to that young man. He went away smiling at the joke.

I doubt if I could ever have been cured of a complaint by a woman doctor, however skillful she might be in the practice of her profession. And I am certain I could never have been converted under the ministry of a woman preacher even if she spoke with the tongues of men and of angels. I should know them both too well. They could not command my confidence or my imagination, which is essential. I should know that this doctor had a back that was sister to my back, that it ached morbidly at times, and she could not stop it from aching until it cleared up of its own accord! Therefore she need not give herself airs about my back and offer to cure it with a pill, because there would be no illusions between us upon which to base the efficacy of that pill. Whereas if your physician is a man you may deceive him about what is really the trouble, and he can also deceive you into thinking he is deceived. You relax accordingly and his nostrums revive you.

By the same token, a feminine-gendered evangelist could never by the most wrathful and searching preaching convict me of my sins, even if I was dead in them and knew it. In the first place, her voice would be too thin. You cannot awaken a trespasser to repentance in the high treble tones of "Curfew shall not ring to-night!" All the prophets had thunderous voices. You can tell that by the kind of language they used. And no woman could think or rumble such curses. Also, however assured her ministry might be, I should know that her faith was just a woman's faith after all, born on its knees, and liable to stay there. Very few women will ever enter the gates of Paradise carrying Hosanna banners; they will come meekly, with tears in their eyes, and a moving tale of suffering and sacrifice on their lips. I know all that, being a woman myself. And I am bound to confess I should feel safer if my salvation were led through this vale of tears by the regular male priests of the Lord, who do not know these things or who concede them to us as a part of our religious nature. This is only a notion, of course, and I do not recommend it to other women, but I am just telling the truth about how I feel. It is my nature, and I believe it is the natural nature of most women to feel most comfortable when under the safe conviction of the superiority of the man or mankind nearest her in life, except of course in the mere matter of her more delicate feminine virtues and the censored language she uses. I always felt happily and immeasurably inferior to William, though I had streaks of alien light in my mind very helpful and illuminating to his feet in the straighter path through the wilderness of this world.

In my relation to Peter, however, during these ten years of his ministry I had missed this comfort. I suffered much from the depression of being somewhere far beyond him in the spirit. It was not that I was his mother, nor yet the difference which years and experience make. And it troubled me to have a profounder spiritual sense of life than he had, standing in his pulpit preaching the Lord's Word. Now, quite suddenly, our relations were changed and I experienced the ineffable satisfaction of being properly in the rear of my son, a peaceful meekness all women have toward a true priest. I went about my duties with this blessed feeling. And Peter went about doing his pastoral visiting in a new spirit.

He was away the whole of every afternoon and I supposed he was visiting the poor, which is what a good man usually does when his vision clears. And I should not have suspected the new kind of poor he was visiting if Mrs. Buckhart had not come in one day. She said Brother Thompson was certainly stirring things up in his church. I said, yes, the congregation was mending, that every seat was filled now at every service. She said that was not what she meant at all, and I asked what she did mean then, seeing that she had a smile in her eye which did not look pious to me.

She told me that Peter was after the stewards in his own church; she said it was out all over town.

I was alarmed. Sometimes a closer walk with God tempts a preacher to discipline members of his church for transgressions with which they have been permanently endowed, and of which they will no more repent than they will of the few remaining hairs on their head. I did hope Peter would not develop this harsh kind of piety.

Mrs. Buckhart read my anxiety and said, "Oh, I don't mean that he is doing anything radical, but he is sitting up with Cathcart and Mixon and Wayland, every one of his stewards, for all I know," she exclaimed, laughing.

"But what for?" I asked.

"He wants them to repent of their sins, seek forgiveness, become Christian men," she answered. "Mr. Cathcart is very much upset," she went on. "It seems that Brother Thompson told him that he was only a rich man, a prominent citizen and a steward in the church, but that the fruits of the Spirit were not in him!"

She threw up her hands and shrieked with laughter.

"Did you ever hear of such a thing? It is not done in polite Christian circles," she exclaimed.

"What—what are the charges against Mr. Cathcart?" I stammered, remembering a dark circumstance earlier in the year, and believing sleeping scandals as well as sleeping dogs should not be disturbed.

"That is what Cathcart wants to know," she returned. "Mr. Wayland was present. He told me what happened. He had made exceedingly short shift for himself, it seems. He said Brother Thompson was in Cathcart's office, talking to him about repenting and—and—well, you know, really getting down to the business of letting his light shine as a Christian, as it does now as a railway magnate. What fault did Brother Thompson find in him, he wanted to know. Didn't he give his goods to feed the poor? Yes. Didn't he support the church? Yes. And attend to his duties as a steward? The material ones, yes. Wasn't he a decent man in his walk and conversation? Yes. Well, then, why had Brother Thompson hopped on him, with forty dozen outdoing sinners in his church that really needed jacking up? And what else did Brother Thompson want him to do—resign his stewardship? No, certainly not. He wanted Cathcart to go down on his knees and pray the Lord to renew a right spirit within him. He said Cathcart's mind and spirit were centered on the things of this world and that was what was the matter with him. Which is the truth about all of us," she concluded.

"Mr. Wayland said he did not mind the way Brother Thompson talked to him," Mrs. Buckhart went on, "but Cathcart was all broken up. He had gone to see the presiding elder about it. And I heard that the elder saw Brother Thompson. Nobody knows what happened between them, but it had no effect, because Brother Thompson had a meeting of the stewards last night after prayer meeting, and he gave them—well, you know Wayland, a nice fellow, but not very refined—he said Brother Thompson gave them the 'once-over,' and that he prayed one of the most scarifying prayers he ever heard in their behalf."

She said that though she regarded Brother Thompson as a fine preacher she had always thought of him as easygoing, spiritually speaking, and that she was surprised at the new development in his ministry and she did hope he would not carry it too far.

"What do you mean by too far?" I wanted to know.

"Well, I hope he won't become an evangelist, that sort of thing," she answered. "He has been so well received by the best people. I heard one of the members of his church say he had the elegance of brains. She said his sermons were the finest tapestries of thought. He is popular with people who have some appreciation of talent. He is one of the few preachers we have who could fill acceptably the pulpit of a cosmopolitan church."

I listened, and thought how far removed now Peter was from this worldly praise of his ministry.

"You know it is one thing to be a popular preacher and quite another thing to be a popular revivalist. I cannot imagine Brother Thompson drawing a crowd like that. People whose religion begins by such a shocking exposure of their emotions to the harsh weather of the gospel! Shouting and going on. Ugh!" she concluded with an expressive shrug.

I regarded her thoughtfully, wondering why she liked me, for I had never liked her or her charities, and least of all her advice. And though she was no longer a member of the church Peter served she would drive nine miles to give it. I reckon I have suffered more advice from incompetent people than any other woman alive unless she has spent nearly forty years in the Methodist itinerancy.

"And you know it will ruin him in the Conference," she said, rising to go, as she always did when she uttered a depressing prophecy.

It was her way of leaving her dead to bury themselves.

"The Conference did not call Peter to preach the gospel," I answered, rising to get her parasol, which she always tries to leave behind my parlor door, that she may come back for it and say something else about Peter which she has not the courage to say to him.

"No, but the Conference can send him back to the little towns and circuits to preach where the people have their regular August fits of religion," she returned grimly, as she went out. And she hoped I didn't mind her speaking so plainly since she was interested in Brother Thompson and did not want to see him make a mistake.

I told her no, I did not mind in the least—and allowed the screen door to bang behind her as harshly as it would slam.

Then I went back and sat down in the dust of my hopes for Peter. I had yielded long ago any taste I had for the pomp and circumstance of this present world, but it was not so easy to think of Peter stripped of his fine reputation as a popular city preacher, sent back to live the life his father had lived in the itinerancy. Moses and that other cloud of witnesses are not the only miracles of the same kind. We are all subject now and then to a fog of memories out of which appear and disappear the faces of just men made perfect through sacrifices that lasted for years and were not merely the burnt offering of a good deed here and there. It is a vision of William I have at such times, and never in a cloud of glory, surrounded by the long-bearded major prophets, but I see him as an obscure preacher of the Word traveling down the years, growing old and bent beneath the burden of souls and his own prayers, his fame barely reaching from one circuit to the next one. The church is founded upon the faith and sacrifices of these dead and forgotten men of God. No one knows to whom Paul addressed some of his greatest epistles, like those to the Romans. I reckon he sent them to the "preacher in charge," who preserved them, but whose own name does not appear in the Scriptures. Many a time I have comforted myself with reflections like these about William.

But one's son is different. When I considered Mrs. Buckhart's prophecies about Peter I could not endure so much meekness. I was not willing to see him pass out among the inglorious faithful saints as his father had done. I cast about for some other happier future for him. And I reckon for the first time in my life I pinched off a little of William's halo with a diminishing thought. It might be, after all, I reflected, that William lacked some quality of mind or nature essential to a great preacher,

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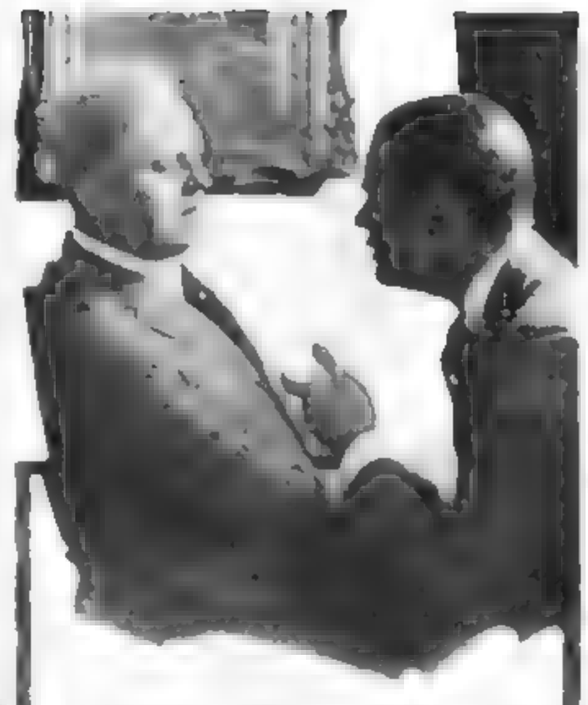

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(Continued from Page 71)

which Peter, my son, did have. The church must recognize this quality in him, and he must therefore continue to be a preacher of great power and influence. He was better equipped than his father for detecting and combating the shrewd fallacies of our times, and so on and so forth. Then I caught myself sitting with closed eyes praying for the bishops and elders of our church, which is a thing I never did before, because in William's day they were the thorns in my side, and I did not care particularly about commending them to the attention of my Heavenly Father. But now I prayed that they might be enabled to recognize the worth and quality of my son, and that they would continue to reward him with the best appointments. A mother will do such things. The Lord in his kindness only knows how unscrupulous and grasping she can be for her children. If her son is blind, or dead in his trespasses and sins, she will pray for his redemption, but once she is sure of his salvation she whirls right in and prays with equal fervor for the success of his fortunes in this present world. I must say this prayer yielded me some comfort and a stronger faith in the governing powers of our church. It may be if I had prayed oftener for our bishops I should have had more confidence in their wisdom, but it is very hard to believe fearlessly in the disinterested wisdom of an autocrat.

Early in the spring of this year Peter conducted the usual series of meetings in his church. But now about the middle of October he announced one Sunday morning that there would be services there every evening until further notice. He invited all sinners, and those who desired a closer walk with God, to attend. The implication was that neither the saints nor the public were wanted.

Late in the afternoon Mr. Cathcart called. He came to tell Peter that he would handle the press end of the revival and would insure him all the publicity he needed. He had already engaged a reporter, he said, to take stenographic reports of his sermons. He told Peter that he really wanted to do all he could to help and he hoped Peter would feel free to call on him.

"For anything, Thompson, but to lead in prayer! I can't do that!" he exclaimed.

"All right," Peter answered, "I won't ask you to lead in prayer. I never have, because I do not think you are fit, Brother Cathcart. A lot of our members do not believe you are a Christian man."

"Now don't start that again, Thompson," he exclaimed. "I'm beginning to believe a little in my forbearance at least or I'd never take the—er—drubbings you have been giving me of late!"

"But I shall take you at your word and call on you for what you can do," Peter went on. "And there is something you can do that will be of great assistance."

"What is it?" Cathcart asked with the cordial look of a little boy who wants to win favor. He really was a good man, I believe, a better Christian than Peter thought he was, seeing that he suffered all the time the mortal temptation of being president of a big corporation.

"I want you to disengage that reporter at once," Peter informed him.

"Oh, very well," Cathcart returned, taken aback.

"You know the editors of our three daily papers personally, don't you?" Peter went on.

"Oh, yes, I do a lot of business with them—advertising, you know," Cathcart answered.

"Well, I am going to ask you to use your influence to make sure that no mention whatever of these meetings appears in the papers," Peter informed him.

Cathcart wanted to argue this point. He thought at least the papers should carry an announcement. He said it was customary, and how would the people know of these services?

"If I can preach with the right authority, if I can make only a few believe, that church will be filled. We do not want publicity. We want some personal private repentance. There is no such thing as the power of the press unto salvation. It is the power of God we need. The church has suffered more than anything else from exploitation, experiments and advertising. This meeting is going to be a private affair, between the Lord and just us. The people who attend these services shall be made to feel this sanctity in our church and nothing that goes on there shall be exposed to the world," Peter concluded.

Cathcart was impressed. He said it was a novel idea and it might work. My impression is that he thought this might be a shrewder, more enticing form of advertising.

Peter preached that night from the eighteenth chapter and fourth verse of Ezekiel: "Behold, all souls are mine; as the soul of the father, so also the soul of the son is mine: the soul that sinneth, it shall die."

It was what I call a powerful sermon. He claimed these people and all people in his Lord's name. He was like a man seeking in the rubbish and confusion of the world for that which belonged to his Father. He brushed away the world and its problems and laid hold of what always remained, the imperishable spirit of man.

But it was not until he came to the last clause of his text, "The soul that sinneth, it shall die," that a change came over this congregation. This church was filled with a fierce wind which came blowing on us from down the ages. Peter's very words seemed to smoke. The heat of damnation doctrines singed our very ears. I glanced about hurriedly in this storm of denunciation and saw the pale faces of the people. No man looked at his neighbor. Cathcart and Wayland were sitting together on the front bench like targets. And Peter was not missing a single shot.

I am as willing as anybody to be convicted of my sins. I am used to it, and am not so much cast down on account of the practice I have had in repentance, but I felt queer, as if we were all being drawn forcibly back in time when the doctrine of damnation was still a hot doctrine, and Hades a very real place of fire and brimstone. It seemed to me every minute Peter would go as far as that. But he kept clear by a margin so narrow that you could almost smell the inward torment of souls. He was using strong, old-fashioned words and there was an aged majesty in his sentences, like old prophets marching out to throw dust over their heads and pray for their straying people.

Presently it dawned on me what was happening. Peter was preaching to this modern city congregation his great-grandfather's sermon on The Soul that Sinneth! It was a naked picture of the Promethean tragedy of evil, such as the imagination of elder preachers produced.

I leaned back and felt easier. But no one else did. Whatever happened later he had certainly awakened the consciences of those present.

For nearly a week he preached from the bottom of that old box of sermons. And after the third night the church could not hold the crowds that came to hear him. Then one evening he invited penitents to the altar for prayers.

This was the test. It is not so difficult for plain, honest-to-goodness men and women to admit that they are sinners, but this was a church filled with fashionable folk, and people of this sort are no more inclined to take a penitential rôle at the altar of the church they attend than they are to spring upon the stage and take part in the play at the theater they attend. The stuff must be brought to them, sitting, whatever it is, whether amusement or salvation. So I thought Peter was taking a terrible risk when he invited them to confess their sinfulness by coming up for prayers. I was so nervous I could not sing Just as I Am, which I have sung a thousand times. I held my hymn book open and watched the congregation. It was like watching a fine house built on the sand. I could see it swaying a little, about to crack and crumble. Then poor old Brother Cathcart sneaked out from near the front and knelt at the altar. The breach had been made. In a moment the aisles were crowded with men and women, some coming timidly, doubtful, as if they had never done this before and did not know how it would look, others walking boldly as if they used to do it, and knew how, and were glad of the chance to be decent and honest about their transgressions.

In the old days we always had helpers round the altar, seasonable Christians who talked to the penitents. So, now, after many years I walked again among these kneeling sinners as I used to do in the little backwoods churches on William's circuits, telling them how to pray, how easy it is to believe in God if they would renounce the world: the same old promises, the words of comfort I used to say.

There was a very small gray seismic disturbance at one end of the altar with Peter bending above it. I thought I had seen

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Brother Cathcart kneel there. Then I saw Peter step over the altar rail and start down the aisle toward the rear of the church. Presently he returned with a very red-faced man, who stood and glared down at these penitents as if he doubted something he had heard. Then Peter plucked Cathcart out of the midst of them, looking disheveled and as if he was about to be drowned with every thread on him dry. The red-faced man glared at him. Cathcart made a face at him, which may have been the cramps of repentance in his countenance. They retired to the amen corner and had some words. Then they both came back and knelt at the altar. The red-faced man was the foreman of Cathcart's railway shops. Peter told me afterward that at last he had found out how to avert a strike.

Incidents like this happened now every day, as they always do in real revivals. Enemies forgave each other. Labor knelt with capital, and there was no trouble in inducing both of them to acknowledge their faults and make amends and concessions.

It was while these meetings were in progress that Peter came home one evening and asked me if I noticed "that girl."

"Which girl?" I asked.

He did not know her name. He had never seen her there before, but he had noticed her particularly because she was different.

"How do you mean, different?" I asked.

"I do not know," he answered.

"Did she come up for prayers?" I asked.

"No, she has been converted. I am sure of that," was the astounding answer.

"How can you be sure?"

"By her face. It is a little verse of goodness with a short upper lip and a turned-up nose," he laughed.

The next night I kept on my long-distance glasses and looked for this girl, but I could not find her by the description Peter had given.

He wanted to know again if I had recognized her. "She was sitting in the fifth row from the front in the middle aisle," he said. "She has dark hair and she is very fair. Her eyes must be blue, but they are dark."

"What was the color of her dress?" I asked.

He had not noticed that.

"Did she wear a large hat?"

He was confused. He had not noticed what kind of hat she wore.

"Young?"

She had the youth of innocence; that was all he knew about her age.

I considered this matter. Peter was in love with a girl whom he did not know, whose foot he had not seen, which is the wildest risk a man can take in love. I have heard him comment oftener on the feet of women whom he knew than upon their faces, characters or brains. I always thought Isobel Sangster's feet, which were very small and pretty, had something to do with his unfortunate infatuation.

The next day, as luck would have it—if it was not the girl herself behind it—Mrs. Woodberry called me on the phone. She said her niece, Reba Woodberry, was visiting her and she wanted us to come over for tea.

Peter declared that he did not have the time, but since I had accepted the invitation he would go if only for a few minutes.

The first thing I saw when we entered the Woodberry parlor was a tall, pretty girl with a verse-of-goodness face. The next thing I saw was my son flushing as red as a schoolboy when Mrs. Woodberry presented her niece.

I do not know how they managed it, but when our heads were turned for a moment Peter and Reba disappeared. We could hear them talking in the library.

"They are in love," Mrs. Woodberry said simply.

"In love!" I repeated, not as a question, but as a sentence which I pronounced against Peter's mother.

"Yes. She is very much interested in him. You know how transparent girls are. She would have me ask you this afternoon. She was determined to meet him, to hear him talk to her, not a whole congregation!" she laughed.

This was the beginning of Peter's courtship. And it was a courtship practically without interruptions to the end. What time he was not attending to his pastoral duties he spent with Reba Woodberry, or mooning about the house waiting for a seasonable hour to call on her. Men are strangely adjustable. Here was Peter, but recently come to a sense of himself as a priest of God, engaged with all the fervor of his spirit upon the apocrypha of himself, which is what every lover is, an eloquent exaggeration that bears only the faintest resemblance to the man he is or to the husband he will become. He was exalted as by a great sorrow, and he was humble beyond any previous knowledge I had of him. It seemed that he had only a despairing hope of winning Reba's love. I have noticed this about men—a bad one or a cheap fellow is always presumptuously sure of his success in a romantic affair, but a good one rarely ever is. Love seems to knock the very tail feathers out of his masculine conceit. He works up a prevaricating sense of unworthiness with an eloquence and sincerity that have tried the patience of many a waiting woman. So it was that Peter went on villifying himself to Reba Woodberry and suffering his self-imposed fears when it was perfectly apparent to me that she was only awaiting an opportunity to accept him.

She may have been in love with Peter; I do not know if she was or not, but she certainly was in love with the preacher Peter.

It is conceded the world over that the most attractive man to women is a soldier, but the concession is made by a world not so intimately associated as I have been with preachers. I have never known one, married or single, young, old or damnably ugly, who failed to stir quite unconsciously the prayer signals of a sort of spiritual romanticism in more feminine hearts than he was in a position to satisfy without a breach of prudence or morals. I reckon it is because they see him in the pulpit, while they only see the soldier in his uniform. But every Sabbath day they behold their pastor, clothed in the long sad coat tails of his order, uttering the noblest thoughts and scaling the very walls of heaven with his prayers and eloquence.

Now since Peter was by no means ignorant or entirely innocent in regard to the romantic inklings he had excited in every church he had served, I nearly lost my patience with his diffidence in this his first really serious affair, before he came in one evening smiling like a blessed lamb of God and informed me that Reba Woodberry had promised to be his wife.

I said the right things. Reba was a nice girl. She would make him a good wife. I entirely approved of his choice, and I hoped they would be happy. But I could not help feeling sad for myself, wondering a little about what would become of me now, in spite of the fact that he assured me tenderly that we would all live happily together. Two can do it, but I doubt if three can.

I went to my room that night feeling like the last withered leaf on a naked bough with a cold wind rising. I noticed particularly how stiff my knees were when I knelt to pray that the Lord would bless my son and make him a good husband, and cause his face to shine as this girl who had promised to be his wife. But when I tried to think of a prayer for myself, tears came instead. I could only think of William and wish for the old days we had spent together.

When there is nothing else you can do for yourself it is a great relief to weep, and I must have let go a bit, because presently I heard Peter tap on the door.

"Mother!" he called.

"Yes, Peter," I answered, making haste to get in bed.

"Are you all right?" he wanted to know.

"Yes," I answered.

"I thought I heard you ——" he began.

"You did," I interrupted quickly; "you heard me sneeze. I am catching cold."

"May I come in?"

"No, Peter! Go to bed," I answered in my maternal voice, which was normally irritable.

There was a silence; then: "Mother!" he called again in softer tones.

"Yes, my son"

"You are the best mother in the world," he announced.

I was in the mood to feel that this was highly probable, but I had the grace to remain silent.

"And no woman can take your place in my heart," he added.

"I know it, Peter. Now go to bed. You will catch your death in that cold hall"

"Good night, mother!"

"Good night, Peter!" I returned, wondering how large a place that was reserved for me in his heart.

I did not rest that night and I did not feel very well the next morning—not ill, but I had a sort of depressed superannuated feeling round the heart.

Jealousy is a queer thing. You may think you are free from it, but you never are. It is the possessive case of all human nature. We cannot escape it, especially when we are about to lose something which always belonged only to us. I was honestly glad Peter had chosen a wife. I was willing that he should love and cherish her. What hurt me like the sharpest pain was the fact that I could no longer do the things I had always done for him. I could not put his clothes away or get them out again for him, or mend his things or plan the dishes he particularly liked, because his wife would do these things. I was about to become a highly cherished relic in my son's house! I might as well be a portrait of myself hanging on the wall!

Nevertheless, I went to call on Reba Woodberry in the afternoon, as was my duty. This was a sort of ceremony. Mrs. Woodberry was also present and we only got through the polite speeches of a prospective foreign relationship. Reba was glowingly pretty and far too happy to notice my sadness, which I tried to conceal.

The next afternoon I was sitting in the corner beside the fire in the parlor with my mending basket and I was trying to thread a needle, which of late years always reminds me of that camel mentioned in the same connection somewhere in the Scriptures, it is so hard to do. I was still intent upon this task when the door opened. I did not look up because the thread seemed to be feeling its way more intelligently toward the eye, and I thought it was Peter coming in.

Then I heard the swish of a skirt. The thread shot past but not into the needle, and I looked up, to see Reba Woodberry standing a little wistfully just inside the door, flushed, smiling, but with her hand behind her still clasping the knob, not entirely sure of the situation.

My hands flew apart, the thread between the fingers of one and the needle between those of the other.

Before I could move or speak a word of welcome she flew across the room, kissed me and exclaimed, "Let me do that!" in a tone which implied that it was a perfect outrage for a woman of my age to be obliged to thread her own needles.

She dropped on the stool at my feet, cocked her pretty head to one side and performed this service.

I am a hypocrite! I suppose one must be in dealing with another woman. It is a part of our mutual gender. I felt my chin quiver and the tears spring in my eyes.

"My dear, Peter would never have thought of doing such a thing for me," I quavered.

"You really do need a daughter, you precious darling!" she exclaimed, regarding me tenderly.

I was not able to control my feelings for a moment. My mind went back through the years as we go sometimes seeking a lost memory. When had anyone called me "precious," and who ever had had the temerity to call me "darling"? I had always been plain "mother" to Peter or "Dear Mother" if it was a letter he sent. I had been just "Mary" to William, or "Dear Wife" if it was a letter. Clearly I had missed something out of my whole life, the touch of a hand like this soft white one resting upon my knee, the look of eyes like these lifted to mine, blue and sweet, and a girl's voice to call me gentle names.

"Yes," I answered tremulously, "at my age a daughter will be very comforting. I have often thought if Peter had been a girl he would know when I am not feeling well. As it is he never does unless I tell him."

She was moved to bestow more caresses, which weakened me to further larger tears, all the time being conscious of my deep duplicity, knowing how hard it was going to be to yield Peter to her care, but at the same time experiencing a maudlin satisfaction in her ministrations.

We had some talk after this. I told her how good it was of her to marry Peter. He needed a wife. She said she was proud to be chosen, and that my son was a great man.

"Peter does very well," I answered dryly. There was no need to raise false hopes about his perfections. Lovers have them, but husbands do not.

"He has promised to make me happy," she answered, probably in rebuttal.

"Well, he won't," I returned.

"Why?"

"Because no man ever did or can make a woman happy. They only make us patient and long-suffering and, maybe, good," I answered.

The weather of her countenance changed. The bright skies of her eyes darkened—at me, you understand, not at Peter.

"He will do the best he knows," I went on ruthlessly. "He will remember for a long time to help you up and down the steps. He will pick up your handkerchief if you drop it, because he has been taught to do these things. And he will kiss you when he goes out in the morning if you train him to do it. But he won't if you don't. Men are children. You can never let up on them."

She said she supposed so, but in a tone which implied that she did not believe me.

"You realize, my dear, what a serious thing you are doing when you marry a Methodist preacher?" I began again.

She hoped she did.

"It is not like marrying an ordinary man," I told her.

"Oh, no, of course not."

"You enter a difficult family, the church, not as a member, but as the daughter-in-law of the congregation, so to speak. You surrender many pleasures and companionships. Peter will be your only worldly amusement, and he cannot be worldly at all," I warned her.

She threw back her head and keened a laugh, shrill and merry, at this definition of Peter. Then suddenly she grew serious. There was the shadow of a fear in her eyes.

"It will not be so terrible, all that, with Peter to love me?" she asked.

I regarded her for a moment in silence. I saw my own youth sitting there untried by the griefs and hardships of the years I had known. And suddenly I remembered the yield of these years: A good conscience; peace; all the memories of William; my son. What immeasurable rewards had been mine!

"No, my dear," I answered, drawing her close to my knees. "You will have your cares and your burdens. Every woman does. But you will always have honor and respect. You will move in the best society. You have chosen a great career. I haven't a doubt, Reba"—laughing at my own thought—"that they who are the wives of preachers in this world will be the leaders of the highest society in heaven! They will know so much about the manners and customs of that place by faith!"

Just then Peter came in. Reba sprang to her feet, and we all laughed together and love abounded.

Still I felt like the shadow of many years on this bright horizon, and it occurred to me that I would spend most of the following summer with Maggie Fleming in the Redwine circuit.

In November the Annual Conference of our church met as usual. I was very anxious about Peter. He was beloved by his people and we heard that they had sent a strong petition asking that he should be returned to them. But I have known such petitions to fall like seed in stony ground, meaning no reflection on the heart of the bishop or of his cabinet. Reba was also anxious, chiefly, I think, because she wanted a church wedding and to be married in Peter's church. She had no conception of the significance that must be attached to Peter's appointment this year nor that the fate of her husband's whole future in the ministry would depend upon it.

At last the news came in a wire from Peter to Reba. He had been returned to this church! I reckon for the first time in my life I really forgave the episcopacy and the elders for not appreciating William according to his true worth.

Peter and Reba were married the following April. They went away on their honeymoon and I went up to spend a long time with Maggie Fleming.

The spring flowers were blooming on William's grave, not those I had planted, but fair young maiden blossoms from seed blown there by the summer wind, very small and white, close to the sod, as if it would never do to make too great a display of themselves upon the grave of such a man as this.

How different the whole of life has been from the hopes and plans I had. Sometimes, sitting here in the late afternoon of my days, I wish for some great worldly woman who had her way and her happiness, with whom to exchange experiences. I have a curiosity to know how such a woman thinks and feels when the shadows gather behind her and the pale stars of immortal countries begin to shine in the sunset skies. Is there such a thing as happiness? Would she know? Or is this the only real thing, faith in God?

(THE END)

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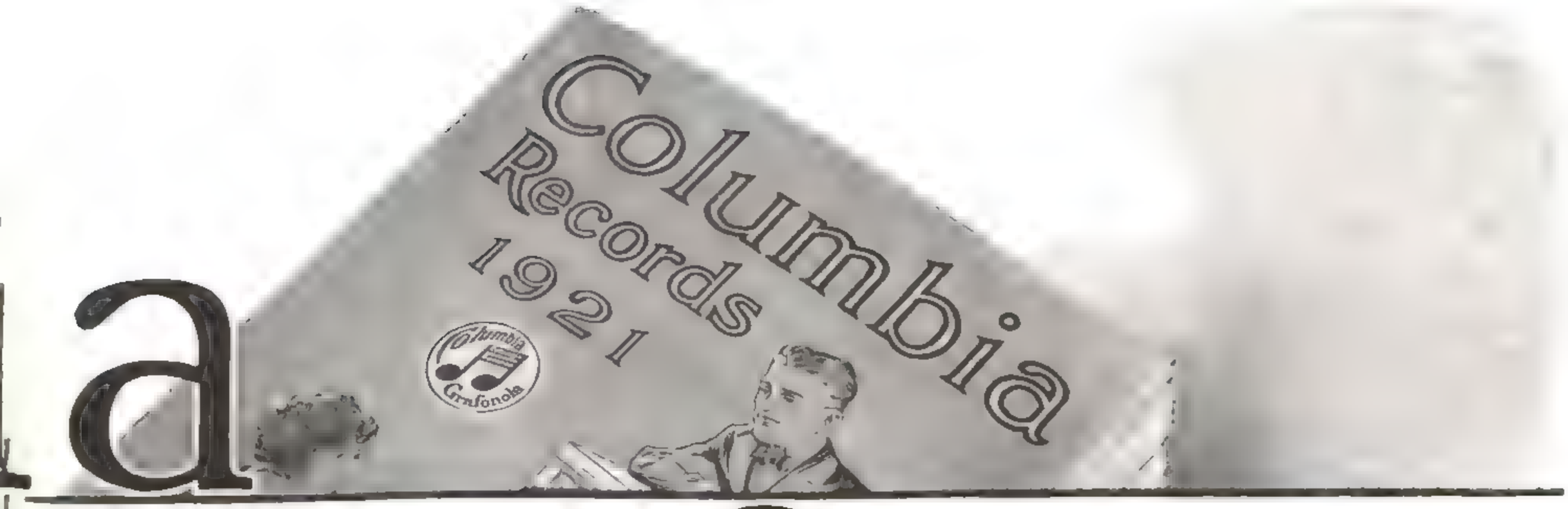

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EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

(Continued from Page 35)

seven billion dollars, a total greater than the combined toll of marine disasters for the whole century preceding. Robert Skerrett, who recently investigated the potentialities of modern marine salvage in European waters, says that there are more than a thousand vessels, ranging from two hundred to ten thousand tons, now lying in the waters around the British Isles, at depths not exceeding one hundred and twenty feet. Among the craft that offer splendid opportunities for salvors are the Justicia, Tuscania, Laurentic, Britannia, Afric and Campania. Not only are the sunken vessels worth much money, but the value of the cargoes of those that met disaster totals hundreds of millions of dollars. Many of the unfortunate ships went down with large shipments of precious metals, and a majority of them carried types of merchandise which can lie submerged for a long period of time without injury.

Years ago the salvage of sunken vessels was a rough-and-ready business that included but little science or engineering in the methods practiced. The havoc wrought by the German submarines quickly converted marine salvage into a highly scientific branch of engineering. Out of pure necessity the British have blazed the way. As a result not only can we now secure the cargo of a submerged ship but we can lift the vessel itself from the sea bed and carry it suspended upon looped steel cables a distance of many miles into shallow waters, where simple salvage practices can be used to refloat the ship. The medium of energy and buoyancy that is now being used in modern salvage work is compressed air. No other agent seems to possess the flexibility required in this kind of work.

What appears to be the newest and most radical development in the science of salvaging submerged ships is a scheme that employs semisubmergible vertical pontoons instead of the old-fashioned horizontal pontoons used since 1908. The submergible horizontal pontoons previously employed were steel cylinders averaging about twelve feet in diameter and varying in length from forty to seventy-five feet. The chief objection to these pontoons is that they are placed with the long axis parallel to the ship, which greatly limits the number that can be grouped round a sunken vessel. Furthermore, the horizontal pontoon is difficult to manage in a rough sea.

Now, with the vertical pontoons, we are able to effect a type of structure which virtually becomes a chain of upright floating columns, each of which is capable of carrying a maximum load without having to sustain a heavy bending stress at the same time. The common practice is to install an oil-driven air compressor at the upper end of this type of pontoon. The buoyancy or lifting impulse of the pontoon is increased by using the compressed air to expel the pontoon's own water ballast. When needed to raise a wreck the pontoons are filled with sufficient water ballast to make them rest in a horizontal position on the surface of the water, and in this way they are towed to the scene of operations. Arriving there, the ballast is partly removed and so distributed as to cause the pontoons to stand upright. They are then linked in pairs and so manipulated that their pendent cables sweep under a sunken ship as far as possible, and then, through an increase in the buoyancy of the pontoons, the bow or stern of the vessel is raised sufficiently to permit the salvors to pass additional cables beneath the hull of the vessel. In this system it is the diameter and not the length of the pontoon which decides how many of them can be utilized.

One authority believes that this system of salvage will eventually be utilized in refloating the Lusitania. To raise the famous liner he would use from fourteen to seventeen pairs of vertical pontoons, each seventy-five feet long and twenty-eight feet in diameter, and able to exert a vertical pull of a thousand tons. The Lusitania lies in water of something like two hundred and fifty feet in depth, and rests upon a clean hard bottom, composed for the most part of sand and gravel, with her bow and stern at the keel rising in all probability from ten to twenty feet clear of the sea bed. In such case the ship is in a position to facilitate sweeping the hawsers of vertical pontoons alternately under the bow and the stern, while rocking the vessel on a pivotal point so as to place cables beneath her at suitable intervals along her whole length. If lines and pontoons can thus be secured, the Lusitania could easily be lifted surfaceward and towed landward to the sheltered waters of Courtmacsherry Bay, several miles distant from the place where the ship was sunk. On the journey from her present site to the harbor waters the craft would be towed by tugs while still submerged. This would protect the liner from the sweep of seas and thus simplify the work of the salvors. It should be noted that the proposed scheme does away with dependence upon the manual work of divers at great depths.

No matter what method of procedure is employed in recovering wrecked or sunken ships, compressed air appears to be the one important factor in the work. When a vessel is rammed by another ship or sinks because of a hole in her bottom caused by an iceberg or hidden reef, she can be floated again, if in shallow water, by using compressed air to expel the invading water from the flooded areas. In one recent case compressed air drove the water out through the gaps in the torn bottom of the ship, and by maintaining a balancing pressure the salvors held the water at bay until the vessel made her distant port.

In the case of a big oil tanker which sank in the waters of the Lower Mississippi near Baton Rouge, the salvors found it necessary somehow to remove four thousand tons of mud which had oozed into the ship during the years of her submergence. The engineer in charge of the work installed a compressed-air siphon, which sucked out the mud, lifting it to the surface, where it was swept away by the river's current. Then a hose carrying compressed air was let down and carefully fitted into each flooded compartment of the ship. As a result the incoming air forced the water out of the subdivisions of the vessel, and after the sealed compartments became filled with a sufficient quantity of air the consequent buoyancy given the ship brought her safely to the surface.

A field for compressed air which is no less interesting is that where this agency is used to convey materials. Of all world problems none at present exceeds in importance the handling of raw products and manufactured goods. Although the first successful pneumatic grain-handling plant was constructed more than twenty-five years ago, real progress can be said to have been made in this direction only in recent years. One of the early drawbacks was the large consumption of power necessary in this practice. In the early days the pneumatic grain-elevating plants consumed energy at the rate of four horse power an hour per ton of grain. Even with this extravagant consumption of power, the method continued to be used, especially in European ports, where it was found to possess definite advantages over other mechanical means for unloading cargoes of grain.

The modern penumatic grain conveyor will handle as many as three thousand bushels of wheat an hour, with a power consumption of very little more than one horse power per ton an hour. Pneumatic conveyors of this type are not suitable for all circumstances, and in some cases cannot compete with belt and bucket conveyors. This is especially true when the problem in hand is simply to convey a certain material from one definite point to another definite point. On the other hand, when a material must be gathered from a large area, as, for example, the hold of a ship or a storage floor, then the wages cost in bringing the material to a bucket elevator far outweighs the saving in power of the other types of mechanical conveyors. When pneumatic conveyors are employed in handling granular materials the suction nozzle of a pneumatic line can be brought to the material with practically no difficulty. It is further true that when the material must be conveyed across such obstacles as streets, creeks and railway tracks, the pneumatic conveyor offers definite advantages because of the ease with which a pipe line can be erected and supported.

One investigator found that the ratio of the average capacity to the maximum or nominal capacity is considerably higher with the pneumatic conveyor than with the bucket elevator. Thus, with one hundred tons per hour maximum capacity in each case, the pneumatic conveyor will unload a ship's cargo at an average over-all rate of seventy to seventy-five tons per hour, while the bucket elevator will not exceed fifty-five to sixty. In the case of water-borne materials this advantage is quite important, for it cuts down the time of unloading a ship, and therefore reduces demurrage and lost time in port. Pneumatic conveyors also afford dustless working conditions, and are independent of the state of the weather or tide.

In the early days, when air was first used, either by suction or pressure, to carry materials through a pipe, the idea prevailed that a solid core of material should be carried through the pipe. In trying to accomplish this aim the power consumption was necessarily high. The latest plan, and one that gives much higher efficiency, is to convey a comparatively small core of material in a large stream of air. The conveying is effected through friction between the air and the skin of particles conveyed, and this friction results in an expansion of the air. In pneumatic transport of materials it is necessary to keep the conveyor lines as straight as possible, because bends hinder the flow of the material along the pipe and thereby increase the power consumption. In a well-planned system the transport line can be moved as a whole, either horizontally or vertically, so as to enable the nozzle to reach a large surface of the material and yet retain a straight transport line. There are now a number of special forms of nozzle which can be used advantageously in awkward positions, such as corners of a ship's hold.

The usual form of pneumatic conveyor will lift material forty or fifty feet vertically and carry it an equal distance horizontally. Some special conveyor designs, however, have a much greater range of action. A conveying system at one of the Canadian ports lifts material ninety feet and carries it seven hundred feet horizontally. This plant has handled forty-eight hundred bushels of oats per hour, discharging, and more than six thousand bushels, loading. The operation of loading, of course, is accomplished by simply reversing the air current. The horse power consumed on this long line averages about two per ton per hour. Only four men are required to operate the entire plant. Three or four times that many would be needed with any other practical conveying system.

The use of the pneumatic method in conveying and placing concrete for viaducts and piers is rapidly coming into general favor. In one case where this scheme was used the result was a saving of forty per cent in labor. The plan increases materially the rate of placing concrete and eliminates the use of cableways, derricks, towers and cars. The same method is employed in conveying and placing concrete in large railroad tunnels, as well as in small-bore tunnels designed to carry lines of pipe and the like. In this scheme the concrete is mixed in batches and then transported to its final resting place by means of compressed air acting through pipe lines. In one case concrete was conveyed four thousand feet by this method. It should be stated, however, that conveyance for such a long distance is uneconomical except under unusual conditions. Pneumatic concrete conveyors possess real advantages in cases where the forms are difficult of access, for by this method the concrete can be deposited wherever it is possible to lay a pipe line. In one recent case, where the job in hand was the building of a pier, a pneumatic concrete-conveying installation reduced the concreting gang from twenty men to six. It was also found that the pneumatic method speeded up the job and enabled the contractor to complete work in record time. Modern machines of this kind will place concrete at the rate of forty or fifty cubic yards per hour.

Another growing use for compressed air is in cleaning the fronts of city buildings. In this plan a blast of sand is directed against the surface of the building, with the result that the building front is cleaned more quickly and at less cost than by hand washing. In San Francisco one company met with much success recently in the employment of a sand blast for chipping paint and rust from the interior and exterior of steel ships. Two men directing two streams of sand against the steel accomplished the same work that formerly required forty men to perform by the use of hammers for chipping. It is stated further that the sand blast did a much better job. In this particular case, after the sand blast had completed its work, the same pneumatic plant, with slight alterations, was used to apply a coating of paint to the cleaned surfaces of the ships.

One of the newest applications of sand blasting is in cleaning the pistons of automobile engines. One machine for this purpose uses a blast carrying steel grit or shot,

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and is said to be capable of cleaning pistons at the rate of one hundred and forty to two hundred and fifty an hour. Without doubt the sand blast is the cheapest and most satisfactory method of removing corrosive scale or old paint from a metal surface. However, the success of this kind of work depends upon the quality and size of the sand and the velocity of the blast. The principal consideration is the size of the sand pebbles. The best results have been obtained with a fine grade of sand. One authority suggests a sand that has passed through a sixteen-by-sixteen mesh sieve, and an air pressure of seventy to ninety pounds. This same expert advocates the use of a nozzle that is not more than three-eighths of an inch nor less than one-quarter of an inch in diameter. If a coarse sand and a high-velocity blast are used the surface of the metal that is being cleaned will be so cut and roughened that the paint coating later put on will not protect the metal from corrosion, because the film of paint soon will be punctured by the sharp projections of the surface. White silica sands are favored for use in air blasting; however, the market is now supplied with various types of metal abrasives in the form of chilled shot, crushed steel, and so on. One advantage of the metal products is their longer life, averaging about thirty times that of sand.

It may seem strange at first glance but it is true, nevertheless, that the travel of compressed air through a pipe or hose is approximately the same at all pressures above one atmosphere. On the other hand, the velocity of the sand or metal abrasive after leaving the nozzle increases rapidly as the air pressure is increased. The higher the air pressure, therefore, with the same size nozzle, the greater the blasting effectiveness. Perhaps the simplest but most important fundamental in sand-blasting any surface is to remember that, all other things being equal, the smaller the nozzle opening through which the compressed air and abrasive are forced, the higher the velocity of the blast and the harder the abrasive hits the object.

In a hundred ways compressed air is now serving man to reduce the cost of life's necessities. Down in our cotton-growing states air is the all-important element in the newly developed vacuum cotton-picking machines, which need only six operators and do the work formerly accomplished by thirty-six pickers. Each worker operates two nozzles, which are fastened to a line of hose leading to a storage tank to which is attached a vacuum pump. The operator applies the nozzle to a cotton boll and the cotton is immediately sucked into the storage tank. When the tank is full a cloth sack is placed over a door in the end of the tank, and by means of air pressure supplied by the pump the cotton is blown into the sack. Hand pickers average about a hundred pounds of cotton a day, while with vacuum-machine picking in various fields last year the pickers averaged six hundred pounds a day. In some districts the planters were compelled to pay hand pickers five cents a pound. The saving through the use of air is self-evident.

Air under either compression or suction is the important agent of force and energy in so many devices that a detailed description of the different air equipments is here impossible. Almost everybody is familiar with the fact that an air gun now handles cement just as paint is handled by a similar device. But the uses of the cement gun are extending into fields not previously contemplated. In one seacoast city the piling of the water-front trestle was greatly strengthened and protected by a cement covering put on the bare piles by the air-gun process. At one place seventy-two piles were treated in seventy-five minutes. It was also shown that a flat surface seven by ten feet can be covered with two inches of cement in an hour. In using cement in this way, on a smooth flat surface, it is often advisable to employ some sort of reenforcing such as metal lath or chicken wire. The cement-gun process is now being employed by at least one company on the Pacific Coast in building concrete barges. One barge built by this method is one hundred feet long, twenty feet wide and six feet deep. It has a dead weight of three hundred and fifty thousand pounds.

A great tunnel for vehicular traffic is to be driven under the Hudson River to connect New York City with New Jersey. Air power will furnish the greater part of the energy for driving and ventilating the tube. Only a few years ago our great American railroads employed thousands of men to tamp the crushed stone and other kinds of ballast placed under and round railroad ties. The work was done by crude hand methods, and was slow and costly. Compressed-air engineers saw their opportunity and devised pneumatic tie tampers which eliminate the fatiguing handwork that was formerly necessary. Now two men with air tampers will do as much work as eight men formerly accomplished with picks and bars. Furthermore, the results attained with the pneumatic devices are a more uniformly tamped track and one that will stand up better under heavy traffic over a much longer period of time. Now the workers can stand erect, whereas with the old methods they were compelled to labor in a stooped position. The last blow struck by the pneumatic tamper at the end of the day is as hard as the first blow delivered in the morning. When the work was done by hand labor the results were not so uniform, due to the fact that the physical strength of the men dwindled as the day advanced. On all railroads labor is the largest single item of maintenance of way and structural expense. Furthermore, more labor is used in surfacing and lining the track than for any other item of track work. The railroad company that first purchased a pneumatic tie tamper now has two hundred and twenty-eight of the machines in daily use.

One big electric-railway company has devised a trolley car from which sand is unloaded by air pressure. With a crew of two men the car will deliver a thousand cubic feet of sand a day, as compared with four hundred cubic feet a day with four men when unloaded manually. The operation of the car is very simple. First it is loaded with dry sand through openings in the top, after which caps are screwed on, and the car proceeds to its destination. Pressure is pumped up in reservoirs while the car is traveling, and when the dumping point is reached the compressed air is turned on and the sand forced out through an opening in the bottom of the car. The sand begins to flow at twenty-five pounds pressure, but operates best at about forty pounds.

Up in the Michigan copper country one big mining company used compressed air to convey sand and fill worked-out stopes in the mine. One-third of a million yards of sand were placed in the stopes in four months' time by this method. A pressure of seventy pounds of air was used, and the sand was conveyed a distance of seventy-five to one hundred feet through four-inch pipes.

In one big Western railroad shop a progressive foreman not only delivered sand to the locomotives by a compressed-air line, but he also designed and is successfully using a system for delivering fuel oil through pipes to the locomotives by compressed air. Oil can be delivered by this method to locomotives at the rate of seventeen hundred gallons in seven minutes.

In the building of ships pneumatic tools are now relied upon to do most of the boring, the adzing, the planing of surfaces, the calking of the seams and the painting. In the manufacture of steel, compressed air is one of the important factors in the operation of blast furnaces. In most of our oil fields large volumes of high-pressure air are sent deep down into the wells to increase the flow of oil materially.

When natural gas is transmitted for long distances and loses its pressure as it flows, air compressors come to the rescue and boost the gas along by recompressing it, thus giving it power to flow on to the point of consumption.

It is true that practically all the ships sunk by the torpedoes of the German submarines during the war met with disaster through the scientific use of air by the enemy, yet it is this same force employed in a great central telegraph office that is responsible for the transmission of one hundred and thirty thousand messages daily through one hundred and ten tubes. Compressed air used to project grenades and throw shells from mortars during the war sent many brave fellows to their deaths, but this same force to-day is being made to atone through its employment in the manufacture of ice to save milk for babies and preserve food for us all. The Lusitania was sunk by compressed air, but if science has its way it will utilize the same force to salvage the famous ship and prepare her again for transatlantic travel.

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THE WAY OF CAPITAL

(Continued from Page 17

worker was enslaved, the new freedom from capital did not seem to better his condition, but to make it far more terrible.

So the abrupt policy of going after capital and treating it rough has not succeeded at any point as yet. Current events the world over are showing a strong turn against it; and a widespread tendency toward reëxamination, and revaluation of the great world propaganda "Worker, take your machine!" is now in evidence.

In this connection the whole matter of the production and distribution of wealth and income is being again looked into And there is special immediate interest in another theory of industrial slavery from that insisted on previously by Mr. Marx and his countless and various-minded successors. This is the theory of the iron slave which Mr. Clive Day, of Yale University, brings forward in his History of Commerce in the consideration of the conditions of industrial civilization as worked out during the past century.

"Taking for example," he writes at a date now some years ago, "a modern country, Germany, we find engaged in industry and transportation slightly over ten million people, while we find engaged beside them another population of mechanical iron slaves—steam engines—variously estimated as equivalent to one hundred million or two hundred and fifty million people. These slaves cost for food—coal—attendance, doctors' bills—repairs—and burial expenses, including the cost of replacing them once in twenty-five years, only about $2.50 apiece. Admit some exaggeration, and yet the contrast with human labor is most striking."

The Iron Slaves

This more modern theory of Mr. Day's upon economic slavery will perhaps throw some light upon the developments which we have just observed in Russia. These iron slaves, which are, of course, the chief property of capital, are, as all admit, the one chief factor which has changed the eighteenth century into the twentieth. It seems unjust to many that their ownership should be so concentrated as now. Yet if you divide them up with patient and exact equality under the stress of starvation, as in Russia, you will find little present satisfaction from the result of that act alone. You cannot eat them or wear them. The only real good from them comes when they are working; and unless they work, civilization, as we know it, ceases. And if the workers find they cannot run them, what good are they in the new workers' world?

In short, though there will be necessarily some dispute and dissatisfaction over the division of the ownership of these hundred million or more slaves among the ten million whom they work for, yet it will be quite generally agreed—especially in the light of present European experiments—that the obvious first interest of the ten million is to see that these slaves, so much more numerous than they, are kept at work or at least do not cease from work, throwing the present civilization back a century or more, as has been done in Russia.

Attention has been quite universally, then, called away for the moment, after a quite general startled look at Russia, from the question of the exact division of wealth to the question of the so-called national incomes, which are divided into what economists call in their special tongue the national dividend and the national savings or accumulation of capital. It is well, apparently, to examine this somewhat theoretical subject of the national income in detail, for it seems after all to be of much more primary importance than the present division of wealth—nations, it seems, not living on their national wealth, but on their national income, wealth coming finally as a by-product of this income.

The national income, Doctor King explains, is not so different from the net income of a corporation. From this income the national or corporate dividend is declared, which in the case of the nation is presumed to be used up by the population in its current living expenses, the remainder, or saved part of the income, being then available as capital for reinvestment in the machinery of production and distribution, which is to make life easier for ourselves and the race in general in the future. In other words, out of the so-called national income must come both what a population lives on and what it can lay aside as capital.

Now it is not absolutely necessary that you or I, as members of the nation, save or own personally a part of capital or the machinery of production. It is a most desirable thing—the saving must be made by someone; but it is not the first essential of life. On the other hand, it is quite essential that we eat. And, as Russia indicates, to eat and live according to the rising standards and organization of the past hundred years we must have capital in the form of machinery, and must have it at work. A locomotive is an excellent and costly possession, but it is almost no use sitting around the house or in the yard. Without rails it will not take you very far. And the newer Europe, as exemplified by Russia, in snatching its locomotive rather hastily from its former owners, has found that the engine is now permanently stalled.

The European method of working out the formula of "Worker, take your machine!"—by force—then, has not worked out at all well in industry. The iron slaves of Europe—so much more numerous than its workers—are apparently on a general strike, offering one of the most disastrous spectacles of this disastrous social weapon in use which the world has ever seen. The national dividends in Europe are cut down to an extremely low point; and the population at the present time is apparently in the usual condition of the starving man, who habitually dreams of banquets

In this country, fortunately, conditions have been very different. Here, for a variety of reasons, our national income has always allowed a much larger division per inhabitant than Europe's, or, in fact, than that of the rest of the world. The figures appear to show that the annual national income in the United States, as divided by families, averaged more than twice that of Western European families, with due allowance for the purchasing power of money in both sections in the period before the war. And there is reason to believe that the difference is much greater in our favor now; that, in fact, our advantage over Europe may well have doubled again. At the outset, then, our attitude and action toward this great problem of founding a new world will probably be found very different from that of Europe.

Now much of the advantage we have over Europe is due, as all know, to the simple arithmetical fact that we have fewer inhabitants a square mile in our territory—that our population is less dense; but, on the other hand, much is due to the further fact that our population—estimated as including Mr. Day's iron slaves—is more dense than Europe's. In other words, by the greater use of capital we have many more men or substitutes for men at work here in proportion to the number of human mouths or backs which we have to feed or clothe.

This is a well-known and not unnatural difference between Europe and America. In Europe the iron slaves, finding a population already on the soil, naturally appeared to this population as competitors in the labor market; and European workers, not unnaturally, smashed up the new machines, and have done so from the earlier time of the Chartist movement in England up to the more contemporary smashing of reaping and threshing machines which American manufacturers have had to overcome in Eastern Europe. Capital was never welcome in introducing its machinery for saving labor in a crowded country.

On the other hand, it has had full sway in the United States, as is pointed out by both radical and conservative thinkers everywhere. To the few inhabitants of this sparsely settled continent the iron slave was not a competitor, but an assistant; and to this we owe, no doubt, the fact that machinery has been so well developed here; that, not being a nation of scientists, we have yet produced the greatest body of new mechanical appliances of science in the world; and that we have so much more capital invested in the machinery of our own country than Europe or any other equal fraction of the earth's surface.

We have seen this develop in the United States from the primitive time, before railroads or other transportation, when it cost one hundred dollars to move a ton of freight from Buffalo to New York. To-day we have in the United States—to recall only a few instances—more than a third of the railroad mileage of the world; we use forty per cent of the world's coal; we produce and use, since the war, nearly sixty per cent of the pig iron; our telephones outnumber those of all the rest of the world together; while the now almost universal automobile makes the American farmer, compared with the European peasant—to borrow a political figure of speech—like the American eagle to a caterpillar, both in his power of locomotion and the relative mobility of his mind.

The experience and the situation and the type of mind developed in the growth of this country under capitalism have been, then, very different from those developing in Europe, as has often been recognized and brought out to our disadvantage by the foreign critics of the grasp of capital upon America. We have become more addicted than Europe to capital and the use of the mechanical appliances it has furnished us, from bathtubs to blast furnaces. The ceasing of capital to function would mean much more disaster with us than with the Russian, relatively so poorly equipped with the machinery of present-day civilization. And so without doubt we might safely assume that the United States would hesitate to drive capital to the general strike whose results have been so disastrous abroad.

The Exchange, Vienna

Abandoned Projects

However, there was too much vitality in this new world movement, as all who watched it agreed, for it not to reach the United States in some form. A new world, with a chance for men to function by industry, appealed to too many; for normal men do want to work for themselves, if possible—and with their brains as well as their bodies; and the better workmen they are the more they want to do this. In American agriculture there was indeed scarcely foundation for any general agitation to secure an opportunity for the farmer to take land. He already had this. But in industry workers did feel quite generally that they might take the machine and work it to better advantage than was being done, and produce not less but more income for themselves and the nation than capital did under the great corporation, which too often treated the worker more like a machine than a thing of flesh and brain and possible personal ambition. So the "Worker, take your machine" movement appeared in many forms in this country.

The most widely known and advertised of these was the Plumb plan for the taking over of the American railroads by their workers. By this plan the greatest single mechanical operation in the United States was to function by industry, according to the underlying principles of syndicalism or trade guild socialism; but the method of taking it was to be somewhat less abrupt than those favored in Continental Europe.

There the worker was to secure his machine—by violence, if required. In the more conservative American program the railroads were to be bought by the national Government and given over to the worker for operation, thus appeasing both labor and capital at the expense of the taxpayer.

There were many who were not advanced radicals who yet sympathized with this movement as adapted to America under the not unattractive phrase "industrial democracy," which it was claimed this experiment would especially well illustrate. If there is any valid argument for democracy,

(Continued on Page 86)

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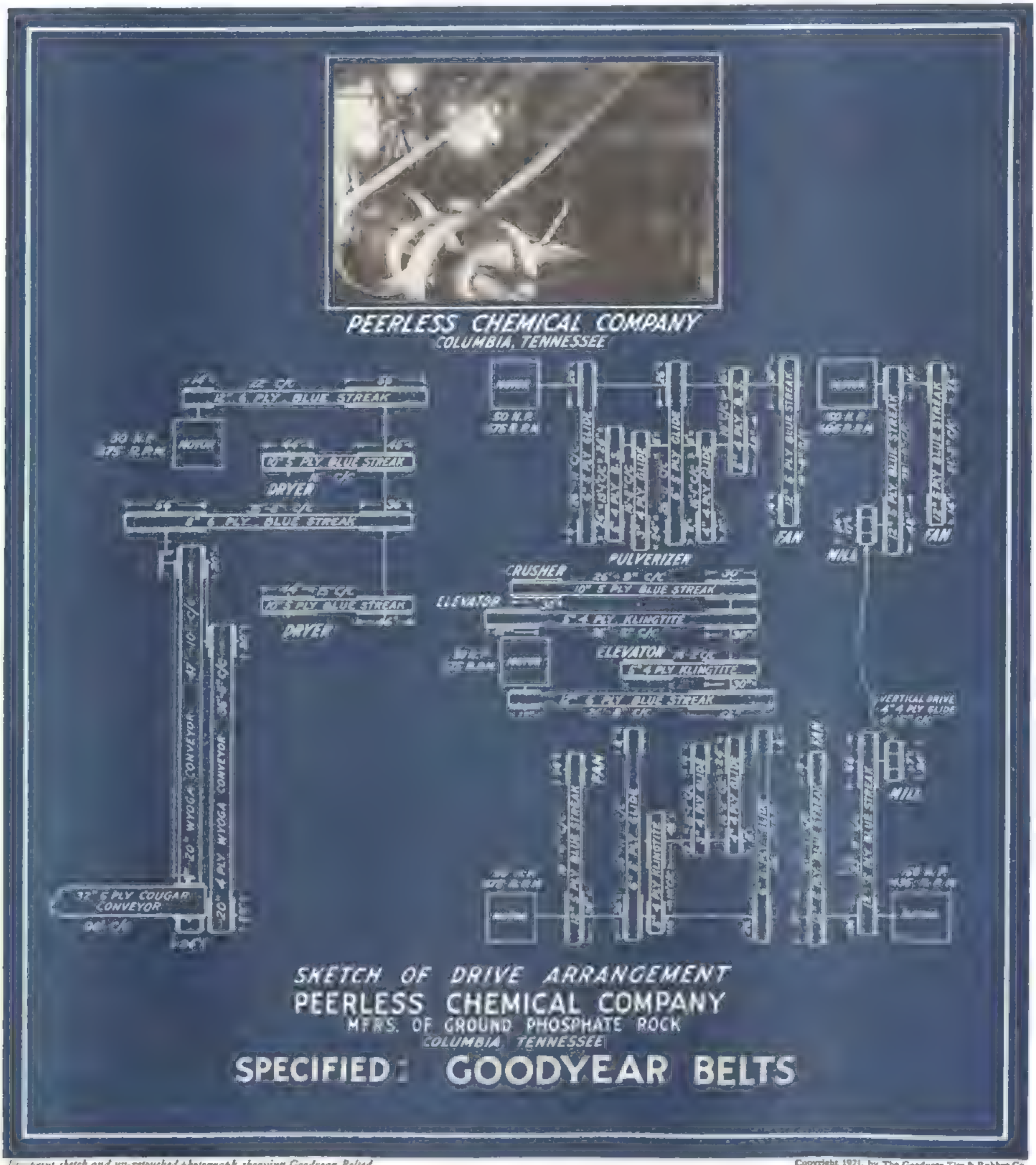

Blueprint sketch and un-retouched photograph showing Goodyear Belted drives in the new plant of Peerless Chemical Company, Columbia, Tenn.

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(Continued from Page 82)

it comes from the one thing which we flattered ourselves as a nation that we did demonstrate in the war against Germany—that a million men whose minds and bodies are both given a habitual freedom to act can produce more actual horse power in net results than a million men among whom five per cent are rigidly set aside to act as brains, while the ninety-five per cent act as bodies, according to the Prussian formula.

If this was so in war, why not in peace? If Prussia employed this formula—of the five per cent use of its national brains in the past and in the war, and apparently still under Mr. Cole's Prussian state socialism—had not capital in this country done the same thing to a considerable extent under the corporation, and lost just that great force of individual human selfishness and independence which all believe to have built up America more than any other motive? Was not the United States, accustomed as no other country to both freedom and the use of machinery, the one place suited for the inauguration of the new world, where all men alike would at last function by industry?

In this proposed new world, as contrasted with both monarchy and state socialism, it was hoped the worker would operate his machine for himself, use his brain as well as his body in doing so, substitute personal ambition for the deadening monotony of mechanical industry, through the repetition day after day of four or five motions of the hand which could be taught to an ape if not a trained hen. In this way it was proposed to use the entire brain power of the nation to its limit, to stimulate the output of the so-called iron slaves, and to increase the income of the worker and the nation beyond what capital had yet done under its corporation.

This theory, so stated in terms of industrial democracy, appealed to many who were not wildly advanced in their ideas. Indeed, the older unions of railroad workers, who backed this so-called Plumb plan, had been far from radical in the past, so little so that they had been often named by the more advanced as the conservatives in the American labor movement.

But these bodies of highly intelligent American workmen were, as it chanced, growing much dissatisfied for several reasons, one of these being a belief that they were securing under government management lower wages than they would have had in other privately conducted enterprises. They were also more and more prepared for experimenting with industrial democracy by their impatience of recent years over being taught the railroad business so frequently by some plump young lawyer who appeared in their contact with the management of railroads as carried on either by Wall Street or Washington.

The Plumb Plan Rejected

The feeling had grown more and more among railroad workers, in fact, that, knowing at least something about the mechanical operation of railroading, they could scarcely run them worse than either Wall Street or Washington had done. And as time went on this feeling grew to something of the deep, unexpressed sentiment which the reticent but highly skilled chauffeur feels toward the fat old lady whom he takes out riding every afternoon with her dog in the park.

However justified such a feeling may have been among the railroad men, the Plumb plan of functioning by industry was not destined to be put into effect in this country. Capital was critical of it, the American taxpayer was not pleased; and this, constituting an almost unanimous vote against the idea, outside of the organized workers themselves, would alone have prevented the passing of such legislation by Congress, even if the Government at Washington had felt able, just following the war, almost to double the national debt in the process of taking over the railroads.

This strongest movement toward a new world where all would function by industry, then, met at once in America the veto of capital, in a form which was as effective, if not so terrible, as the general strike of capital which had such unpleasing results in Europe, especially in Russia; and, in fact, at the present time there is good reason to believe that the sentiment among the railroad and other workers themselves—though for purposes of record still publicly favoring this Plumb idea—is really becoming more and more lukewarm to the proposal.

There remained, in fact, following the defeat of this plan, a strong desire for more industrial democracy than there had been in the past—more voice and self-interest of the worker in the operation and improvement of his machine. But it was more and more felt that so far as the ownership and general management of the machine is concerned the worker was not yet, perhaps, equipped with the proper organization or experience.

There had been grave and growing doubts in the minds of skilled American workmen from the beginning concerning the success of the new world movement starting in Eastern Europe. To expect the so-called proletariat of Russia, accustomed neither to democracy nor industry, to function at once in industrial democracy, to govern themselves, to increase the output of the land or the machines, to produce new capital for new machinery, seemed to many like giving a grammar-school boy a hammer, a lathe and some pig iron and telling him to go out and build a nice new automobile. But now the same grave doubt was growing concerning the ability of American labor to build up by itself this much-desired new world, where all men will function by industry.

Theory and Practice

This doubt was growing, in fact, not alone inside of railroad labor but in the minds of American labor generally, especially the more skilled and intelligent sections. It was heightened in this country to a very considerable extent by the development of an event which was perhaps the turning point of the labor movement during and following the war. This was, as many observers agree, the strike in the steel industry in 1919.

It is not necessary to go into this important event in this connection further than the consideration of one main point, which was not unnoted by either labor or capital in this country—a very serious and significant fact indeed. In this strike culminated the so-called radical movement of labor in the United States—the one most closely related by type of membership and sympathies with the Eastern European recipe for the reorganization of economic society into a new world where the proletariat would function by industry.

In theory the workers in the end were to function as steelworkers. In practice in their strike they functioned far otherwise. For the men who promoted and led this strike, and their chief staffs, not only did not know anything about the steel industry but apparently never cared to learn, and displayed to the end a fundamental ignorance of its processes and necessities which would have compelled attention either in a lobby of the New York Stock Exchange or on the floor of Congress. And it was a sight which has not been readily forgotten by the practical American in industry, either as worker or capitalist, that the one great example of the movement which aimed as its outcome to bring functioning by industry into American life and politics brought, as a matter of fact, functioning by old-fashioned ward politics into industry—to a higher degree, perhaps, than at any previous time, even in the history of the American labor movement.

The same result, of course, had been remarked abroad. Although promising the larger theoretical income for all which might be expected to be secured through the ambition and activity of the worker under industrial freedom, it appears in practice that the individual or national income falls down under the creation of a new world of the proletariat to conditions of the eighteenth century; and this result comes, it was now seen, not alone because capital refuses to cooperate but because the way that workers seem to function when they get a free hand is not by industry at all, but by politics. Because the leaders who are actually chosen to take them into the new world, where all are expected to function by industry as workers, have neither the training nor experience nor desire to function by anything but politics or force. And in the meanwhile the nation suspends national dividends and the population starves.

With the demonstration nearer home of this process which was so glaring abroad, there was much disappointment among the many people who desired to see more industrial democracy in this country. If labor could not even organize at the outset to represent itself by its best intelligence in industry, how could it ever hope to take the much more serious step in the future of governing all industry, not to mention society at large? And this sharp doubt could be still more sharpened by the concrete question, what prominent labor leader was there in the United States who would be qualified to any considerable extent by experience or ability to manage any industry? Moreover, the fact seemed to be that labor not only did not of itself put forward possible leaders of industry but that it was always moving by its own motion, whenever seen, not at all in the direction of organization by function—toward taking your own machine and running it intelligently—but in the directly opposite direction of organizing industry, if at all, by rather crude politics.

So following the fiasco of the steel strike and the failure of the United States to favor the Plumb plan there seemed to be small chance of founding the new industrial world where all men could work intelligently for their own interests, which so many hoped for. In Europe the progress of this movement—if any—was toward a very barbarous old world. In this country the cause of labor was back again firmly in the hands of the old-time labor leaders, who frankly had no desire to see labor reorganize society by function at all; who, in fact, by their whole theory and practice functioned themselves by politics, being a distinct political class inside of labor.

These men were busy now, not with any new theories of new worlds, but with their practical old-time job of getting as much wages out of capital for their union members as they could. Or, to express their purpose in more modern terms, they were endeavoring to keep for labor the share of a national income which it had secured during and following the war; and this was a very important and difficult work indeed.

The Distribution of Wealth

We have already seen the extraordinary concentration of wealth in this country and the entire modern world, from which the present world movement for the redivision of property had its origin in Europe in the stress of misery following war. We have also noted the strangle hold which capital had upon industry, through which it wipes the Russian cities off the map by simply withdrawing from work and stopping the city proletariat's income, which it must have to eat and live. And the alarming thought not unnaturally occurs next: Owning the machine and allowing civilization to proceed only through its use, is not capital able to exact at least as large a share of the national income as it holds of the national wealth?

This would seem both logical and disastrous. Fortunately, however, it is not the case. And when such writers as Doctor King turn their attention from national wealth to national income—under normal conditions, undisturbed by war—they find a much smaller concentration.

The calculations in Doctor King's book on The Wealth and Income of the People of the United States, and the earlier work of Dr. Charles B. Spahr, indicate that in the United States eighty-eight per cent of the population secures from sixty-two to sixty-five per cent of the national annual income, this large mass of the people securing their share of this, of course, almost entirely as the result of their labor.

Now this is not nearly so unequal a division of the income as of the wealth of the country. In fact the average person in the eighty-eight per cent of the people is receiving about three-quarters of the share of the national income that he would have if it were all split equally, without regard to mental, physical or producing ability. And there being a tremendous increase of national income through the employment of capital iron slaves, the absolute share of both capital and labor shows a great gain from the existence and activity of capital.

In addition to this, in the months following the war there was seen to be, in the United States at least, a tendency apparently directly opposite from that in which the followers of Mr. Marx so religiously believe. A thing long desired was happening: The worker in industry was getting a larger and larger share of the products of his toil in association with the machine owned by capital.

The tendencies in the division of income in the United States, as shown by the

(Continued on Page 89)

A Warm Motor After a Cold Wait

What if the air is cold—your Ford will start the minute you give it gas—that is, if you have protected your radiator with the heat-retaining AMCO Shutter.

This shutter is the one accessory that makes winter driving easy. AMCO not only prevents your engine from freezing during a cold wait, but makes it function better.

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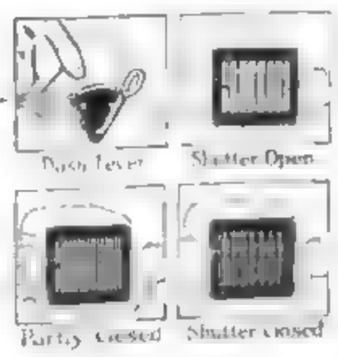

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YOU know your competition *outside* the factory, but it is a wise manufacturer who knows his competition *inside* his own plant.

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Put yourself in these men's shoes. Give them a firm working, walking, *wearing* foundation with Kreolite Floors.

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Kreolite Floors are made and laid to *endure*. They are especially adapted for machine shops, foundries, warehouses, loading platforms, roundhouses, paper mills and stables.

We have a corps of competent Floor Engineers always willing to be helpful to industry. Their services are at your disposal without thought of obligation, save to be of service.

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statistics of Doctor King, seem to have varied at different times, though, as in the case of wealth, to have changed on the whole surprisingly little during seventy years. In the last twenty years preceding the war the tendency was slightly in favor of the capitalist, so called, the richest twelve per cent of the population; but the poorest sixty-five per cent of the people—the so-called proletariat—were not the main losers. It was the other twenty-three per cent, the so-called middle classes, who seemed to be losing in their share.

This tendency, as all know, has been still more marked since the war, when the sharp, loud battle cries of labor and capital have not entirely drowned out the low, continuous groans of the middle classes—the smaller bourgeois who were being continuously ground to pieces between the chief combatants over profits and wages.

Labor's Growing Share

Mr. Friday here again comes to our rescue in a very interesting way with his statistics from government records to show the shares of labor, capital and the Government in the income of American corporations just before, during and after the recent war. It was shown by these that though labor no doubt had higher wages, capital took relatively the largest share of the great profits of the period just before our entering the war. But when war actually came and labor grew more scarce, not only the money wages but the share of labor actually grew greater, till in the end labor secured its greatest share during the period, and quite probably in the industrial history of the country, in the income of industry, receiving finally nearly three-quarters of it in wages.

It was this fact, as all readers of the newspapers know, which principally interested the old-line leaders of organized labor in America. Indeed, the chief general of labor in this country has proclaimed it as an axiom that, whatever happens, organized labor cannot give up the scale of wages which it secured as the result of the World War.

The main strategy of the leaders of organized labor in the period following the war was, then, quite clear. They represented the American workman, who had at least twice as much income from his labor as any other laborer of his kind in the world. As a final result of war his share of the profits of industry had greatly increased, not only over capital's but over that of the rest of the nation. In other words, his wages had gone up faster than the cost of living, as everybody knew, including the laborer, and as Mr. Friday's figures prove conclusively.

To keep this great advance, therefore, was the important, difficult and delicate work of the leaders of organized labor in America. To accomplish it they must strive first of all, as has been seen, to keep the machinery of industry going continuously and to its best advantage, and not take any chances with the stopping of operations such as was so general in Europe and so difficult to avoid after war. The national dividend must be maintained under very delicate conditions.

Yet, on the other hand, they must, as elected officials, satisfy their constituents, the organized workers who elected them. And these were now not at all satisfied with the share of the income of industry which they were receiving, but were strenuously urging the policy of striking or threatening to strike for higher wages, which had secured them a larger and larger share of the products of industry since the opening of the European war. This policy their leaders now believed to be unwise. But their counsels were not regarded; and they, together with the rest of the country, watched with more and more anxiety the tendency of labor to strike and keep striking.

This tendency was not on the whole unnatural, even on the basis of Doctor King's statistics. The distribution of national income is not nearly so unequal as the distribution of the wealth of the country, as we have seen. Yet, on the other hand, Doctor King's further figures, tending to show that the richest one per cent of the Prussian people in times before the war secured nineteen per cent of that country's income must seem striking to the Prussian peasant, even if the same one per cent did own forty-nine per cent of the national wealth. And the same dissatisfaction will unavoidably be felt by the great majority in this country over the indication that one per cent of the population of the United States secured fifteen per cent of the income, even though this is so much less than the forty-seven per cent of the wealth which one per cent also holds.

The old-line heads of organized labor might believe that this dissatisfaction was more or less theoretical, now that labor's own income was so improved, and feel that it was much more advisable at the present time to get together with capital and keep the income from industry going than to hold up the entire process and destroy everybody's income together. But the ancient human instinct to bicker over the sharing of the proceeds of mutual enterprise persevered, as it has ever since men first got together for their first bear-hunting trip before the Stone Age.

In addition, also, had arisen, as one of the unforeseen terrors of war, the new leaders of labor, the so-called intellectuals—among whom perhaps the most striking intellectual activities were those displayed by the new labor statisticians. These students not only called attention to statistics of wealth and income as contained in existing works on this subject but made their own statistics as they passed along. And being often young men, whose minds were unfettered by previous experience with either business or statistics, they produced figures very stimulating indeed to the imagination of the laboring man. Such, for example, was the not uncommon statement that of all the product of industry the worker secured only twenty or twenty-five per cent in wages, instead of the percentage which he did receive.

Fortified by previous success and goaded on by statistics such as these, labor went forward against capital in industry—in outlaw strikes; in movements for five-day weeks and six-hour days; in giving always the least possible work for the greatest possible sum

The hoarse cries of the new theorist leaders calling out their strange, uncouth statistics filled the air and the newspapers, all parties thus being busily engaged in cutting down to its lowest possible limit, so far as they were concerned, the national income, by which, as we have seen, human life in any nation must be sustained.

When Iron Slaves are Idle

The unfortunate tactical results of this general revolt of labor, however naturally it may have occurred, are now all too well known, even to the most radical. It tended, it is true, to embarrass capital more and more and to keep its iron slaves from work. On the other hand, its effect upon organized labor and its leaders was most disheartening. For labor was not only losing its income, its gains from the war and the general sympathy of the rest of the population but, going deeper than that, it was bringing into question a power which had been at the foundation of the growth of organized labor in this country and elsewhere—the right to strike.

The Wall Street of Constantinople

Is there an unqualified right to strike—at all times, to the disregard of all others, to the starvation and freezing of entire populations? Such questions as these were being asked quite generally, and not uncommonly were being answered by proposals or legislation practically denying such a right. There had appeared, it seemed, straight ahead, a blind and disastrous ending for the great new movement toward the new and much-hoped-for industrial world.

We have seen this movement arise out of war, and the universal desire of mankind for an improved world in which all could function by industry—to speak in modern terms, or in other and more homespun language—could work intelligently and ambitiously for themselves and secure to themselves the benefit of that intelligence and ambition.

We have observed this movement as it swept the civilized world under the cry

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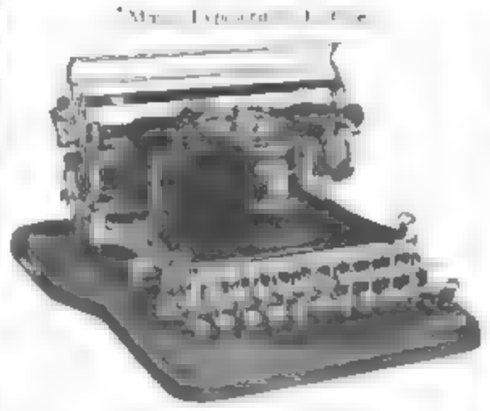

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Only the highest grade crucible spring steel made to special analysis is used in Keen Kutter Saws. The Taper-Ground Thin Back Blade lessens friction and prevents "binding" in the cut.

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If you've never quite understood the enthusiasm of a good workman for his Keen Kutter saw, put yourself in his place for an entire day.

In a single hour you might not appreciate how much it means to have a saw that never sticks at all—a saw that bites deeply but easily at every stroke.

In eight hours you would appreciate—just as he does—all that its wonderful quality means in saving the nerves and muscles of men who make their living with tools.

When the first of its kind was produced, E. C. Simmons—who fifty years ago first established the Keen Kutter principle of making tools to fit the needs of those who use them—wrote on it, "For quality and finish this saw has no equal."

Now as then these words express the Keen Kutter standard of quality for all Keen Kutter tools.

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(Continued from Page 89)

"Worker, take your machine!" But in spite of general hope, we have seen it fail in Russia—failing in Europe. We have seen the near-European movement among the European-born workers left in this country, while the more American workers were abroad at war, fail. We have seen the American adaptation of the European idea fail of adoption in the Plumb plan for the railroads. Now we see the impending failure even to make secure the actual advance achieved in the existing world of industry under the old and conservative leadership of American labor. Not only does a new world seem most unlikely to be attained but a great principle at the foundation of labor's past progress in the existing world is called into question through the angry debate over its right to strike.

But worse even than all this, we have seen the apparent inherent inability of the so-called proletariat to organize at all their much advertised new world of the workers, where all will work and function by their work. They not only do not and apparently cannot function by industry but in the end they have greatly interfered with the tendencies so to function in the present and generally criticized world of capital; and even threatened to bring the admittedly imperfect civilization we now have to a standstill.

So in the end the workers and their leaders, even in America, produce by their actions something of the melancholy state of mind in which the English social philosopher, Frederic Harrison, long counted as a well-wisher of the human race, found himself on his recent birthday, when he stated:

"The immediate future of this kingdom, nay, of Western civilization, is in real danger of collapse. The seizure of power by untold millions as yet neither morally nor intellectually trained to rule threatens revolution, anarchy and famine."

This seems, perhaps, extreme to us in the United States, yet there are many here who have felt something more than regret at the apparent disappearance of the shining vision which came to all alike of a new and fairer world of workers, functioning by industry, for better and fairer returns. Was the whole thing to disappear? Were we all about to be left where we had been, or worse than we had been, before the war, delivered over, body and soul, to what the radicals delight to call the forces of reaction—with no advance whatever toward the solution of that ugly old puzzle of the world, how to divide the wealth and income from men's work fairly and reasonably?

The New Champion

It was at this low point in the spirits of mankind that an unexpected champion of the hoped-for new world of industrial democracy was seen to arise—to the surprise and suspicion of many—in the form of American capital. Yet we who have studied the history of the development of the purposes and the rise to power of capital in this country through bankruptcy or threats of bankruptcy need not be ourselves surprised. Capital had its eyes as usual on its first and most important problem in economic slavery—the problem of how to keep at work its so-called iron slaves, now so greatly increased during the war. In this way only, of course, it can produce and secure its share of the national income, for which it is so hungry and without which it sooner or later reaches bankruptcy.

There was now no immediate danger of bankruptcy in this country; but there was, as all know, a great and serious danger of industry's ceasing and cutting down that very practical and important theoretical institution, the national income, from which we all in one way or another take our living. Capital in industry, therefore, as everyone knows who reads the newspapers at all, now more and more frequently approaches American labor with its own special version of the world movement for greater freedom—with what might be called a new American plan for a new world functioning by industry.

"The national income, so far as we are concerned," it may be reported as saying, "is in danger of stopping or being largely reduced. Might we not get together before this happens and—disregarding for the present the larger designs of your politically minded leaders and of my financially minded Wall Street friends—draw up between us plans and specifications for somewhat more modest foundations for a new social world where we can live and function by industry to our mutual advantage?"

The most generally discussed of these offers, as many will recall, were in the form of various plans for industrial democracy, through shop committees or similar schemes of representation for the workmen of corporations. These plans were imported in many cases from the so-called movement toward the democratization of industry which came in England in the earlier part of the European War. The workman, represented by elected delegates, was to have a voice in the conduct of the factory, so far at least as his labor was concerned; to secure an assurance of right and stability in his own job; and a knowledge, through his delegates, of the financial conditions of the enterprise, which would allow him to insist on securing his fair share of its income in wages.

Individual interest and ambition were stimulated by various bonus and profit-sharing plans, the whole being aimed to increase the net income of the plant, which, of course, was what capital was after.

These plans have been quite generally accepted and quite widely successful. There was, however, a tendency in some quarters to feel that their working could be simplified, and gradually interest has developed more and more in a plan which reaches something of the same result as profit sharing or bonuses, by means of a typically American short cut.

"You want—with good sense—to take your machine," says capital to the worker, ingeniously hitching its own proposal to a great world impulse. "All right. I'll sell you your corporation, as much of it as you want, on special terms, at special prices."

An Innocent Proposal

Nothing could be so absurdly simple as this proposal for the organization of a new industrial world—if only it could be expected to work! The world in the past, as well as more recently, has continually tried to take the machine and work it—under the state, under boards, under committees of experts. But the machine has never yet seemed to work on a great scale except for the individual capitalist or the capitalistic corporation. Could it be possible that the worker could found his new world, which would function at last by industry, by the strangely simple process of taking over the only social instrument that has yet been able to make the machine work in the present world?

The idea is ridiculously simple. But we must be on our guard against it. For in this innocent proposal, which capital is now forcing to the attention of American labor to-day, is contained the beginnings of a reverse action in the labor movement—an entire revolution, so to speak, in revolutions. It eats into the core of all disputes between labor and capital, past and future. For up to the present time all proposals for new industrial worlds have agreed that the capitalist must become the worker. In this it is proposed that the worker must become a capitalist. It is little wonder, then, that all labor leaders—conservative, radical and parlor—are intensely suspicious of such a proposal, for it overturns all previous theories or practices in the organization of the worker; and in the circumstances it is well to consider carefully the warnings and objections these men now make against any such arrangement between capital and labor.

It is pointed out, then, in the first place, quite truly, that proposals of this kind have originated largely in the great aggregations of capital in the very greatest of American corporations, whose power is a special by-word and a hissing in the ears of all leaders of the worker throughout the world.

What chance has the individual workman in such a corporation against its power, without aid from fellow workers outside? And what possible influence would the stockholdings of employees have upon the policies of such a corporation? How could labor inside an industry ever raise capital enough finally to establish any kind of industrial democracy by stockholdings of this type?

At first glance these points seem well taken. To consider the laborer in American industry in the light of a capitalist will have a strong element of humor to most—or would have had at least until more recent years. More lately, however, that idea has changed; and the thought seems less humorous than it would have, say, twenty years ago.

We have seen arising in that time the annual increase of capital for investment deposited in American savings banks, which now runs well up in the hundreds of millions of dollars a year. These banks, being located principally in industrial sections of the country, get a very great proportion of their deposits from industrial workmen. We have also seen more than this amount being put into cheap speculative stocks, making still more hundreds of millions annually which are taken to a very large extent out of the small investors in the industrial sections of the United States. We have seen the still more tremendous subscriptions of working people to the United States Government's securities during the war.

Such sums directed toward any object are far from amusing.

How seriously the possibility of the movement of "Workman, own your own corporation" may be taken is interestingly shown in one of the current discussions on the subject contributed by the Railway Age in the following comments concerning the railroads, the greatest of all capitalistic institutions in the United States:

"The total par value of the railroad stock outstanding in the hands of the public on Dec. 31, 1917, was $6,583,000,000. The saving by the railroad employees of the recent increase in their wages would give them $625,000,000 annually for investment. On this basis, if they bought at par, they could easily, by investing all their savings and their dividends on their savings in railroad stocks, become owners of $3,490,000,000, a substantial majority of the stock, within five years.

"But they would not have to pay par. The average price at which stocks of twenty-five large railroad systems were bought and sold in the open market recently was $58.50. Taking this as the average market price of the railroad stocks outstanding, all the stock could be bought for $3,851,000,000, and over half of it, or enough to give absolute control, could be bought for $1,926,000,000. On that basis the railroad employees, by saving and investing their recent increase in wages in railroad stocks, could acquire ownership of a majority of the stock of all the railroads within three years."

Now the railroad employees, we may safely believe, will not immediately invest all their recent raise of pay to secure an absolute control of American railroad stock. Yet the idea is far from amusing or impossible. And it is still less so when it is remembered that a fifty-one per cent ownership is not at all necessary or usual for the control of a railroad; that the old formula of Wall Street for doing this safely calls for the ownership of some twenty per cent of a corporation stock; and that many a railroad has been controlled by an ownership of not much more than ten per cent by an inside group.

Labor's Buying Power

That inside group, of course, labor could easily supply by pooling its stock—the more easily because it every year is growing more and more used to financial operations on a large scale. If railroad operatives can, as they now plan, put great sums into the somewhat unfamiliar field of banking, and the chief labor body of the country can consider twenty-million-dollar defense funds, the buying in of considerable and influential blocks of stock by workers in their own industries is quite far from the ridiculous or unprecedented proposal it might seem at the first glance. As labor itself, through a great variety of financial campaigns of its own, now knows, the contribution of great bodies of individual workmen of relatively small individual sums makes a total respectable, even when compared with the contribution of capital through Wall Street, and with relatively small strain upon the individual contributor.

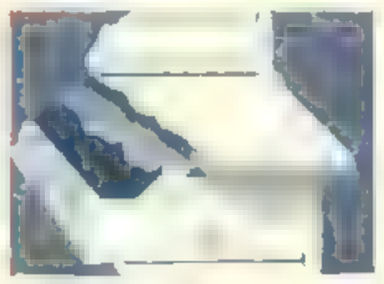
It may well be objected, however, that the workman can ill afford the investment of even small sums, if these are to be lost, and that investment in the corporation for which he works would in many cases mean a loss of savings to him; that in general the appearance of the worker as the capitalist in this proposed new world would be dangerous to himself if not ridiculous on general principles.

There is truth in this, no doubt. Yet, on the other hand, the experiment could scarcely be as dangerous in the aggregate

(Continued on Page 95)

Famous Automatic Lowering Flour Bin —pronounced the most important improvement in kitchen cabinet design. Makes filling easy. Saves heavy lifting and treacherous climbing. A Sellers creation

Automatic Base Shelf Extender. When you open the door the pots and pans are automatically brought within easy reach



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A BOWL of hot soup—thick with barley—after a brisk walk in the frosty air. My, how it touches the spot!

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Note how well the Sellers is made. Every inch is the result of 28 years of experience. That is why a Sellers Kitchen Cabinet fits into *any* modern type of kitchen—usually in the place left for the kitchen table.

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Go see your dealer. Have him show you the "Fifteen Famous Features." Inspect the Sellers in every way. It costs no more than any good cabinet. And most dealers will make terms to suit your income. Why wait? If you do not know the local dealer, write us for his name and a free copy of the *Sellers Book*.

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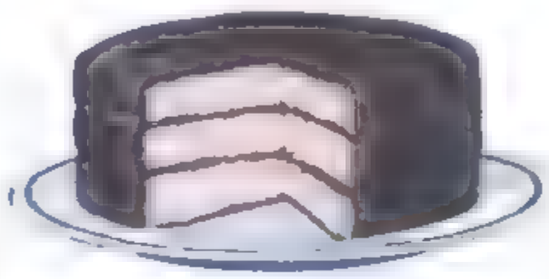
YOU must be pleased with Wilson's Certified Shortening, or we will pay back your money. We print this guarantee on every can because we want you to realize what splendid foods it helps you make, and the fact that it is so economical—it goes so much farther—it saves you money while it makes your pies, biscuits, doughnuts, cakes and other things so much better and tastier. This fine, grainy-textured, smoothly mixing shortening is, like all Wilson products, selected, handled and prepared with the same thoughtful *respect* your own mother would show toward the good things she makes for you to eat.

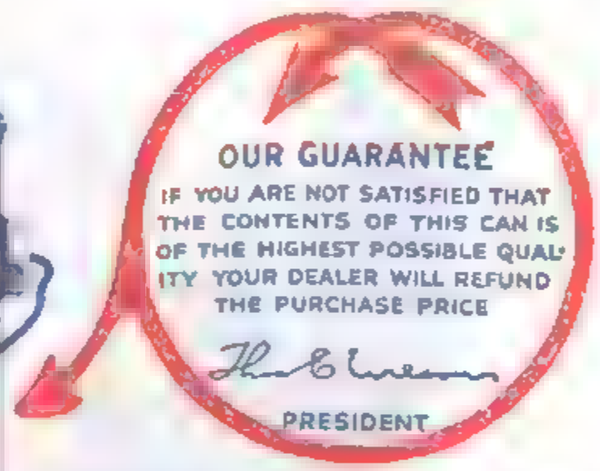
Ask your dealer for Wilson's Certified Shortening—the only "money back" kind. If he doesn't handle it, please send us his name. No matter where you live, we can supply your dealer, for our distribution is national and prompt.

"This mark WILSON & CO. your guarantee"
CHICAGO

Delicately browned biscuits that break open to velvety whiteness and coax you with their goodness—that's the kind you make with Wilson's Certified Shortening.



Deliciously rich, luscious, fine-textured cakes—the sort your friends praise to the skies—you can make them economically with Wilson's Certified Shortening.


OUR GUARANTEE
IF YOU ARE NOT SATISFIED THAT THE CONTENTS OF THIS CAN IS OF THE HIGHEST POSSIBLE QUALITY YOUR DEALER WILL REFUND THE PURCHASE PRICE
PRESIDENT

This is the plain, straightforward guarantee—look for it on each can.

Unexcelled for all frying, shortening and cake-making

Use Wilson's Certified Shortening for frying fish, chicken, potatoes, and the like. It holds their fine flavor and makes them extra appetizing.

Golden-brown doughnuts—the sort that are hunger-making on the outside, and perfect on the inside—that's the kind you can make easily with Wilson's Certified Shortening.

The Wilson label protects your table

(Continued from Page 92)

to the worker as his present placing of hundreds of millions a year in cheap speculative stocks, as we have seen he now does. And it is a further fact, well known to all men and women of small means, that outside of such institutions as the savings bank, the mortality rate among the saved and invested dollars of the worker is tremendous. Everyone who touches them seems to destroy them for him. And the well-justified pessimism of the poor caused by the tragic fate of their savings has much more to do with the very generally deplored prodigality of the poorer classes and their relatively small accumulation of capital than most people in more comfortable circumstances realize when they criticize them with their customary virtue and vigor on this point. The so-called working classes have so little information, such a small knowledge concerning the investment of capital, that they are the shining marks of every sharper, and find it very difficult indeed to become capitalists themselves, however much they might desire to do so.

There would be, even in the matter of investments, then, a probable very large relative gain for the worker under the practice of becoming a capitalist in his own corporation, especially as the idea now develops, with the stronger, larger and more financially responsible companies starting the practice.

Under it now, as it is being worked out in this country, the workman becomes to a considerable degree a preferred stockholder, getting his stock at lower rates and on more advantageous terms than the general public. And, moreover, he obtains for the first time, under this arrangement, the greatest of all advantages for one desiring to become a capitalist—the possibility at least of early and accurate inside information.

Information Capitalized

It is this power which, as we have seen, has tended to create the huge fortunes which, as all know, come out of Wall Street, and especially from the stock market. These takings of the so-called system, or the insiders in the stock market, are founded on what may be called the better information of the insider, or the greater ignorance of the public—according to the angle from which you choose to view the transaction. But in either way they are secured from the ability to acquire inside information first. And it would not be too much to say that labor, working on the ground, in its own corporation, with the special look-in of its new representative committee upon the corporation's financial situation, would be in this way in a position to secure this vitally important knowledge of the capitalist which leads to fortune through investment—much more advantageous than in making any other investment which is readily conceivable for it.

However, it is not likely that the average worker in a corporation would pile up great gains from such investment, pleasurable as that might be. And it is, as a matter of fact, fortunately of minor consequence to him that he do so. For the new offer of capital of partnership in a mutual corporation, and the possibility of inside information it gives the worker in his new dual capacity in the proposed new world of worker and capitalist, leads to a far greater matter than mere investment. For it brings him all at once face to face with an offer to satisfy his oldest and hungriest desire; of a possible solution to that oldest and angriest of problems in the modern world—the fair division of the income and wealth of populations.

It is exactly upon this unfair division that capital, as we have seen, has always been said by its enemies to be founded. The fundamental charge, of course, made from the first and still believed by countless people is that capital must inevitably drag down the worker to economic slavery by appropriating through its ownership of machinery a greater and greater share of what industry produces, leaving the worker at last only his bare living expenses.

Now capital, as a matter of history, has done something quite different from this. By the introduction of machinery it has added greatly to the income of all men over what they would otherwise have had. It has had far from a sure thing in doing this, suffering continual and tremendous losses. And relatively it has not tended to concentrate either wealth or income to a greater degree than before the arrival of the so-called capitalistic system. It has left the workers better off absolutely and no worse off relatively.

All this may be true; but it must be admitted that up to date capital has made few spontaneous moves toward the solution or correction of the ugly world-old problem of the division of wealth and income among mankind, which it found and which most of us believe can stand considerable readjustments before the best possible of worlds is secured. And it certainly did seem strange and in a way suspicious that capital, never backward, certainly, about taking its share of the income of industry, should now suddenly come forward with a marked concession along this line.

Yet on the surface there was much to be said for its claims concerning its offer of a brand-new world to labor. It is fair to think that the worker, being made a sort of preferred capitalist, so to say, with special representation in the management of a corporation; with the usual right and opportunity of knowledge of its operations, which law and custom give any stockholder, however small; with even the possibility of wielding at last the voting power of a considerable body of stock in the corporation for which he works—would be in a position at least to prevent the unfair advantage which capital has so long been charged with taking over him in the division of the income and wealth of the nation, so far as he was concerned. He might even eventually hope to secure his exact theoretical share of both, whatever that might prove to be.

Incidentally there would seem to be a still further indirect change in the same direction toward social fairness. For if there are, as many of us believe, a great many among the one per cent of our population who hold almost half of our wealth and more than one-seventh of our income who to-day stand entirely outside of the processes of its production and take it after it is produced, the intelligent sharing up of the income of industry between those who create it, on the premises where it is produced, might cut out no small part of the so-called swollen and speculative fortunes which certainly do no one any good to-day—not even their possessors.

On the surface, then, this offer of capital to let the worker into this new joint-stock world, this kind of bourgeois soviet, has some apparent advantages to the worker. Knowing capital as we do, however, we can feel sure that the offer was not made for any purely unselfish purpose. And this fact appears very clearly after any critical examination of the extremely commonplace new world which it offers to the worker, for we at once discover that what it offers is not so very much after all.

The Individual's Share

It may seem strange to the uneconomic thinker, after the words and tears and curses that have been shed over this matter of the income of nations and its division, how small after all was the thing that we were all fighting over. But, as a matter of fact, the individual's share of the national income in England is said to be only a little more than two hundred dollars a year; and even here in the United States, where it is said to be something more than twice that, it can scarcely be considered an excessive sum.

So if the great mass of men who secure their living from their current work should have for themselves and the members of their families all of the two hundred dollars or four hundred fifty dollars a head, instead of the, say, one hundred fifty or three hundred twenty-five dollars which they have secured under present distribution in England and the United States, they would secure no great prize. Indeed, in spite of all the hoarse outcries to the contrary and the bloodshed and tearshed over this subject, a world where there was an equal division of what is now produced would scarcely be the best possible of all worlds. In fact it is hard to consider seriously a society which produces no more as a finished civilization. And this being the case, what shall we say, short of extreme and purple profanity, of those theorists who propose to stop the entire process of production until its proceeds are distributed to their liking?

These reflections bring us face to face at once with our old and important theoretical friend, the national income, and the real ulterior purpose of capital concerning it. The policies of labor, as we have seen, have tended during the war both to secure a larger share of the national income and to cut it down as a whole, both by theory and practice. Capital, in these circumstances, must and will have a directly opposite purpose in both these matters. But, realizing the great relative importance at the present time of having an income to divide before you begin dividing it, American capital strikes directly for the thing it must by necessity first secure.

So the situation in which capital in American industry now finds itself is plain enough to any fairly conscious mind. Its investment in the machinery of industry is now the most elaborate and tremendous in the world; it was increased by billions of dollars during and just before our recent war—quite largely for special purposes of war and foreign trade. Now war stops. The foreign market, which had been so profitable, is falling away through sheer poverty and inability to buy, and American capital, so much increased, must find employment for its iron slaves largely at home. So at least the national income must be kept up as near as possible to what it had been if these are to be employed.

It is this situation, and not mere philanthropy, we may be sure, that has stimulated more and more the offers by capital to the worker of all the advantages of being a capitalist; of creating an entirely new thing in revolutionary worlds, a new world where the proletariat becomes the bourgeois and the worker the capitalist.

Industrial Tendencies

Its purpose in this new offer is now absurdly clear. The tendency of capital, as all know, is to overproduce. Its enemies have based volumes on this well-established fact. The tendency of the worker who has no personal stake in his work is always to underproduce—a tendency as old and natural as human nature, and which we have seen harden into theory as we move toward the proposed new world of the workers without capital.

Understanding this, we can understand at last the purposes of American capital in its new proposal. Nothing could be simpler. If a capitalist, getting more, produces more; if a laborer, when personally getting more, produces more, why not at once set out into a new world where the worker becomes a capitalist and, being on both sides of the operation, has the earning advantages of both, and so starts to produce at once the greater national income which capital on its side, especially as situated now, so much desires?

So we see to-day American capital's latest move toward supremacy, and now understand the cause and the plausibility of the rather odd unrevolutionary new world it proposes. Certainly we could all use more than four hundred or four hundred fifty dollars a head in this country in national income to great advantage. Certainly the worker, as capitalist, would be in a better position than now to secure his share of it when produced. Certainly, being sure of this, he would have the normal incentive to produce it; and certainly no one can fail to see the advantage and even the necessity in present circumstances which lie back of capital's specifications for a new world after the war.

We have now traced the way of capital for almost a century in the land where it has concededly reached its highest concentration of power. We have noted the alarming prophecies at its birth concerning the certainty and danger of its future course to mankind. We have seen it, then, taking a largely unforeseen and uncharted journey, equip and make habitable a bare continent with its machinery; observed it, while doing so, as it moved along its distasteful path of recurrent bankruptcy, instead of the sure and pleasanter path marked out for it in advance; and have finally seen it arrive at its present desire—well known to every capitalist who has saved from five dollars up—of a world that is reasonably safe for capital.

On the other hand, we have seen arise, especially since the recent war, the world-wide impulse of the worker for a greater industrial freedom, his natural hope to be more fully his own man, to take over and to have something more to say concerning his daily work with his machine than now. We have seen that hope gradually fading before the quite apparent inability of the

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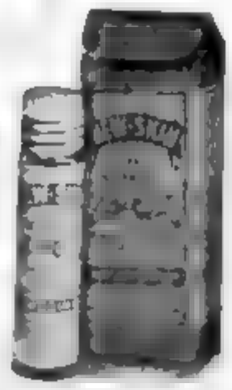

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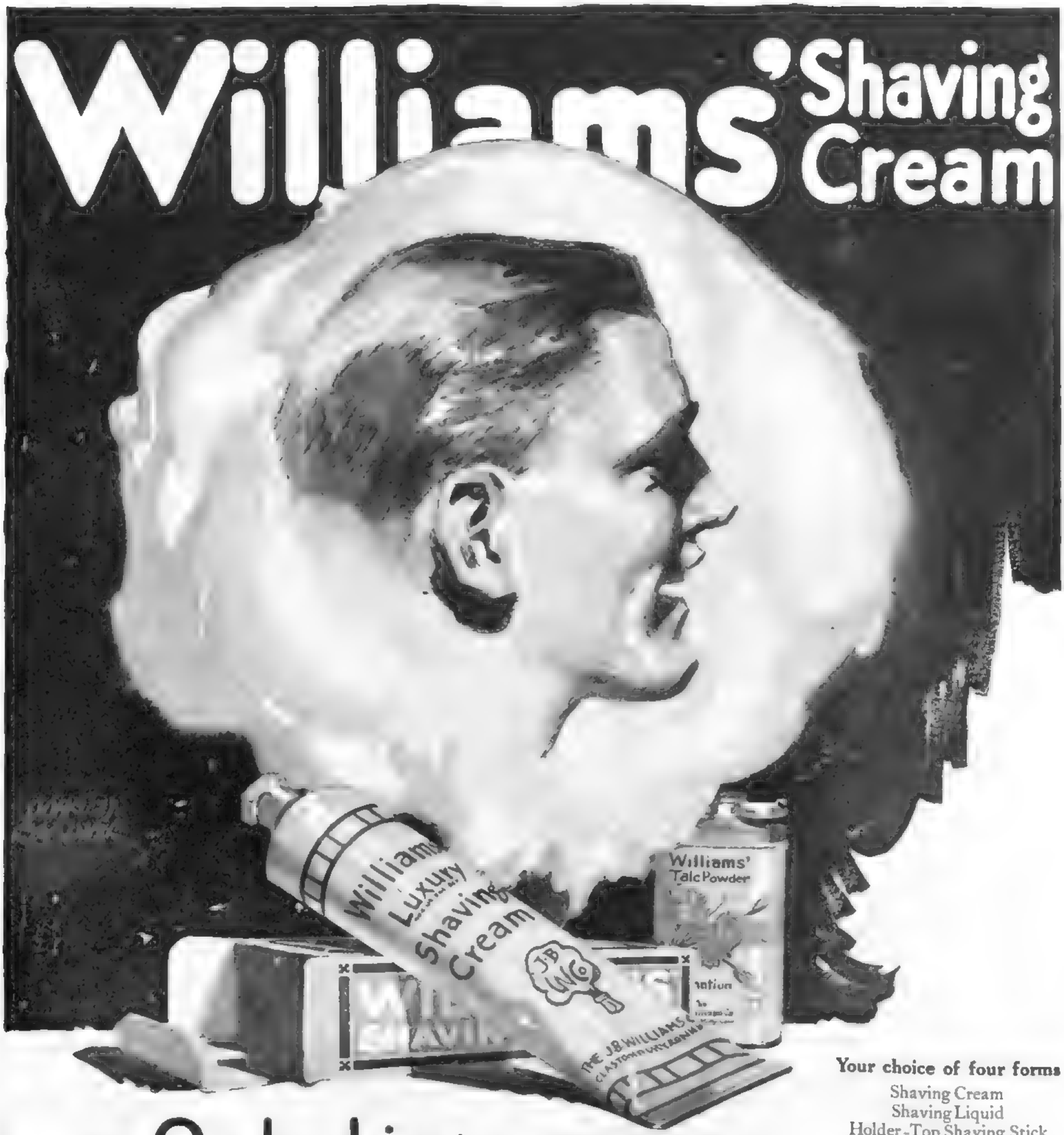

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Men who use Williams' have discovered that the real fountain of youth is lather—lots of it—rich and creamy.

When a man gets acquainted with Williams' he becomes an optimist. The cool, clean, easy shave that he gets the first thing every morning, under any and all shaving conditions, starts him to work with a smile and a new confidence which is reflected in his appearance and actions.

Williams' comes in several different convenient forms—any one of which will give you the famous Williams' lather and the satisfaction and advantages of looking young.

Your choice of four forms

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Send 20c in stamps for trial sizes of all four forms, then decide which you prefer. Or send 6c in stamps for any one.

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If you prefer to use a shaving cup, as many still do, ask your dealer for Williams' Mug Shaving Soap or Williams' Barber Soap.

After the shave you will enjoy the comforting touch of Williams' Talc. Send 4c for a trial size of either the Violet, Carnation, English Lilac or Rose.

THE J.B. WILLIAMS COMPANY MAKERS ALSO OF *MATINEE VIOLETS, JERSEY CREAM* AND OTHER TOILET SOAPS, TALC POWDER, DENTAL CREAM, ETC.

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worker to organize the new world he desired—a world which would, as they say now, function by industry; and the rising fear that this quite general hope of mankind was after all to prove a dead loss. And now at the last minute we see American capital make its offer of its plan of a new world, one of greater safety for itself and of greater profit and hope for the worker—the worker, that is, of the old-fashioned and less theoretical kind, with the emphasis on the first syllable.

This will be and is, as now developing in many American factories, but a small and commonplace new world, compared with the more splendid planets offered to man for immediate occupancy in the past few years; and, in fact, obviously only a beginning and a compromise; only a partial answer or a start toward answering the many problems which modern society offers, and which will not apparently be answered quite so glibly and easily as has been recently expected by many.

Yet it will offer also many of the conveniences of the more widely advertised new social millenniums. It will allow the worker in a partial way to own his machine; to have something to say about his own work and working hours; to have his long-desired look-in and influence on the division of the income and incidentally the wealth of the country.

More than that, it will give him the opportunity to do this through ownership and partnership in the one instrument of society which after a century of experiment has been able to work the machine and to make go in any way his world which his theoretical spokesmen would have function by industry. That instrument, as all know, is the corporation—that vital smaller economic state before which political states have been both weak and afraid; an instrument of society not too weak, but always too vital and strong.

If this could once be controlled and developed by the capitalist and worker together, to their mutual purposes, it is felt by many that it might be the best and most likely point of departure into any new world which we are soon likely to acquire. So there is still quite a lively possibility that the high hopes of mankind for economic advance in recent years may yet find some realization in a very practical way right here in the United States.

All this, of course, seems a strange and unexpected ending of the general movement of mankind toward another economic world. It is really a movement into an extension of an old one. Yet this after all is not a theoretical objection to anyone who believes in the gradual evolution of society. And, in fact, when we consider closely the desired and much advertised new world, where all will function by industry from this viewpoint, it is not nearly so new and striking after all as its title might indicate. For what is it after all but a world where every man would have his own business, know it and tend to it to the exclusion of other business until it is done? And after all has any older or sounder recipe yet been discovered for increasing national corporate or individual incomes than this?

Viewed in this way, indeed, the new world American capital offers has a certain actual current novelty, especially in the past few years, where the dominant note of economic and social theory has been tuned to a high pitch of unselfishness, of minding everybody's business before your own. Yet now this note is rapidly sliding down to a somewhat less hysterical pitch. The only world we shall be likely to get in the next few years is one where everybody gets down to his own job and does it and is thankful that he has a job to work at. And at the present time about the only current offer of a world which will function at all by industry is being made by capital. The other offers are one after another being withdrawn.

That being the case, let us cease for the moment talking economics and act them. We have at least an industrial world left in the United States. Let us make the best of it, and make it the best we can. In the words which our nervous and high-strung American boys brought back with them after straightening out the recent military troubles of Europe in their crude, rough, individualistic American way—"Let's go!"

Editor's Note—This is the last of a series of articles by Mr. Turner

Sense and Nonsense

Preparedness

ON A DOZEN occasions within six months the old fellow had absented himself from the shop to attend funerals. Finally the foreman remonstrated with him, not wishing to see the man discharged.

"What's the idea of going to all those funerals, Dennis, when the people are not even distantly related to you? Your absence from work is getting you in bad with the superintendent."

"Oi'm an ould mon, sor; a very ould mon," he replied earnestly. "Oi must look out for the future mesilf, sor. If yez doan't go to other folks' funerals how can yez expect thim to go to yourn?"

A Lesson in Thrift

HUGH CHISHOLM, editor of the Encyclopædia Britannica, came to this country a few years ago and made the grand tour. He bore letters of introduction to all our great men. Among these great men were J. Pierpont Morgan, the elder, and Andrew Carnegie. Both Morgan and Carnegie entertained Mr. Chisholm at their homes and made his paths pleasant.

It happened that both Morgan and Carnegie were on the ship on which Mr. Chisholm returned to England. On the first morning out Mr. Chisholm was talking to Morgan on deck when Carnegie came along.

"Morgan," said Carnegie, "I see you paid twenty-five thousand guineas for that Gainsborough the other day."

"Yes," Morgan replied.

"You shouldn't do things like that, Morgan," protested the thrifty Scot. "It is mere arrogance of wealth on your part. You pay twenty-five thousand guineas for a Gainsborough and set the price at that, thus depriving many a man who might afford ten thousand guineas for a Gainsborough, but who cannot afford twenty-five thousand guineas for one, of the opportunity of getting one of these paintings for his gallery. It's mere wastefulness on your part. It shows a lack of appreciation of the value of money. You're always like that. I suppose, for instance, you would have paid me a hundred million dollars more than you did for my steel companies."

"Certainly," snorted Mr. Morgan, and walked off down the deck, leaving the Scot gasping for air.

A Matter of Diet

A NEGRO employed at one of the movie studios in Los Angeles was drafted by a director to do a novel comedy scene with a lion.

"You get into this bed," ordered the director, "and we'll bring the lion in and put him in bed with you. It will be a scream."

"Put a lion in bed with me!" yelled the negro. "No, sah! Not a-tall! I quits right here and now."

"But," protested the director, "this lion won't hurt you. This lion was brought up on milk."

"So was I brung up on milk," wailed the negro, "but I eats meat now."

Work! Work! Work!

Bending over baskets of socks, straining their eyes and their nerves. Man alive! That's no work for a woman to-day.

Women have been waging a losing fight against the big toes of the world for years. The fight is over, for

True Shape

SOCKS

KEEP THE BIG TOES IN

Reinforced Socks are no novelty, but *TRUE SHAPE* Socks are different. They are made by a process which considers the rights of the big toe as well as his unruliness. Wonderfully strong, but smooth, soft, and yielding. They don't hurt the toe, but they teach him his place. *TRUE SHAPE* Socks are easy on the feet, are closely woven of the best raw materials, and have no superiors for appearance.

Ask your dealer for *TRUE SHAPE* No. 152—a silk sock. Also our Wool Heather Mixtures.

TRUE SHAPE Hosiery is also made for women and children. If your dealer cannot supply you, write us direct.

Wherever you are, you'll be sure of hosiery satisfaction if you insist on the TRUE SHAPE diamond on each pair.

TRUE SHAPE HOSIERY CO.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

SECRET HISTORY

(Continued from Page 15)

He watched her with curious interest as she came down to breakfast the next morning looking quite herself. After the restless night he had spent with black dreams in which he had seen her dead there was something uncanny about her appearance—like one risen. It had always been a matter of fine taste with her to dress for breakfast fully and with extreme care. She detested boudoir effects. She even envied men the freshness that comes of a clean shave. But this day she need not have envied anyone—either man or woman. She was crisp and radiant.

"Good morning, Rex," she greeted him.

He rose at her entrance and drew out her chair before the coffee urn. She seated herself with a smiling "Thank you" and poured his coffee with care for just the quantity of cream he liked. As she passed the cup she met his eyes, and a shadow flitted across her own of brown as she noted the weariness in his.

"You have a hard day before you, Rex?" she asked.

"A busy day," he answered.

"Then it will do you good to get out to-night. There's a dance on, remember."

"You care to go?" he asked in surprise.

"Of course we're going," she nodded.

As he saw her across the table she was just the same as she had always been, and yet not the same. He could not define the difference. But his feeling was that three or four leaves had been inserted in the table which separated them.

She went to the door with him, as she always did, and as he started out said once again, "Don't forget the dance."

He half turned under the spell of some new impulse, but as he did so she withdrew a little as in warning. He hurried off, forgetting his usual cigarette.

Rex accompanied her to the dance that evening, not because he wished to go, but because he wished to observe her under those conditions in her new rôle. That was his way; to work out problems in silence and by himself. She had confronted him with a situation that as far as he could see was absolutely unwarranted; that was wholly inexplicable. Yet he had enough respect for her judgment to understand that this was no passing whim. In some way she justified herself. But before he searched for underlying causes he must first of all determine the boundary lines she had set for herself and him; to outline, as it were, the field of action.

This was not easy. It was difficult for him to believe, in the light of her conduct that evening, that any change at all had taken place. He began to wonder if he were not the victim of some hallucination, for she was her same spritely self, both to him and to everyone else. She danced as eagerly as ever—with him when he wished; with the first to come along when he swung off with someone else, as in decency he was often bound to do. He watched rather sharply for a while to see if she showed any favoritism, and then cursed himself for a cad at daring even to allow such a petty thought to enter his head. Suspicions of that character reflected on him rather than on her, and he knew it. He must be careful how he thought—very, very careful—both for her sake and his own. He must be careful, too, how he looked and acted. At least two of his partners, sharp-eyed women with keen and flexible tongues, commented indirectly on his indifferent dancing.

"You act tired, Rex," said pretty Mrs. Randall in her most sympathetic voice—a dangerously sympathetic voice it had proved before now to be.

"If I were ready to drop in my tracks I'd owe you an apology for seeming so," he answered quickly.

With that he braced up. He was a good dancer, and her feet scarcely touched the floor after this. But he did not dance with her again.

Mrs. Newcombe tried an even wilier thrust.

"How gay Connie seems to-night," she observed as she caught his eyes following her.

"That's a good sign, isn't it?" he returned.

"She is the only one who can answer that," she suggested.

"I'll have to ask her then," he forced himself to laugh.

After this he gave more attention to his feet and the music and his partner; and he did so particularly when he danced with his wife, though she left him little to do in this direction, swinging him round with a rhythmic ease that would have galvanized a dead man. Yet how light she was in his arms—how tantalizingly light even when his muscles contracted a little! It was as though he held merely some astral semblance of her. But he caught, even so, the subtle perfume of her hair—a perfume that belonged to her and to no one else. It was to him like some rare incense. To-night it stirred memories that at one moment swept him to the heights and the next to the depths. On the whole, this turned out to be one of the most baffling evenings of his life.

They drove home shortly after eleven, and she waited while he made the garage by the side of the house tight for the night. Together they went up the path and into the dark hall. She found the light and switched it on and handed her furs to him.

"Good night," she said quickly.

And before he could catch his breath she had disappeared up the stairs to her room.

IV

REX, at any rate, was a gentleman—even if a somewhat stupid gentleman. Had she been his ward and he her guardian, he could not have shown her more delicate consideration than he did during the following months. Another man might have resorted to melodrama, or worse still, to sulks; but Rex treated her like some princess placed in an awkward position. Aside from his breeding which made him respect every woman as some superior order of being, he was influenced from the first by the belief that, whether she was right or wrong in her course, she honestly believed she was right. She was playing fair, according to her lights, with both herself and him. That was proved by the fact that, under the circumstances, she was willing to stay on here with him. She had, to be sure, as much pride in keeping up appearances as he had, but she was doing more than that—a whole lot more. As day after day passed he realized that keenly. She gave in reality more time to him than she ever had. She demonstrated this in a curious fashion in the early spring.

All winter they had been cursed with an incompetent cook, who succeeded in making second-rate all the first-rate material that was purchased. Often, both in the morning and at night, he was obliged to leave his meals not more than half eaten—this in spite of the fact that rather than disturb Connie he made something of a martyr of himself by swallowing the little he did eat. Then suddenly this all changed, and Mary, the second girl, began to serve him meals that tempted even his indifferent appetite. For an evening or two he took this to be nothing more than a happy accident. Then as a dish appeared which he had often ordered in the courtship days when Connie consented to dine out with him he became suspicious.

"What has happened to the cook?" he demanded.

She appeared confused.

"Anything wrong?" she asked in a feeble attempt to be evasive.

"She couldn't get the knack of this kind of cooking in a week. I'll bet you fired her."

"Yes, Rex," she admitted reluctantly.

"Where'd you get the new one?"

"I just happened upon her."

"Where?" he persisted.

She was a bit too jaunty about it. One does not happen like that on good cooks any more than one happens on fortunes.

"At a cooking school in town," she replied.

"What's her name?"

At that point Mary, who was serving, broke through her stolid training and began to giggle. Rex stared at her in amazement.

"I will serve the rest of the dinner," cut in Connie sharply.

Mary vanished, jamming her white apron over her mouth.

"What's the matter with her?" inquired Rex.

"I guess she saw how embarrassing it is for me to try to keep a secret," replied Connie. "I—I'm the cook myself."

"You?"

"Bridget was really impossible, and I had time enough, so I took a short course in town."

"Then you cooked this dinner?"

She nodded.

"But look here ——" he started to protest.

"Don't scold, Rex," she interrupted. "I rather like it, and—well, I wish to be a good housewife."

The word brought him up sharply. For a moment he had forgotten her rôle, as at odd moments he had found himself doing of late. But every time he did so he paid for it as he did now. She rambled on during the remainder of the meal, trying to divert him with the local news of the neighborhood, and he tried his best to brace up in response. The least a man could do to show his appreciation of such an effort to add to his comfort as she had made was to be agreeable. She was looking her best this evening, too, and her best was enough to turn a man's head. The deep flush of youth was in her cheeks and her eyes were big and full. By some legerdemain she had been able to dress, even though responsible for the dinner. She was in a gown of beaded black; a gown that emphasized the whiteness of her soft skin; a gown that allowed the curves of her tender neck and shoulders to stand revealed. At her throat she wore the cameo that had belonged to Grandmother Blanchard.

When she preceded him into the living room, where the shaded lamp cast a mellow glow over the simple but colorful furnishings, which were all of her selection, Rex found it necessary to steady himself a moment before following. At the door he paused as she seated herself on her side of the table where his paper was waiting. What a picture she made! But that was a poor comparison. No master of oil and color ever succeeded in his finest creation in imbuing cold canvas with more than the merest suggestion of the pulsating life this woman embodied. And yet, though here within arm's length of him, she was in a way as distant as though she hung framed upon the wall. He felt it as he never had before—felt it as he never had even in his courtship days. For then in the zest of conquest he had been sure of his power. Mysteries to each other they had then been, clashing with hidden weapons, with him as the aggressor. But having conquered, he had not been able to hold his conquest. She had slipped away from him even when he thought he had her fast; just as now she was before him and yet not before him, just as when she ceased to be a mystery she had become more a mystery than ever.

Strange series of paradoxes for a man not used to paradoxes!

Rex did not read his paper that evening. Somehow the news columns—even the financial news columns—had gone stale to him. The efforts of the busy reporters scurrying about like bright-eyed whippets were wasted on him. All the secondhand drama they had been able to dig up with the habitable globe to choose from did not interest him as much as sitting with his own thoughts in the quiet of this room, a silent young woman opposite him intent upon a bit of sewing.

Yet the keenest reporter in New York, for all he could have seen, however bright his eyes, could not have made a stick of the situation.

Rex Blanchard, of the Blanchard Machine Company—the concern which had been coming so fast during this last year—sat at home with his wife and found his paper dull. That was all. Yet the episode was significant enough to disturb even Connie. For perhaps a half hour she went on with her sewing, glancing up surreptitiously now and then as she waited expectantly for the familiar crinkle of the dry pages. Then because the silence got on her nerves she spoke:

"There's your paper, Rex."

He looked up.

(Continued on Page 102)

Back of His Eye There Was Something That the Promising Youngsters Who Took on Him and His Partner in a Spirit of Condescension Failed to Reckon With

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It's as easy as turning on the faucet to make delicious pancakes with Pillsbury's Pancake Flour. Add only water—everything required, even the milk, is in the flour. You'll wonder how you can make such pancakes with so little effort—pancakes so light and tender that you'll want to serve them the year 'round—summer as well as winter.

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You can't expect Beaver Board results unless this trademark is on the back of the board you buy.

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WHETHER your choice is in moderate-price fabrics or more luxurious weaves, the Emery Label gives equal assurance of satisfaction.

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It means custom satisfaction—without the extra cost; without the bother of being measured.

It pays to look for Emery.

Some Emery Features—

Generous cut and perfect fit.

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Patterns balanced in cuffs, fronts and shoulders. Sleeve placquets (buttoning above cuffs).

Pre-shrunk neckband.

Patented NEK-BAN-TAB that ends fussing with starchy back buttonholes.

At better-class shops

W. M. STEPPACHER & BRO., Inc.
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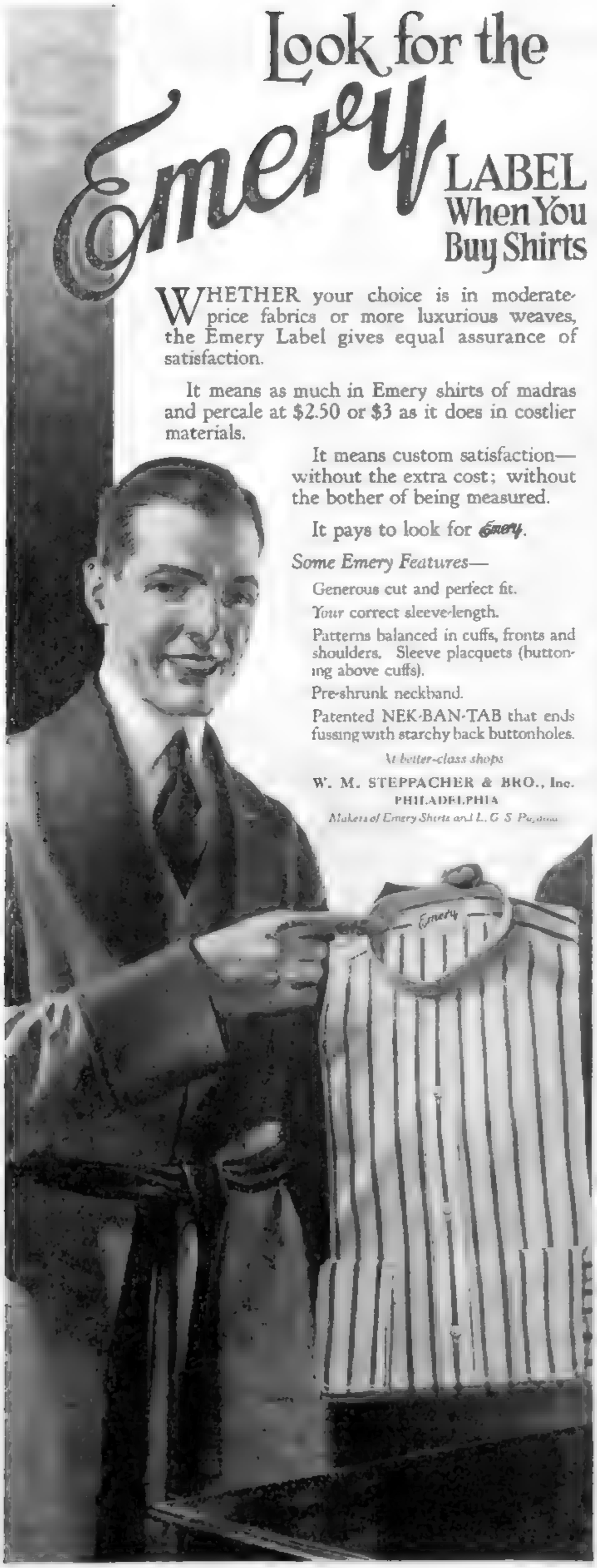

(Continued from Page 98)

"Thanks," he answered as though glad for the sound of her voice

"You've read it?"

"No."

"Tired?"

"Not at all."

"Like to go out anywhere?"

"I'd rather not—unless you wish to go."

"I don't," she answered.

"Perhaps you are tired yourself," he said.

"I?" she laughed. "Why should I be tired?"

"You cooked the dinner."

"Child's play."

"But the cook used to complain."

"Because she was a cook."

"Perhaps because she was a poor cook."

"Perhaps she was a poor cook because she complained," she suggested with a whimsical smile.

"It doesn't seem quite right for you to be doing that work."

"Distinctly it is right, Rex," she answered—"as long as you are satisfied."

"Satisfied?"

"With the results."

"And that—that satisfies you?" he questioned.

"I wish to be a good housewife," she repeated once more.

The phrase numbed him—numbed him all over. Automatically he reached for his paper, and Connie gave a little sigh of relief—a sigh, for all that, which had something of a quaver in it.

That spring was a crucial period in the development of the growth of the Blanchard Machine Company. With the acquisition of three new plants in the past twelve months they had reached a position of such importance that several very astute gentlemen began to take anxious notice, notably Damon, of the American Tool Corporation. Blanchard, Senior, had been expecting this. It was here that the real fight was coming, a fight that was going to draw upon all the resources of youth. And yet it was at this point that Rex took it into his head to try to get back into tennis form. He had conceived an absurd ambition—to win once again the mixed-doubles cup with Connie. Where the inspiration came from, Lord knows. Connie did not suggest it, but when one day he put it up to her she said simply, her eyes brightening, "I'm game to try, Rex."

"Then," he said with some of his old-time spirit, "we'll go after it."

A little silver cup, to be engraved if they won it, with her name and his—that was what Rex went after—at a time when the control of the Eastern tool market was at stake. The undertaking called for hard training, and that meant getting home from the office early in the afternoon. For a week Blanchard watched the boy in amazement: saw him leave unfinished business on his desk and vanish at three when he should have been on the job until five. At the beginning of the second week Blanchard caught his son's arm as the latter was reaching for his hat

"Where you going?" he asked.

"Home, dad."

"But look here, Rex, there are several important matters here that ought to be attended to."

"They'll wait until to-morrow."

"I suppose so, if you go off and leave them. But Damon—we can't afford to give him much leeway."

"And I can't afford to let him make me miss the three-twenty. We'll talk that over to-morrow, dad."

With that he was out of the office. At four he was at the clubhouse with Connie, and at four-thirty on the courts. He found it hard work at first, because he had got softer this winter than he suspected. But his eye was as good as ever, and back of his eye there was something that the promising youngsters of twenty who took on him and his partner in a spirit of condescension failed at first to reckon with. At the end of the first month quite a little gallery used to gather to watch these practice sets in which the Blanchards consistently put out one couple after another.

"It's pretty, isn't it, how they pull together?" commented Mrs. Newcombe.

"And remarkable," nodded Mrs. Randall. "They've done more to sustain my faith in true love than any people I know."

"It isn't so common nowadays. I wonder what the secret is?"

"It just happens that way—once in a thousand times."

"As often as that?" questioned Mrs. Newcombe.

The gallery was pretty evenly divided between those who came to watch a tennis game which, though perhaps not as fast or as fine as that demanded of championship form, was as clever an exhibition of teamwork as that to be seen anywhere; and those more romantically inclined, who came to admire the exhibition from a more personal angle. Any way you took it, the sight was worth an hour's time on a fair afternoon. The two played as though governed by one brain; as parts of a single smoothly running machine. If at times Rex seemed like the aggressor and she the steady, dependable balance wheel, that position in a few moments might be reversed with Connie forcing the play with her cautious, sure strokes, which, however, needed his final fierce volley for success. And always each seemed to know by instinct just the part to play in the other's game; and though they took each set seriously—more seriously it sometimes seemed to the gallery than the stake warranted—still they were more like lovers than a couple more than two years married.

Two years is not such a long while, and yet it is two years. Since they had had their day as bride and groom at least a dozen other couples had appeared at the club to crowd them into the background from this distinctive position. They had become members of the group known as the younger married set—a group among whom gossip was already busy with considerable justification. In many ways this period of adjustment when pure romance merges into life is a dangerous one. It made the case of the Blanchards appear all the more remarkable. It was why many of those older women who looked at brides and grooms with no more than cynical indifference liked to watch Connie and Rex hurry off side by side to the clubhouse after the game.

And all this while these two were utterly oblivious of the attention they were attracting. Perhaps at times Connie received an inkling of it, but when she became conscious of eyes upon them she took that to be merely the admiration that women always had felt for Rex. Anything else, as they saw him, was scarcely possible. Big and handsome and gentle mannered, and successful both in work and play, he certainly stood out among his fellows. There were moments when, seeing him as they saw him, she felt a decided thrill. There were moments now when, even seeing him as she saw him, her heart beat the faster.

As for Rex, he was too absorbed in this new drama to be conscious of anything else. He felt as though he were beginning life all over again, with a bigger stake this time than before. That was placing a good deal of emphasis on a little silver cup—a great deal more than the donors ever intended. A state championship is not so much when all is said and done.

Blanchard, Senior, felt that way about it.

"Good Lord, boy!" he exploded. "Tennis is all right as a game, but when you begin to sacrifice business to it, aren't you going a bit too far?"

"For two years I sacrificed everything I had to business," said Rex.

"And see what you accomplished!"

"Yes," answered Rex grimly, "I see."

"And now ——"

"I'm going to sacrifice a little business to something else. We've got all we can do without expanding further. What's the use?"

"If I were only your age!" exclaimed the father.

"I have a notion that under the circumstances you'd do just what I'm doing," answered Rex.

Blanchard was worried—worried because back of this obsession of the boy's there seemed to be some mystery. In an endeavor to ferret it out he even went down to the club with Mrs. Blanchard on several afternoons, and later had dinner at the house. He enjoyed a good dinner—better than he was in the habit of finding at home. This only added another mystery. And yet when after a good deal of strategy he managed to secure ten minutes with Connie alone he emerged from the interview none the wiser and with little encouragement of securing her help in bringing Rex to his senses.

"He's set his heart on that cup," she said.

"Evidently. But why in thunder has he?"

Connie looked thoughtful a moment. Then a smile illumined her face—a smile of tender beauty.

(Concluded on Page 104)

STEERO CUBES

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

When Your Menfolks Are Listless About Food

Have you often wondered what to do when your menfolks fail to eat? No matter what special dishes you cook for them—no matter how much pains you take with the table service—still they are listless about their food.

Did you know that a savory, hot beverage served at the beginning of a meal is a great aid to appetites? Just try it—when they come home from business tired and cold, serve them Hot Steero. And then watch how those men will eat. Meaty, rich Hot Steero seems to awaken normal hunger.

And Hot Steero is easy to prepare; it takes no time or bother. Put a Steero Cube into each cup and add boiling water. It is ready to serve at once.

A Steero Cube or two improves the flavor of scores of dishes. Try it in gravies, meat and vegetable sauces, scalloped dishes, and with left-overs.

Put Steero on your order list today. Steero Cubes have the name "STEERO" on the wrapper.

Send for Free Samples

Let us send you free samples of Steero Cubes so that you may learn how good Hot Steero tastes, what a wonderful flavor it has. Write today. If you enclose ten cents we will also send you the 64-page Steero Cook Book, full of practical and delicious recipes—helpful to every housewife.

Schieffelin & Co., 266 William St., New York

Distributors for

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"A Cube Makes a Cup"
"Simply Add Boiling Water"

STEERO CUBES—the name Steero is on every wrapper—are sold in boxes of 12. If not readily obtainable at your dealer's, we will mail direct upon receipt of 35 cents. Large families, clubs, boarding houses, and hotels will find the tins of 50 and 100 more convenient. Ask your grocer, druggist, or delicatessen dealer for Steero.

The Best
costs a penny

When you think of cost of living think of this:

The best breakfast dish in the world—Quaker Oats—costs only one cent per serving. Dishes which cost from 8 to 15 times that cannot compare with oats.

Quaker Oats yield in nutriment 1810 calories per pound, while round steak yields 890.

The oat is well balanced. It contains 16 needed elements. As a body-builder and a vim-food it holds a unique place.

If it cost ten times a meat dish you would be wise to serve it. But the meat foods average ten times Quaker Oats.

Waste and Nutriment

Quaker Oats	
Water and waste	7.7%
Protein	16.7%
Fat	7.3%
Carbohydrates	66.2%
Minerals	2.1%

Sirloin Steak	
Water and waste	66.8%
Protein	16.5%
Fat	16.1%
Carbohydrates	None
Minerals	1%

Compare the waste and nutriment. Compare the calory cost—the energy measure of food value.

You will see why authorities urge that oats be served at least once daily.

Make Quaker Oats your basic breakfast all the time.

Serve the costlier foods at dinner and let the oat-dish average down the cost.

Quaker Oats
with that world-famed flavor

Quaker Oats are flaked from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, flavory oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel.

Millions of oat lovers, the world over, have been won by this extra flavor. Be sure you get it, for it costs no extra price.

Calories per Pound	
Quaker Oats	1810
Round steak	890
Salt codfish	325

Cost per 1,000 Calories	
Quaker Oats	6½c
Average meats	45c
Average fish	50c
Young chicken	$1.66

15 cents and 35 cents per package

Except in far west and south

Packed in sealed round packages with removable cover

(Concluded from Page 102)

"I don't know—for sure," she answered slowly. "But maybe because it's—it's a loving cup."

"He ought to leave such things for the youngsters of twenty," answered Blanchard.

It was true that Connie knew not for sure the secret motive governing this new ambition of Rex Blanchard, but she did not worry over that, because she knew for sure so many other exhilarating facts: that week by week he seemed to be growing younger in both body and mind; that week by week he seemed to be growing more thoughtful and considerate of her; that week by week he seemed to be expressing more and more of himself and less and less of the Blanchard Machine Company.

They did not go away that summer in July, but stuck right at home until after the tournament play in August. And right here is where Rex proved himself very much of a gentleman.

It was not easy after those hours in the sun when they stood side by side and played together—fighting together, too, it was—to escort her back to the privacy of the little house and maintain the poise that her trust in him demanded.

There were long hours on the screened and shaded porch, where he might talk of everything except that uppermost in his heart; the long hours when he might be as tender to her as he desired as long as he did not express the tenderness of a lover; the long hours in the dark when he might feast his eyes upon her resting figure as long as he kept a tight grip upon himself. So much he did.

At what point Rex had wakened to some understanding of the impulse which had driven this woman he had married to her unusual course it would be difficult to say. It dawned upon him slowly, because he had not had much experience with women. But little by little he came to see—and to fear. Love was not something that could be won and put aside in a safe-deposit vault like bonds—not the quick love such a nature as hers gave. Such a love must be fed on love, or it withered and died. He had seen it wither. Had he seen it die?

He did not know. He did not dare question. The only course he saw open was to begin all over again—at the very beginning. If he could put himself back to where he started with her—back two years to those days when they had met in the full pride of their strength—then he might venture. And the test of his ability to do this was to be the winning of this cup. It was a primitive sort of conception—or perhaps boyish. But it is surprising what a boy a grown-up man can on occasion be.

Yet it was a man's feat—this concealing of a love that burned to make itself felt.

And she, watching him through half-closed lids or openly under cover of the dusk, thrilled with the magic of this love, newborn. She even smiled to herself at the pride he took in his secret—at the satisfaction he felt in keeping his deep secret so very deep. Only at times—she was forced to admit it—she would have forgiven him if he had weakened a little. As day after day passed she began to grow afraid of this iron will that kept him in such control. There was a danger here.

The thing that sustained her through that summer, both physically and mentally, was the growing conviction that somehow the approaching tournament was going to bring her affairs to some sort of head. Rex had never spoken of it in that way, but even as far back as when Blanchard, Senior, had tried to pump her she had answered upon instinct. On no ground except that the contest had for him some ulterior meaning could she explain his exaggerated seriousness. He was playing for a bigger stake than a silver cup; and that stake—there were many moments when she was glad enough that the dark hid her burning cheeks.

She was giving decidedly more of herself to this undertaking than her position as housewife justified. The strain began to tell upon her. A week before the tournament she found herself not sleeping properly. Often she woke toward midnight and pattered round her room for two or three hours, and yet she never allowed that to break her rule of rising at six-thirty in plenty of time to prepare his breakfast. And after he left for business she refused to neglect her housework upon any pretext whatever. There was not so much of it, but there was some—a good deal more than she was encumbered with before when she was fighting her way to the finals. It was just this little extra which told upon her. She knew it at the time, but this was her secret, and Rex fortunately was not as good at reading secrets as she. Even up to the last day of play on the home courts he saw her only as in the best of condition. Two days later the tournament began.

The details of that play are not important. They fought their way through the preliminaries—and a grueling contest it was—to the finals, and the papers all commented on the marvelous teamwork they displayed. At every danger point each rallied to the aid of the other with an unerring instinct that amounted almost to inspiration.

And yet two hours before the games that were to decide the title, Connie was weeping all alone in her room with the heart gone out of her. How or why it happened she never knew, but suddenly she realized that she did not have the strength to push this thing through. To get this far she had given all she had, and she had no more. She tried to bully herself out of this belief; she even tried to pray herself out. But when she rose to her feet she was tired and stale and sick at heart—oh, so sick at heart! And alone now—so utterly alone! It was pitiful and tragic.

She was not dressed when she heard Rex calling to her from below.

"Time to start, Connie."

"Ready in five minutes," she answered.

There was no escape. She must go on. Somehow she got into her tennis clothes and somehow came down with a smiling face. As his eyes first rested on her it seemed for a second as though his will might fail him. Then his stubborn jaws came together and he led the way out to the car. The outcome was decided at that moment.

Three hours later Rex was back home with her—dazed and nerve racked from the strain. Defeat had come swiftly. He could not understand it. She had fought gamely, but her strokes had lacked power, her feet swiftness. So, too, had his own. On the way back they had sat dumbly, and now, after changing, he was pacing the floor of the living room waiting for her to come down. But for what he did not know. He had lost—lost after putting all there was in him into the game. He had not been able to come back. So where did he stand now?

At the end of half an hour Connie had not come down. He went out into the hall, and finally up the stairs to her door. All was silent within—so silent that he could hear his own heart beat. It took courage to call her name, but he did. She did not answer. Then he turned the knob and threw his weight against the door. It pushed open easily enough. There was no need of any such effort. Connie was lying on the bed—prone, with her head buried in the pillows—one arm outstretched. Kneeling, he seized it and pressed his lips against it. It was warm—he thanked God for that.

"Connie," he whispered as she remained motionless. "Connie, we lost—but you mustn't take it as hard as this."

"It's—it's all my fault," she moaned from the depths of the pillows.

"We played together and—we lost together," he said.

And as he spoke it was as though he got hold of a new idea—an idea so big that it made him dizzy.

"Together," he repeated. "I wonder if that isn't what counts—not whether we won or lost, as long as it was together."

She raised her head eagerly.

"Counts for what?" she quavered.

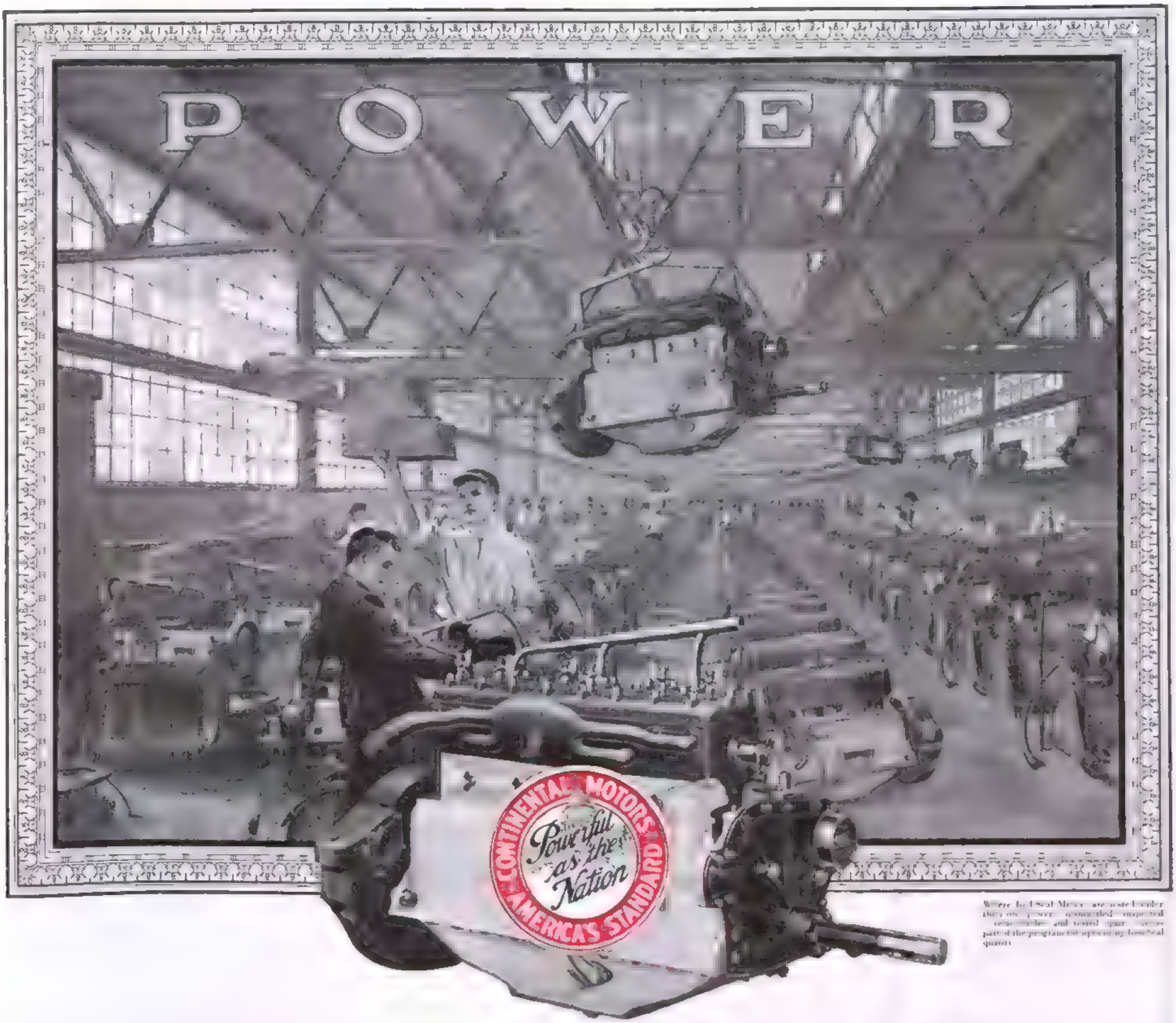
"For this," he answered.

And before she could have protested had she wished, he pressed his hungry lips against hers.

Rex and Connie Blanchard are several years older now, and have several new responsibilities—Rex, Junior, and baby Connie being the most important—but they are still looked upon with something like awe as an example of unbroken romance in real life. Even Blanchard, Senior, is becoming reconciled to the fact that Rex still leaves the office at three, and often as not runs down with him to play an hour with the children.

But the Blanchard Machine Company, though doing a good business, somehow has failed to meet the expectations of the business world. Damon, though relieved, places the responsibility upon Rex.

"He doesn't take his job seriously enough," he declares.



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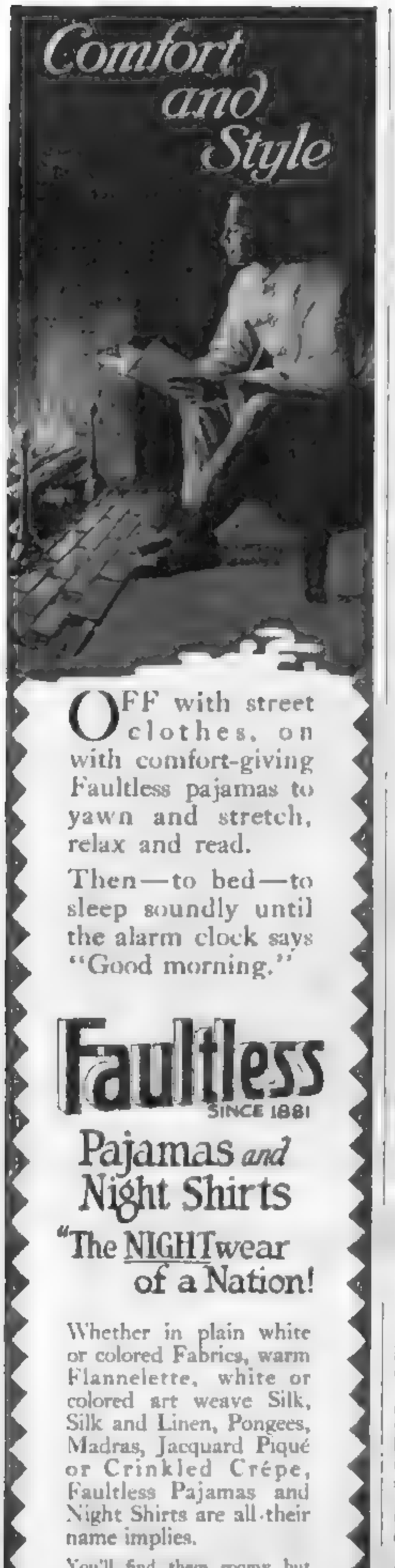

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Rest Assured

THE WRONG TWIN

(Continued from Page 21)

She was wrested from him by Bill Bardin. When he would have retrieved her Terry Stamper had secured her notice. So through another dance he stood aloof against the wall, moody now. It might be only social finesse in Pearl, but she was showing to others the same pleased vivacity she had shown to him. Could it be she did not yet understand? Had she possibly not divined that they two were now forever apart from the trivial world? They danced again.

"Don't you feel as if we'd always known each other?" he demanded.

"Sure, kid!" breathed Pearl.

It was after still another dance—she had meantime floated in the arms of a mere mill foreman. This time he led her into the dusky hallway, where open windows brought the cool night to other low-voiced couples. He led her to the farthest window, where the shadow was deepest, and they looked out—above the roof of Rapp Brothers, Jewelry—to a sky of pale stars and a blond moon.

"Ain't it great?" said Pearl.

He stood close to her, trembling from the faintest contact with her loveliness. He wished to kiss her—he must kiss her. But he was afraid. Pearl was sympathetic. She divined his trouble, and in the deep shadow she adroitly did it herself. Then she rebuked his boldness.

"Say, but you're the quick little worker, seems to me!"

For a moment he was incapable of speech, standing mute, her warm hand in his.

"It's been like a dream," he managed at last. "Just like a dream! Now you belong to me, don't you?"

"Sure, if you want to put it that way," said Pearl. "Come on! There's the music again."

At the door she was taken from him by the audacious mill foreman. Wilbur was chilled. Pearl had instantly recovered her public, or ballroom, manner. Could it be that she had not been rightly uplifted by the greatness of their moment? Did she realize all it would mean to them? But she was meltingly tender when at last they swayed in the waltz to Home, Sweet Home. And it was he who bore her off under the witching moon to the side entrance of the Mansions. They lingered a moment in the protecting shadows. Pearl was chatty—not sufficiently impressed, it seemed to him, with the sweet gravity of this crisis.

"We're engaged now," he reminded her.

Pearl laughed lightly.

"Have it your own way, kid! Wha'd you say your name was?"

She kissed him again. Then he wandered off in the mystic night, far over a world reeling through golden moonshine, to reach his dark but glowing little room at an hour that would have disquieted Winona. It was the following day that he cheered her by displaying a new attention to his apparel, and it was before the ensuing Friday night dance that he had submitted his hands to her for embellishment—talking casually of love at first sight.

There followed for him a time of fearful delight, not unmarred by spells of troubled wonder. Pearl was not exclusively enough his. She danced with other men; she chatted with them as with her peers. She seemed even to encourage their advances. He would have preferred that she found these repulsive, but she continued gay, even hard, under his chiding.

"Tut, tut! I been told I got an awfully feminine nature. A girl of my type is bound to have gentleman friends," she protested.

He aged under this strain. He saw now that he must abandon his easy view about his future. He must, indeed, plan his life. He must choose his vocation, follow it grimly, with one end in view. Pearl must become his in the sight of God and man—especially man—with the least delay. He delighted Sam Pickering by continuing steadily at the linotype for five consecutive weeks, while business piled up at the First Class Garage and old Porter Howgill was asked vainly to do everything.

Then on a fateful night Lyman Teaford assumed a new and disquieting value in his life. Lyman Teaford, who for a dozen years had gone with Winona Penniman faithfully if not spectacularly; Lyman Teaford, dignified and genteel, who belonged to Newbern's better set, had one night appeared at an affair of the Friday Night Social Club. Perhaps because he had reached the perilous forties he had suddenly determined to abandon the safe highway and seek adventure in miry bypaths. Perhaps he felt that he had austerely played the flute too long. At any rate he came and danced with the lower element of Newbern, not oftener with Pearl than with others that first night. But he came again and danced much oftener with Pearl. There was no quick, hot alarm in the breast of Wilbur Cowan. Lyman Teaford was an old man, chiefly notable, in Wilbur's opinion, for the remarkable fluency of his Adam's apple while—with chin aloft—he played high notes on his silver flute.

Yet dimly at last he felt discomfort at Lyman's crude persistence with Pearl. He danced with others now only when Pearl was firm in refusals. Wilbur to her jested with venomous sarcasm at the expense of Lyman. Women were difficult to understand, he thought. What could her motive be?

IV

THE drama, Greek in its severity, culminated with a hideous, a sickening velocity. On a Monday morning, in but moderate torment at Pearl's inconsistency, Wilbur Cowan sat at the linotype in the Advance office, swiftly causing type metal to become communicative about the week's doings in Newbern. He hung a finished sheet of Sam Pickering's penciled copy on a hook, casually surveyed the sheet beneath. It was a social item, he saw—the notice of a marriage. Then names amazingly leaped from it to sear his defenseless eyes. Lyman Teaford—Miss Pearl King! He gasped and looked about him. The familiar routine of the office was under way. In his little room beyond he could see Sam Pickering scribbling other items. He constrained himself to read the monstrous slander before him:

"Lyman N. Teaford, one of our best-known business men, was last evening united in the bonds of holy wedlock to Miss Pearl King, for some months employed at the Mansion House. The marriage service was performed by the Reverend Mallett at the parsonage, and was attended by only a few chosen friends. The happy pair left on the six-fifty-eight for a brief honeymoon at Niagara Falls, and on their return will occupy the Latimer mansion on North Oak Street, recently purchased by the groom in view of his approaching nuptials. A wide circle of friends wish them all happiness."

Wilbur Cowan again surveyed the office, and again peered sharply in at Sam Pickering. His first wild thought was that Sam had descended to a practical joke. If so it was a tasteless proceeding. But he must be game. It was surely a joke, and Sam and the others in the office would be watching him for signs of anguish. His machine steadily clicked off the item. He struck not one wrong letter. He hung the sheet of copy on its hook and waited for the explosion of crude humor. He felt that his impassive demeanor had foiled the mean intention. But no one regarded him. Sam Pickering wrote on. Terry Stamper stolidly ran off cards on the job press. They were all indifferent. Something told him it was not a joke.

He finished the next sheet of copy. Then, when he was certain he had not been jested with, he rose from the torturing machine, put on his coat and told Sam Pickering he had an engagement. Sam hoped it wouldn't keep him from work that afternoon.

Wilbur said "Possibly not," though he knew he would now loathe the linotype forever.

"By the way"—he managed it jauntily as Sam bent again over his pad of yellow copy paper—"I see Lyme Teaford's name is going to be in print this week."

Sam paused in his labor and chuckled.

"Yes, the old hard-shell is landed. That blonde hasn't been bringing him his three meals a day all this time for nothing."

"She must have married him for his money," Wilbur heard himself saying in cold, cynical tones. The illumining thought had just come. That explained it.

"Sure," agreed Sam. "Why wouldn't she?"

Late that afternoon, in the humble gymnasium at the rear of Pegleg McCarron's, Spike Brennon emerged from a rally in which Wilbur Cowan had displayed unaccustomed spirit. Spike tenderly caressed his nose with a glove and tried to look down upon it. The swelling already showed to his oblique gaze.

"Say, kid," he demanded irritably, "what's the big idea? Is this murder or jest a friendly bout? You better behave or I'll stop pullin' my punches."

It could not be explained to the aggrieved Spike that his opponent had for the moment convinced himself that he faced one of Newbern's best-known business men.

Later he contented himself with observing Lyman Teaford at Niagara Falls. The fatuous groom stood heedlessly at the cataract's verge. There was a simple push, and the world was suddenly a better place to live in. As for his bereaved mate—he meditated her destruction also, but this was too summary. It came to him that she had been a lovely and helpless victim of circumstances. For he had stayed on with Spike through the evening, and in a dearth of custom Spike, back of the bar, had sung in a whining tenor, "For she's only a bird in a gilded cage ——"

That was it. She had discarded him because he was penniless—had sold herself to be a rich man's toy. She would pay for it in bitter anguish.

"Only a bird in a gilded cage," sang Spike again. An encore had been urged.

At noon the following day Winona Penniman, a copy of the Advance before her, sat at the Penniman luncheon table staring dully into a dish of cold rice pudding. She had read again and again the unbelievable item. At length she snapped her head, as Spike Brennon would when now and again a clean blow reached his jaw, pushed the untouched dessert from her with a gesture of repugnance and went aloft to her own little room. Here she sat at her neat desk of bird's-eye maple, opened her journal and across a blank page wrote in her fine firm hand, "What Life Means to Me."

It had seemed to her that it meant much. She would fill many pages. The name of Lyman Teaford would not there appear, yet his influence would be continuously present. She was not stricken as had been another reader of that fateful bit of news. But she was startled, feeling herself perilously cast afloat from old moorings. She began bravely and easily, with a choice literary flavor:

"My sensations may be more readily imagined than described."

This she found true. She could imagine them readily, but could not, in truth, describe them. She was shocked to discern that for the first time in her correct life there were distinctly imagined sensations which she could not bring herself to word, even in a volume forever sacred to her own eyes. A long time she sat imagining. At last she wrote, but the words seemed so petty.

All apparently that life meant to her was "How did she do it?"

She stared long at this. Then followed, as if the fruit of her further meditation: "There is a horrid bit of slang I hear from time to time—can it be that I need more pepper?"

After this she took from the bottom drawer of her bureau that long-forgotten gift from the facetious Dave Cowan. She held the stockings of tan silk before her, testing their fineness, their sheerness. She was still meditating. She snapped her dark head, perked it as might a puzzled wren.

"Certainly, more pepper!" she murmured

CHAPTER XIV

A WORLD, once considered of enduring stability, had crashed fearsomely about the ears of Winona Penniman and Wilbur Cowan. After this no support was to be trusted, however seemingly stout. Old foundations had crumbled, old institutions perished, the walls of Time itself lay wrecked. They stared across the appalling desolation with frightened eyes. What next? In a world to be ruined at a touch, like a house of cards, what vaster ruin would ensue?

It did not shock Wilbur Cowan that nations should plunge into another madness the very day after a certain fair one, mentioned in his meditations as "My Pearl—My Pearl of great price," and eke—from the perfume label—"My Heart of Flowers," had revealed herself but a mortal woman with an eye for the good provider. It occasioned Winona not even mild surprise that the world should abandon itself to hideous

(Continued on Page 109)

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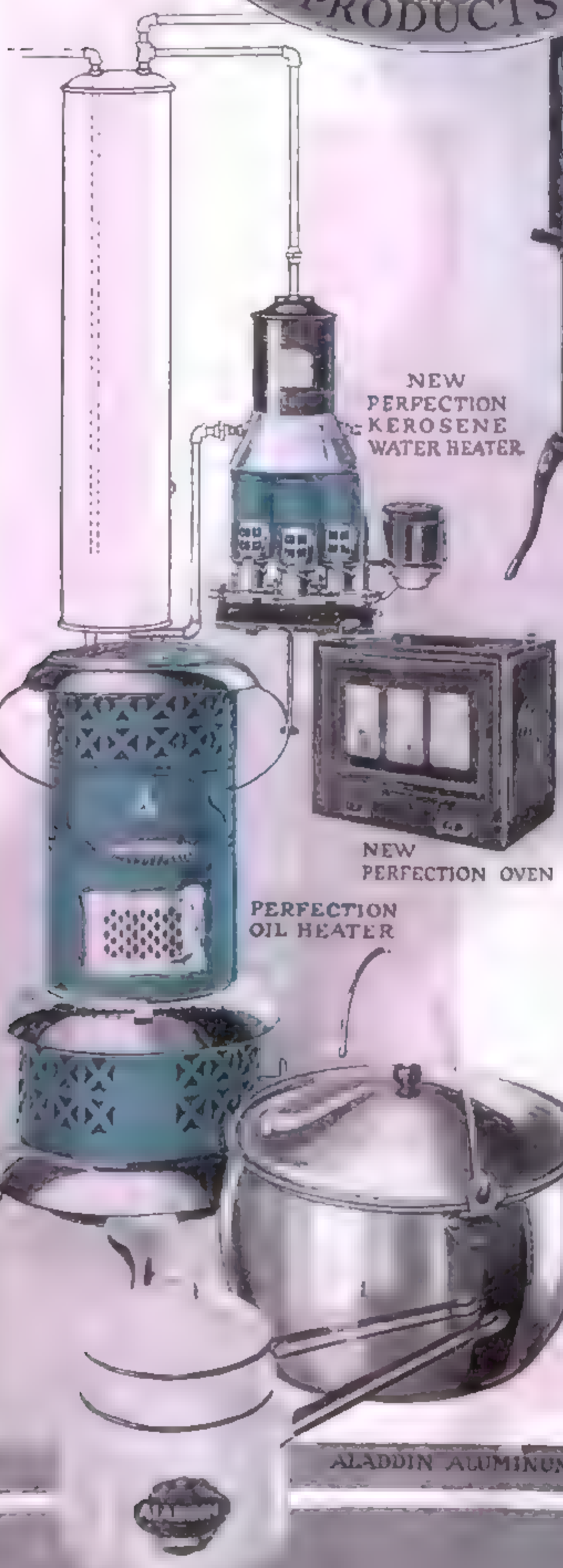

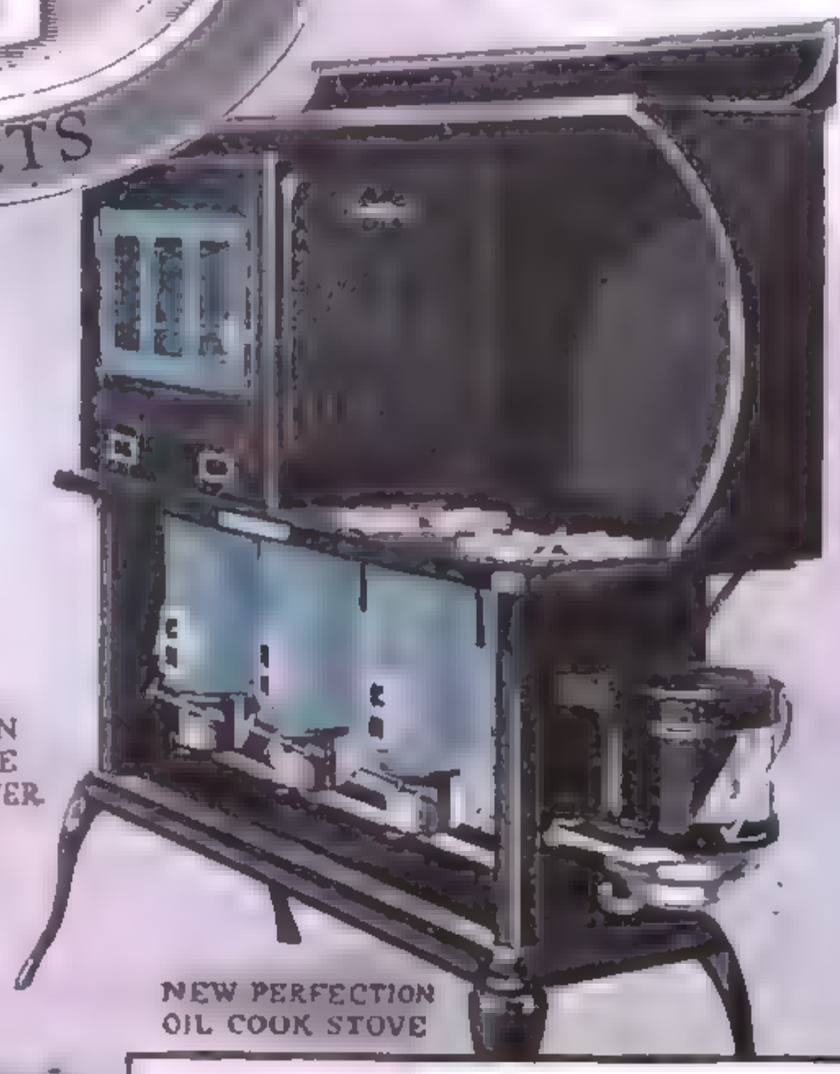
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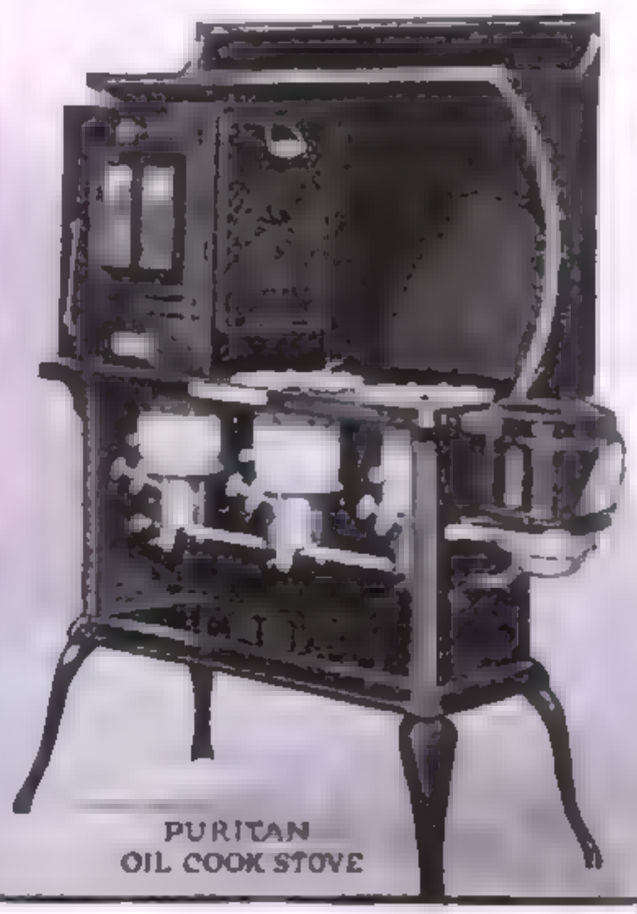
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(Continued from Page 106)

war on the very day after Lyman Teaford had wed beyond the purple. It was awful, yet somehow fitting. Anything less than a World War would have appeared inconsequent, anticlimactic, to these two so closely concerned in the preliminary catastrophe, and yet so reticent that neither ever knew the other's wound. Wilbur Cowan may have supposed that the entire Penniman family, Winona included, would rejoice that no more forever were they to hear the flute of Lyman Teaford. Certainly Winona never suspected that a mere boy had been desolated by woman's perfidy and Lyman's mad abandonment of all that people of the better sort most prize.

Other people, close observers of world events, declared that no real war would ensue; it would be done in a few days—a few weeks at most. But Winona and Wilbur knew better. Now anything could happen—and would. Of all Newbern's wise folk these two alone foresaw the malign dimensions of the inevitably approaching cataclysm. They would fall grimly silent in the presence of conventional optimists. They knew the war was to be unparalleled for blood and tears, but they allowed themselves no more than sinister, vague prophecies, for they could not tell how they knew.

II

AND they saw themselves active in war. They lost no time in doing that. The drama of each drew to a splendid climax with the arrival in Newbern of a French officer—probably a general—bound upon a grave mission. Wilbur's general came to seek out the wife of Lyman Teaford.

To her he said in choice English: "Madame, I bring you sad news. This young man died gallantly on the field of battle—the flag of my country was about to be captured by the enemy when he leaped bravely forward, where no other would dare the storm of shot and shell, and brought the precious emblem safely back to our battle line. But even as the cheers of his comrades rang in his ears an enemy bullet laid him low. I sprang to his side and raised his head. His voice was already weak, for the bullet had found rest in his noble heart.

"'Tell her,' he breathed, 'that she sent me to my death so that she might become only a bird in a gilded cage. But tell her also that I wish her happiness in her new life.' Madame, he died there, while weeping soldiers clustered about with hats off and heads bowed—died with your name on his pale lips—'My Pearl of great price,' he whispered, and all was over. I bring you this photograph, which to the last he wore above his heart. Observe the bullet hole and those dark stains that discolor your proud features."

Whereupon Mrs. Lyman Teaford would fall fainting to the floor and never again be the same woman, bearing to her grave a look of unutterable sadness, even amid the splendors of the newly furnished Latimer residence on North Oak Street.

Winona's drama was less depressing. Possibly Winona at thirty-two had developed a resilience not yet achieved by Wilbur at twenty. She was not going to die upon a field of battle for any Lyman Teaford. She would brave dangers, however. She saw herself in a neat uniform, searching a battlefield strewn with the dead and wounded. To the latter she administered reviving cordial from a minute cask suspended at her trim waist by a cord. Shells burst about her, but to these she paid no heed. It was thus the French officer—a mere lieutenant, later promoted for gallantry under fire—first observed her. He called her an angel of mercy, and his soldiers—rough chaps, but hearty and outspoken—cheered her as La Belle Americaine.

So much for the war. But the French officer—a general now, perhaps with one arm off—came to Newbern to claim his bride. He had been one of the impetuous sort that simply would not take no for an answer. The wedding was in the Methodist church, and was a glittering public function. The groom was not only splendidly handsome in a French way, but wore a shining uniform, and upon his breast sparkled a profusion of medals. A vast crowd outside the church waited to cheer the happy couple, and slinking at the rear of this was a drab Lyman Teaford—without medals, without uniform, dull, prosaic, enduring at this moment pangs of the keenest remorse for his hasty act of a year before. He, too, would never be the same man again.

In truth, the beginning Teaford ménage lay under the most unfavorable portents. Things looked dark for it.

III

YET despite the forebodings of Wilbur and Winona, it began to be suspected, even by them, that the war would wear itself out, as old Doctor Purdy said, by first intention. And in spite of affecting individual dramas they began to feel that it must wear itself out with no help from them. It seemed to have settled into a quarrel among foreign nations with which we could rightfully have no concern. Winona learned, too, that her picture of the nurse on a battlefield administering cordial to wounded combatants from the small keg at her waist was based upon an ancient and doubtless always fanciful print.

Wilbur, too, gathered from the newspapers that, though he might die upon a battlefield, there was little chance that a French general would be commissioned to repeat his last words to Mrs. Lyman Teaford of Newbern Center. He almost decided that he would not become a soldier. Some years before, it is true, he had been drawn to the life by a government poster, designed by one who must himself have been a capable dramatist.

"Join the Army and See the World," urged the large-lettered legend above the picture.

The latter revealed an entrancing tropical scene with graceful palms adorning the marge of a pinkly sun-kissed sea. At a table in the background two officers consulted with a private above an important-looking map, while another pleased-looking private stood at attention near by. At the left foreground a rather obsequious-looking old colonel seemed to be entreating a couple of spruce young privates to drop round for tea that afternoon and meet the ladies.

Had Wilbur happened upon this poster in conjunction with the resolve of Miss Pearl King to be sensible, it is possible his history might have been different. But its promise had faded from his memory ere his life was wrecked. He felt now merely that he ought to settle down to something. Even Sharon Whipple plainly told him so. He said it was all right to knock about from one thing to another while you were still in the gristle. Up to twenty a boy's years were kind of yeasty and uncertain, and if he was any way self-headed he ought to be left to run. But after twenty he lost his pinfeathers and should begin to think about things.

So Wilbur began to think about things. He continued to do everything that old Porter Howgill was asked to do, to repair cars for the Mansion garage and to be a shield and buckler to Sam Pickering in time of need. The Advance office became freshly attractive at this time, because Sam had installed a wonderful new power press to print the paper daily; for the Advance, as Sam put it, could be found ever in the van of progress.

The new press had innermost secrets of structure that were presently best known to Wilbur Cowan. No smeared small boy was required to ink its forms and no surmounting bronze eagle was reported to scream for beer when the last paper was run off. Even Dave Cowan, drifting in from out of the nowhere—in shoes properly describable as only memories of shoes—said she was a snappy little machine, and applauded his son's easy mastery of it.

So the days of Wilbur were busy days, even if he had not settled far enough down to suit either Sam Pickering, Porter Howgill—who did everything if asked—or the First Class Garage. And the blight put upon him by a creature as false as she was beautiful proved not to be enduring. He was able, indeed, to behold her without a tremor, save of sympathy for one compelled to endure the daily proximity of Lyman Teaford.

IV

BUT the war prolonged itself as only he and Winona had felt it would, and presently it began to be hinted that a great nation, apparently unconcerned with its beginning, might eventually be compelled to a livelier interest in it. Herman Vielhaber was a publicly exposed barometer of this sentiment. At the beginning he beamed upon the world and predicted the Fatherland's speedy triumph over all her treacherous foes. When the triumph was unaccountably delayed he appeared mysterious but not less confident. The Prussian system might involve delay, but Prussian might

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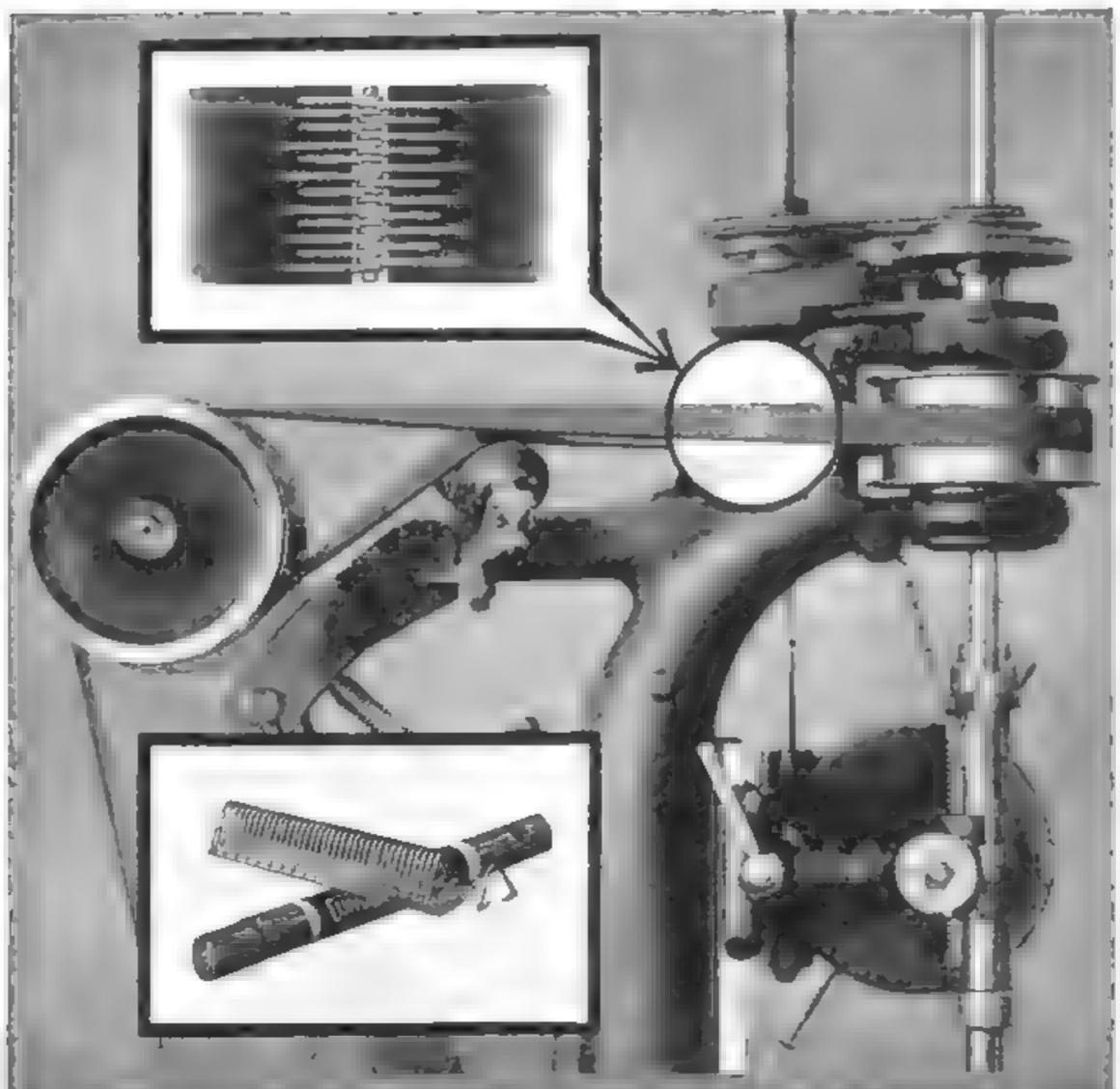
THE INVISIBLE BIFOCALS



The "Clipper" Solves Difficult Lacing Problems

THE difficulties encountered in using *quarter-turn drives* can be overcome by installing an idler *set at the proper angle* to direct the line of belt travel as shown above.

Before the installation of the idler this was a plain quarter-turn drive. The machine was a veritable "Belt Eater". No endless or laced belt could stand the strain. Belt expense was excessive.

By the use of an idler much greater pulley contact was obtained, horse-power was increased materially and all injurious side-strain eliminated. Since with an idler both sides of belt come in pulley contact, it was necessary to use a laced joint *smooth on both sides*. "Clipper"-laced Belts are now lasting as long as on straight drives.

The Clipper Belt Lacer
Laces a Belt in Three Minutes

It makes the smoothest possible joint, with a perfect hinge action that hugs the pulley and runs true. The "Clipper" Belt Lacer is so simple that any workman can successfully lace a belt with it. It is backed by a perpetual guarantee and goes to responsible parties for free trial.

Most mill supply houses sell the "Clipper." Dealers not stocking it write for particulars.

"The Connecting Link Between Power and Production"

Clipper Belt Lacer Company
GRAND RAPIDS MICH SAN U S A

was none the less invincible. Herman would explain the Prussian system freely to all who cared to listen—and many did attentively—from high diplomacy to actual fighting. He left many of his hearers with a grateful relief that neutrality had been officially enjoined upon them.

Later Herman beamed less brightly as he recounted tales of German prowess. He came to exhibit a sort of indignant pity for the Fatherland, into whose way so many obstacles were being inopportunely thrown. He compared Germany to a wounded deer that ravenous dogs were seeking to bring down, but his predictions of her ultimate victory were not less confident. Minna Vielhaber wept, back of the bar, at Herman's affecting picture of the stricken deer with the arrow in her flank, and would be comforted only when he brought the war to a proper close.

It was at this time that Winona wrote in her journal: "General Sherman said that war is the bad place. He knew."

It was also at this time that a certain phrase from a high source briefly engaged the notice of Sharon Whipple.

"Guinea pigs," said he, "are also too proud to fight, but they ain't ever won the public respect on that account. They get treated accordingly."

It was after this that Sharon was heard ominously to wish that he were thirty or forty years younger. And it was after this that Winona became active as a promoter of bazaars for ravaged Belgium and a pacifist whose watchword was "Resist not evil!" She wrote again in her journal: "If only someone would reason calmly with them!" She presently became radiant with hope, for a whole boatload of earnest souls went over to reason calmly with the combatants.

But the light she had seen proved deceiving. The earnest souls went forward, but for some cause, never fully revealed to Winona, they had been unable to reason calmly with those whose mad behavior they had meant to correct. It was said that they had been unable to reason calmly even among themselves. It was merely a mark of Winona's earnestness that she felt things might have gone differently had the personnel of this valiant embassy been enlarged to include herself. Meantime war was becoming more and more the bad place, just as General Sherman had said. She had little thought now for silk stockings or other abominations of the frivolous, for her own country seemed on the very verge of committing a frightful error.

Some time had elapsed since Wilbur Cowan definitely knew that he would never go to war because of the mother of Lyman Teaford's infant son. He began to believe, however, that he would relish a bit of fighting for its own sake. Winona reasoned with him as she would have reasoned with certain high personages on the other side of the water, and perhaps with as little success. He replied cryptically that he was an out-and-out phagocyte, and getting more so every time he read a newspaper. Winona winced at the term—it seemed to carry sinister implications. Where did the boy hear such words?

This one he had heard on a late Sunday afternoon when he sat, contrary to a municipal ordinance of Newbern, in the back room of Herman Vielhaber, with certain officials sworn to uphold that ordinance, who drank beer and talked largely about what we should do; for it had then become shockingly apparent that the phrase about our being too proud to fight had been, in its essential meaning, misleading. Dave Cowan, citizen of the world and student of its structure, physical and social, had proved that war, however regrettable, was perhaps never to be avoided; that in any event one of the best means to avoid it was to be known for your fighting ways. Anyway, war was but an incident in human progress.

Dave's hair had thinned in the years of his wandering to see a man at Seattle or New Orleans, and he now wore spectacles, without which he could no longer have enlarged his comprehension of cosmic values, for his latest Library of Universal Knowledge was printed in very small type. Dave said that since the chemicals had got together to form life everything had lived on something else, and the best livers had always been the best killers. He did not pretend to justify the plan, but there it was; and it worked the same whether it was one microscopic organism preying on another or a bird devouring a beetle or Germany trying to swallow the world. Rapp, Senior, said that was all very well, but these pacifists would keep us out of war yet. Doctor Purdy, with whom he had finished a game of pinochle—Herman Vielhaber had lately been unable to keep his mind on the game—set down his beer stein in an authoritative manner, having exploded with rage even while he swallowed some of the last decent beer to come to Newbern Center. He wiped froth from his waistcoat.

"Pacifists!" he stormed. "Why don't they ever look into their own bodies? They couldn't live a day on nonresistance to evil Every one of their bodies is thronged with fighting soldiers. Every pacifist is a living lie. Phagocytes, that's what they are—white corpuscles—and it's all they're there for. They believe in preparedness hard enough. See 'em march up to fight when there's an invasion! And how they do fight! These pacifists belie their own construction. They're built on a fight from the cradle and before that.

"I wish more of their own phagocytes would begin to preach nonresistance and try to teach great moral lessons to invading germs. We wouldn't have to listen to so many of 'em. But phagocytes don't act that way. They keep in training. They don't say, like that poor old maunderer I read this morning, that there's no use preparing—that a million phagocytes will spring to arms overnight if their country's invaded. They keep in trim. They fight quick. If they didn't we wouldn't be here."

"These phagocytes—is infantry, yes?" demanded Herman Vielhaber. "I never hear 'em named before like that."

"Infantry, and all the other branches, in a healthy body—and our own body is healthy. Watch our phagocytes come forward now, just as those tiny white corpuscles rush through the blood to an invaded spot. You'll see 'em come quick. Herman, your country has licked Belgium and Serbia—you can rightly claim that much. But she'll never get another decision. Too many phagocytes."

Dave Cowan, who always listened attentively to Doctor Purdy for new words, was thus enabled to enlighten Winona about her own and other people's phagocytes; and Winona, overwhelmed by his mass of detail—for Dave had supplemented Purdy's lecture with fuller information from his encyclopedia—had sighed and said: "Oh, dear! We seem to be living over a volcano!"

This had caused Dave to become more volubly instructive.

"Of course! Didn't you know that? How thick do you suppose the crust of the earth is, anyway? All we humans are—we're plants that have grown out of the cooled crust of a floating volcano; plants that can walk and talk, but plants just the same. We float round the sun, which is only another big volcano that hasn't cooled yet—good thing for us it hasn't—and the sun and us are floating round some other volcano that no one has discovered yet because the circle is too big, and that one is probably circling round another one—and there you are. That's plain, isn't it?"

"Not very," said Winona.

"Well, I admit there's a catch in it I haven't figured out yet, but the facts are right, as far as I've gone. Anyway, here we are, and we got here by fighting, and we'll have to keep on fighting, one way or another, if we're to get any place else."

"I don't know anything about all that," said Winona; "but sometimes I almost think the Germans deserve a good beating."

This was extreme for Winona, the arch pacifist.

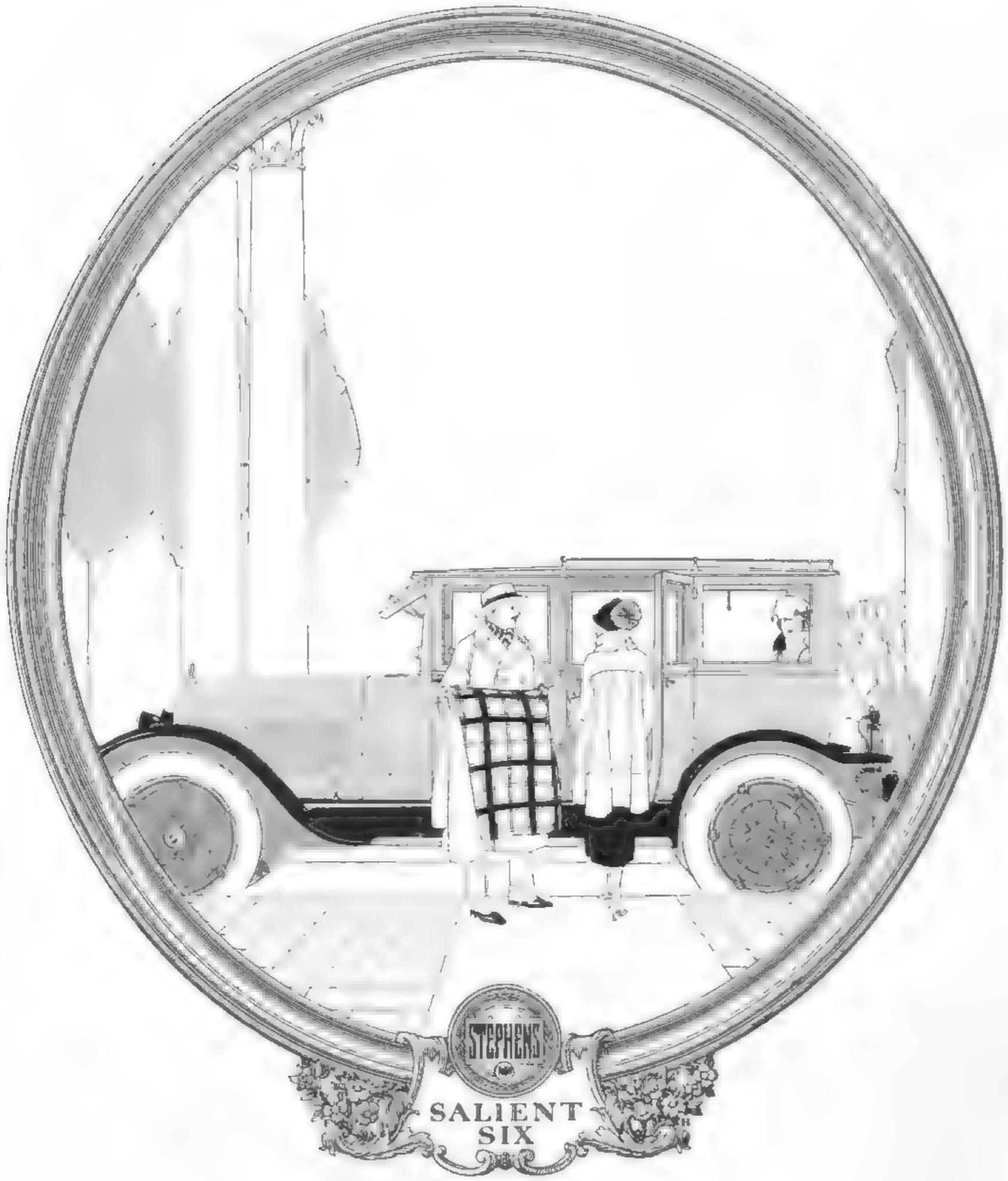
"You almost think so, eh? Well, that's a good specimen of almost thinking. Because the Germans don't deserve any such thing unless some one can give it to them. If the bird can swallow the worm the bird deserves the worm. The most of us merely almost think."

V

IT WAS much later—an age later, it seemed to Winona—for her country, as she wrote in her journal, had crossed the Rubicon—that she went to attend a meeting of protest in a larger city than Newbern; a meeting of mothers and potential mothers who were persuaded that war was never excusable.

She had listened to much impassioned oratory, with a sickening surprise that it should leave her half-hearted in the cause of peace at any price; and she had gone to take her train for home, troubled with a monstrous indecision. Never before had

(Continued on Page 112)



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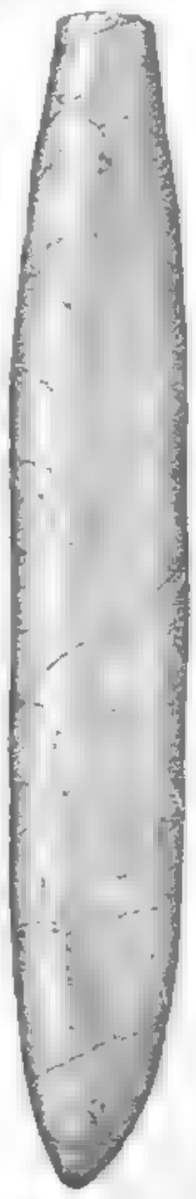

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(Continued from Page 110)

she suffered an instant's bewilderment in detecting right from wrong.

As she waited she had observed on a siding a long, dingy train, from the windows of which looked the faces of boys. She was smitten with a quick curiosity. There were tall boys and short boys; and a few of them were plump, but mostly they were lean, with thin, browned faces, and they were all ominously uniformed. Their keen young faces crowded the open windows of the cars, and they thronged upon the platforms to make noisy purchases from younger boys who offered them pitiful confections from baskets and trays.

Winona stared at them with a sickened wonder. They were all so alive, so alert, so smiling, so eager to be on with the great adventure. In one of the cars a band of them roared a stirring chorus. It stirred Winona beyond the calm that should mark people of the better sort. She forgot that a gentleman should make no noise and that a lady is serene; forgot utterly. She waved a hand—timidly at first—to a cluster of young heads at a car window, and was a little dismayed when they waved heartily in return. She recovered and waved at another group—less timidly this time. Again the response was instant, and a malign power against which she strove in vain carried Winona to the train's side. Heads were thrust forth and greetings followed, some shy and low-toned, some with feigned man-of-the-world jauntiness.

Winona was no longer Winona. A freckled young vender with a basket halted beside her. Winona searched for her purse and emptied its hoard into one gloved hand. Coins spilled from this and ran about the platform. Hands sprang from the window above her to point out their resting places, and half a dozen of the creatures issued from the car to recover them for her. Flustered, eager, pleasantly shocked at her own daring, Winona distributed gifts from the basket, seeing only the hands that came forth to receive them.

Chewing gum, candy, popcorn, figs—even cigarettes—and Winona the first vice president and recording secretary of Newbern's anti-tobacco league! War was assuredly what Sherman had so pithily described it, for she now sent the vender back to replenish his stock of cigarettes, and bought and bestowed them upon immature boys so long as her coin lasted. Their laughter was noisy, their banter of one another and of Winona was continuous, and Winona laughed, even bantered. That she should banter strangers in a public place! She felt rowdy, but liked it.

There was a call from the front of the train, and the group about her sprang to the platform as the cars began to move, waving her gracious, almost condescending adieus, as happy people who go upon a wondrous journey will wave to poor stay-at-homes. Winona waved wildly now, being lost to all decorum; waved to the crowded platform and then to the cloud of heads at the window above her.

From this window a hand reached down to her—a lean, hard, brown hand—and the shy smiling eyes of the boy who reached it sought hers in something like appeal. Winona clutched the hand and gripped it as she had never gripped a human hand before.

"Good-by, sister!" said the boy, and Winona went a dozen steps with the train, still grasping the hand.

"Good-by, good-by, good-by—all of you!" she called, and was holding the hand with both her own when the train gathered speed and took it from her grasp.

She stood then watching other windows thronged with young heads as the train bore them on. Faint strains of the resumed chorus drifted back to her. Her face was hurting with a set smile.

She stumbled back across the platform, avoiding other groups who had cheered the passing train, and found sanctuary by a baggage truck loaded with crates of live chickens. Here she wept unnoticed, and wondered why she was weeping. Later, in her own train, she looked down and observed the white-ribboned badge which she had valiantly pinned above her heart that very morning. She had forgotten the badge—and those boys must have seen it. Savagely she tore it from its mooring, to the detriment of a new Georgette waist, and dropped it from the open window.

That night she turned back in her journal to an early entry: "If only someone would reason calmly with them. Resist not evil!" She stared at this a long time, then she dipped a new pen in red ink and full across it she wrote "What rotten piffle!" That is, she nearly wrote those words. What she actually put down was "What r-tt-n piffle!"

To Wilbur Cowan, in recounting her fall from the serene heights of pacifism, she brazenly said: "Do you know—when that poor boy reached down to shake hands with me, if I could have got at him I just know I should have kissed him."

"Gee whiz!" said Wilbur in amazed tribute.

"I don't care!" persisted Winona. "That's the way I felt—he was such a nice boy. He looked like you, as if he'd come from a good home and had good habits, and I did want to kiss him, and I would have if I could have reached him—and I'm not going to tell a falsehood about it for anyone, and I'm—I'm hostile."

"Well, I guess pretty soon I'll be going," said Wilbur.

"You're Too Beautiful for Work Like That"

"I Often Said the Same Thing Myself," She Said, "But No One's Fell for It Up to Date"

Winona gazed at him with strangely shining eyes.

"You wouldn't be any good if you didn't!" she said suddenly.

It was perhaps the least ornate sentence she had ever spoken.

"Gee whiz!" said Wilbur again. "You've changed!"

"Something came over me," said Winona.

CHAPTER XV

WILBUR COWAN had hesitated in the matter of war. He wanted to be in a battle—had glowed at the thought of fighting—but if the war was going to be stopped in its beginning, what would be the use of starting? And he was assured and more than half believed that it would be stopped. Merle Whipple was his informant—Merle had found himself. The war was to be stopped by the New Dawn, a magazine of which Merle had been associate editor since shortly after his release from college.

Merle, on that afternoon of golf with Wilbur, had accurately forecast his own future. Confessing then that he meant to become a great writer, he was now not only a great writer but a thinker, in the true sense of the word. He had taken up literature—not muck like poetry, but serious literature—and Whipple money had lavishly provided a smart little craft in which to embark. The money had not come without some bewildered questioning on the part of those supplying it. As old Sharon said, the Whipple chicken coop had hatched a gosling that wanted to swim in strange waters; but it was eventually decided that goslings were meant to swim and would one way or another find a pond. Indeed, Harvey Whipple was prouder of his son by adoption than he cared to have known, and listened to him with secret respect, covered with perfunctory business hints. He felt that Merle was above and beyond him. The youth, indeed, made him feel that he was a mere country banker.

In the city of New York, after his graduation, Merle had come into his own, forming a staunch alliance with a small circle of intellectuals—intelligentzia, Merle said—consecrated to the cause of American culture. He had brought to Newbern and to the amazed Harvey Whipple the strange news that America had no native culture; that it was raw, spiritually impoverished, without national self-consciousness; with but the faintest traces of art in any true sense of the word. Harvey Whipple would have been less shocked by this disclosure, momentous though it was, had not Merle betrayed a conviction that his life work would now be to uphold the wavering torch of civilization.

This brought the thing home to Harvey D. Merle, heading his valiant little band of thinkers, would light a pure white flame to flush America's spiritual darkness. He would be a vital influence, teaching men and women to cultivate life for its own sake. For the cheap and tawdry extravagance of our national boasting he would substitute a chastening knowledge of our spiritual inferiority to the older nations. America was uncreative; he would release and nurse its raw creative intelligence till it should be free to function, breaking new intellectual paths, setting up lofty ideals, enriching our common life with a new, self-conscious art. Much of this puzzled Harvey D. and his father, old Gideon. It was new talk in their world. But it impressed them. Their boy was earnest, with a fine intelligence; he left them stirred.

Sharon Whipple was a silent, uneasy listener at many of these talks. He declared, later and to others, for

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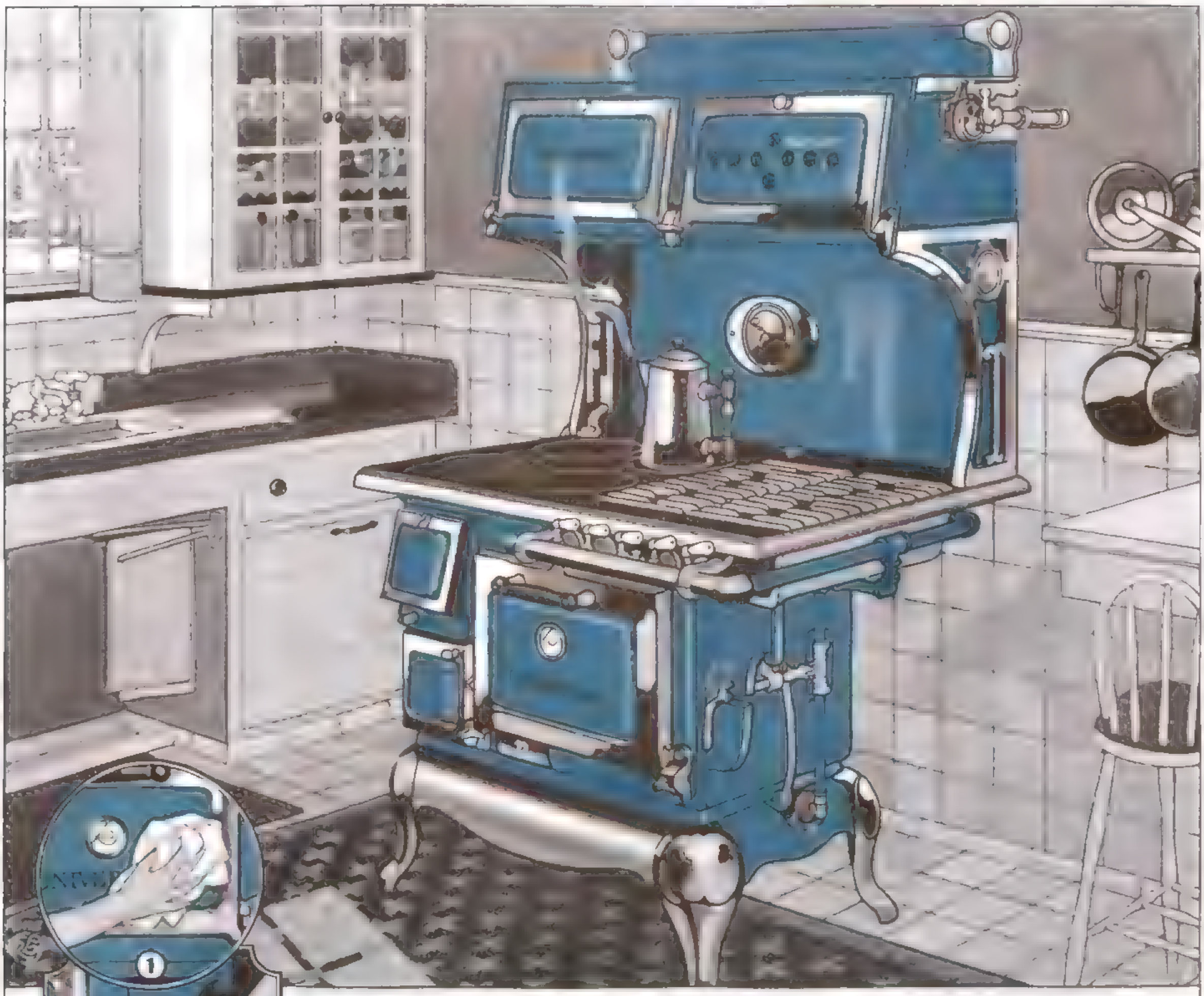

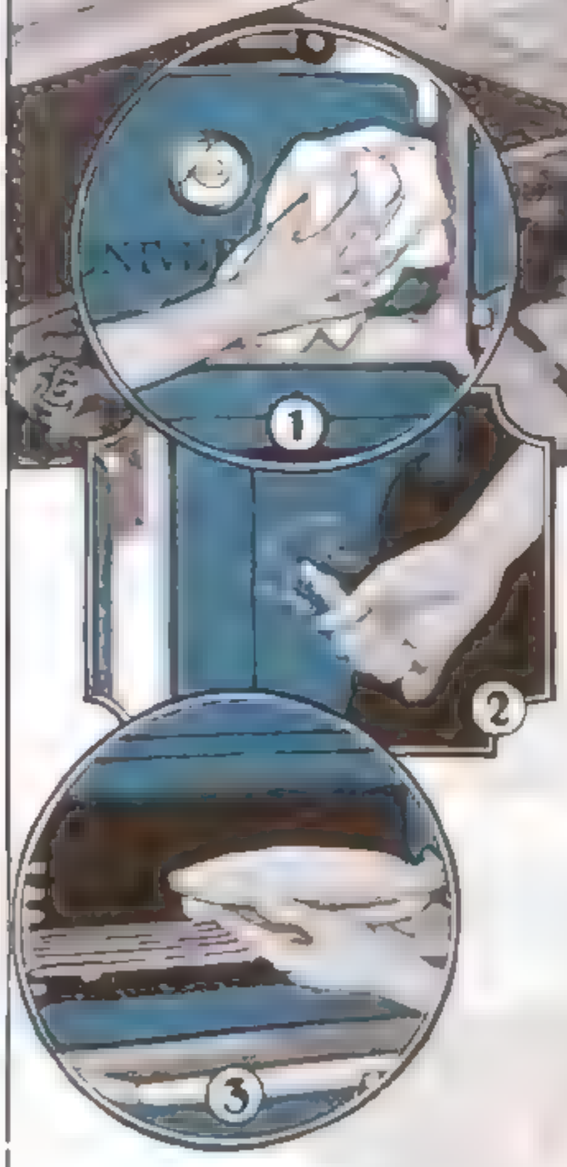

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Complete Guarantee

Do Your Washing at Home for Sanitary Reasons

Gainaday

Washer Wringer

(Continued from Page 112)

Merle was not his son, that the young man was highly languageous and highly crazy; that his talk was the crackling of thorns under a pot: that he was a vain canter—"forever canting," said Sharon—"bauffle-headed fellow, talking, bragging." He was equally intolerant of certain of Merle's little band of forward-looking intellectuals who came to stay week-ends at the Whipple New Place. There was Emmanuel Schilsky, who talked more pithily than Merle and who would be the editor in chief of the projected New Dawn. Emmanuel, too, had come from his far-off home to flush America's spiritual darkness with a new light. He had written much about our shortage of genuine spiritual values; about "the continual frustrations and aridities of American life." He was a member of various groups—the Imagist group, the Egoist group, the Sphericists, other groups piquantly named; versed in the new psychology, playing upon the word "pragmatism" as upon a violin.

Sharon Whipple, the Philistine, never quite knew whether pragmatism was approved or condemned by Schilsky, and once he asked the dark-faced young man what it meant. He was told that pragmatism was a method, and felt obliged to pretend that this enlightened him. He felt a reluctant respect for Schilsky, who could make him feel uncomfortable.

And there was the colorful, youngish widow, Mrs. Truesdale, who wrote free verse about the larger intimacies of life and dressed noticeably. She would be a contributing editor of the New Dawn, having as her special department the release of woman from her age-long slavery to certain restraints that now made her talked unpleasantly about if she dared give her soul free rein. This lady caused Sharon to wonder about the departed Truesdale.

"Was he carried away by sorrowing friends," asked Sharon, "or did he get tired one day and move off under his own power?" No one ever enlightened him.

Others of the younger intelligentzia came under his biased notice. He spoke of them as "a rabble rout" who lived in a mad world—"and God bless us out of it!"

But Sharon timed his criticisms discreetly, and the New Dawn lit its pure white flame—a magazine to refresh the elect. Placed superbly beyond the need of catering to advertisers, it would adhere to rigorous standards of the true, the beautiful. It would tell the truth as no other magazine founded on gross commercialism would dare to do. It said so in well-arranged words. The commercial magazines full well knew the hideous truth, but stifled it for hire. The New Dawn would be honest.

The sinister truth about America as revealed in the initial number of the brave new venture was that America was crude, blatant, boastful, vulgar and moneygrubbing. We were without ideals beyond the dollar; without desires save those to be glutted by material wealth. It was the high aim of the New Dawn—said the associate editor, Merle Dalton Whipple—to dethrone the dollar, to hasten and to celebrate the passing of American greed.

Not until the second number was it revealed that the arch criminals were to be found in the exploiting class, a sinister combination, all-powerful, working to the detriment of the common people; an industrial oligarchy under whose rule the cowed wage slave toiled for his crust of bread. This number unflinchingly indicted the capitalistic ruling class; fearlessly called upon the exploited masses to rise and throw off the yoke put upon them by this nefarious plunderbund.

The worker's plight was depicted with no sparing of detail—"the slaves groaning and wailing in the dark, the song of mastered men, the sullen, satanic music of lost and despairing humanity."

Succeeding numbers made it plain that the very republic itself had been founded upon this infamy. Our Revolutionary War had marked the triumph of the capitalistic state—the state that made property sovereign. The Revolutionary fathers had first freed themselves from English creditors, then bound down as their own debtors an increasing mass of the American population. The document known as the Constitution of the United States had been cunningly and knowingly contrived to that end, thus thrusting upon us the commercial oligarchy which persisted to this day. It had placed the moneyed classes securely in the saddle, though with fine phrases that seemed not to mean this.

"A conscious minority of wealthy men and lawyers, guided by the genius of Washington, Franklin, Hamilton and Madison," had worked their fell design upon the small farmer and the nascent proletariat; we had since been "under the cult and control of wealth."

After this ringing indictment it surprised no Whipple to read that we had become intolerant, materialistic, unæsthetic. Nor was it any wonder that we were "in no mood to brook religious or social dissension." With such a Constitution fraudulently foisted upon us by the money-loving fathers of the Revolution, it was presumably not to be expected that we should exhibit the religious tolerance of contemporary Spain or Italy or France.

"Immersed in a life of crass material endeavor," small wonder that the American had remained in spiritual poverty of the most debasing sort until the New Dawn should come to enrich him, to topple in ruins an exploiting social system.

Now the keen eyes of young America, by aid of the magnifying lens supplied by Emmanuel Schilsky, would detect the land of the free to be in fact a land of greedy and unscrupulous tyrants; the home of the brave a home of economic serfs. Young America, which fights for the sanctity of life, solid and alive with virile beauty, would revolt and destroy the walls of the capitalistic state, sweeping away the foul laws that held private property sacred. They would seek a cure for the falsehood of modern life in a return to Nature, a return to the self where truth ever is. They would war with the privilege and ascendancy of the group over the individual conscience. Already the exploiting class, as it neared the term of its depleted life, was but a mass of purulence. Society was rotten, the state a pious criminal, the old truths tawdry lies. Everywhere the impotence of senility—except in young America. We faced the imminence of a vast breaking-up. The subtlest oligarchy of modern times was about to crumble. The revolution was at hand.

II.

A SUCCEEDING number of the New Dawn let out the horrid truth about the war, telling it in simple words that even Wilbur Cowan could understand. Having sold munitions to the warring nations, we must go in to save our money. In short, as the New Dawn put it: "The capitalistic ruling classes tricked the people into war." It was to be a war waged for greed. Young America, not yet perusing in large enough numbers the New Dawn, was to be sent to its death that capital might survive—the dollar be still enthroned. But the New Dawn was going to see about that. Young America would be told the truth.

Two of the Whipples were vastly puzzled by these pronouncements, and not a little disquieted. Old Gideon and Harvey D. began to wonder if by any chance their boy, with his fine intellect, had not been misled. Sharon was enraged by the scandalous assertions about George Washington, whom he had always considered a high-minded patriot. He had never suspected, and could not now be persuaded, that Washington had basely tricked the soldiers of the Revolution into war so that the capitalistic class might prevail in the new states. Nor would he believe that the framers of the Constitution had consciously worded that document with a view to enslaving the common people. He was a stubborn old man, and not aware of his country's darkness. Perhaps it was too much to expect that one of his years and mental habit should be hospitable to these newly found truths.

He was not young America. He had thought too long the other way. Being of a choleric cast, he would at times be warmed into regrettable outbursts of opinion that were reactionary in the extreme. Thus when he discussed with Gideon and Harvey D. the latest number of the magazine—containing the fearless exposure of Washington's chicanery—he spoke in terms most slighting of Emmanuel Schilsky. He meant his words to lap over to Merle Whipple, but as the others were still proud—if in a troubled way—of the boy's new eminence, he did not distinguish him too pointedly. He pretended to take it all out on Emmanuel, whom he declared to be no fair judge of American history. The other Whipples were beginning to suspect this, but were not prepared to admit it either to Sharon or to each other. For the present they would defend Emmanuel against the hot-headed aspersions of the other.

"You said yourself, not a month ago," expostulated Harvey D., "that he was a smart little Jew."

Sharon considered briefly.

"Well," he replied, "I don't know as I'd change that—at least not much. I'd still say the same thing, or words to that effect."

"Just how would you put it now?" demanded Gideon suavely.

Sharon brightened. He had hoped to be asked that.

"The way I'd put it now—having read a lot more of his new-dawning—I'd say he was a little smarty."

The other Whipples had winced at this. The New Dawn was assuredly not the simple light-bringer to America's spiritual darkness that they had supposed it would be; but they were not yet prepared to believe the worst.

"If only they wouldn't be so extreme!" murmured the troubled Harvey D. "If only they wouldn't say the country has been tricked into war by capital!"

"That's a short horse and soon curried," said Sharon. "They can't say it if you quit paying for it."

"There you are!" said Harvey D. "Merle would say that's an example of capitalism suppressing the truth. Of course I don't know—maybe it is."

"Sure! Anyway, it would be an example of capital suppressing something. Depends on what you call the truth. If you think the truth is that Germany ought to rule the earth you got it right. That's what all these pacifists and antimilitaries are arguing, though they don't let on to that. Me, I don't think Germany ought to rule the earth. I think she ought to be soundly trounced, and my guess is she's goin' to be. Something tells me this New Dawn ain't goin' to save her from her come-uppance. I tell you both plain out, I ain't goin' to have a magazine under my roof that'll talk such stuff about George Washington, the Father of his Country. It's too scandalous."

Thus the New Dawn lost a subscriber, though not losing, it should be said, a reader. For Sharon Whipple, having irately stopped his subscription by a letter in which the editor was told he should be ashamed of himself for calling George Washington a crook that way, thereafter bought the magazine hurriedly at the Cut Rate Pharmacy and read every word of it in secret places not under his roof.

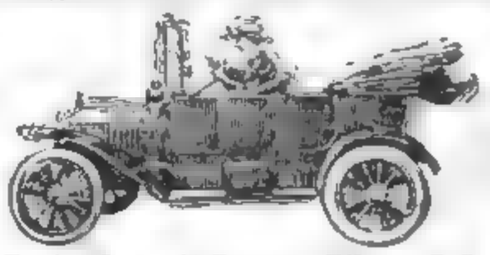
III

WILBUR COWAN, though proud of the New Dawn because his brother's name adorned it, had nevertheless failed to profit by its teachings. He was prepared to admit that America groped in spiritual darkness which the New Dawn would flush with its pure white light; he could not have contended with any authority that it was not a land of dollar hunters, basely materialistic, without ideals, artistically impoverished and devoid of national self-consciousness, whatever that meant. These things were choice words to him, nothing more; and he had no valid authority on which to deny that the country was being tricked into war by the Interests, something heinous that the New Dawn spelled with a capital letter. In a way he believed this, because his brother said so. His brother had been educated. He even felt shame-faced and apologetic about his resolve to enter the fight.

But this resolve was stanch; he wanted to fight, even if he had been tricked by Wall Street into feeling that way. The New Dawn said he had been tricked, and he supposed it was true, even if he couldn't clearly detect how Wall Street had made Germany pursue the course that made him want to fight. So far as his direct mental processes could inform him, the only trickery involved had been employed by Germany and Spike Brennon. Germany's behavior was more understandable than the New Dawn, and Spike Brennon was much simpler in his words. Spike said it was a dandy chance to get into a real scrap, and all husky lads should be there in a split second at the first call. Perhaps Wall Street had tricked Spike into tricking Wilbur Cowan. Anyway, Spike was determined.

Their decision was made one day after a brisk six rounds of mimic battle. They soaped and bathed and dried their bodies. Then they rested—sitting upon upended beer kegs in the storeroom of Pegleg McCarron—and talked a little of life. Spike for a week had been laconic, even for him, and had taken little trouble to pull his punches.

(Continued on Page 117)



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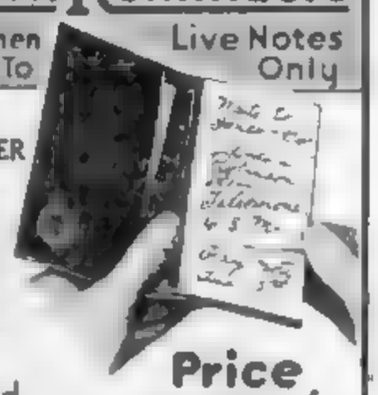

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(Continued from Page 115)

To-day he revealed that the Interests had triumphed over his simple mind. He was going and going quick. He recovered a morsel of gum from beneath the room's one chair, put it again into commission and spoke decisively.

"I'm goin' quick," he said.

"When do we leave?" demanded Wilbur.

"I'm leavin' in two days."

"We're leaving in two days."

They chewed gum for an interval.

"Way it is," said Spike at length, "I'm nothing but about a fourth-rater in my game. I wasn't never a first-rater. I used to kid myself I was, but handier guys took it out of me. Never was better than a third-rater, I guess. But maybe in this other game I could git to be a first-rater. You can't tell. I still got the use of myself, ain't I? And I wouldn't be so much afraid as a guy who never fought no fights at all. It looks good to me. Of course I don't know much about this here talk you read makin' the world safe for Democrats, and so forth, but they's certain parts of it had ought to be made unsafe for Germans. I got that much straight."

"Where do we go from here?" demanded Wilbur Cowan.

"N'York," said Spike. "Enlist there. I got a friend in Tamm'ny will see we git treated right."

"Treated right—how?"

"Sent over quick—not kept here. This guy is high up; he can get us sent."

"Good!"

"Only thing worries me," said Spike—"sleepin' out-of-doors. It ain't healthy. They tell me you sleep any old place—on the ground or in a chicken coop—makes no matter. I never did sleep out-of-doors, and I hate to begin now; but I s'pose I got to. Mebbe, time we git there, they'll have decent beds. I admit I'm afraid of sleepin' out on the ground. It ain't no way to keep your health."

He ruminated busily with the gum.

"Another thing, kid, you got to remember. In the box-fightin' game sometimes even second money is good. I pulled down a few nice purses in my time. But this here gun-fightin' stuff, it's winner take all every time. In a gun fight second money is mud. Remember that. And we ain't got the education to be officers. We got to do plain fightin'."

"Plain fighting!" echoed Wilbur. "And I'll tell you another thing. From what I hear they might put me to driving a car, but you bet I ain't going to take that long trip and get seasick, probably, just to fool round with automobiles. I'm going to be out where you are—plain fighting. So remember this—I don't know a thing about cars or motors. Never saw one till I come into the Army."

"You're on!" said Spike. "Now let's eat while we can. They tell me over in the war your meals is often late."

They ate at T-bone Tommy's, consuming a vast quantity of red meat with but a minor accompaniment of vegetables. They were already soldiers.

They fought during the meal several sharp engagements, from which they emerged without a scratch.

"We'll be takin' a lot of long chances, kid," cautioned Spike. "First thing we know—they might be saying it to us with flowers."

"Let 'em talk!" said the buoyant Wilbur. "Of course we'll get into trouble sooner or later."

"Sure!" agreed Spike. "Way I look at it, I got about one good fight left in me. All I hope is, it'll be a humdinger."

Later they wandered along River Street, surveying the little town with new eyes. They were far off, "over where the war was taking place," as Spike neatly put it, surveying at that long range the well-remembered scene; revisiting it from some remote spot where perhaps it had been said to them with flowers.

"We'd ought to tell Herman Vielhaber," said Spike. "Herman's a Heinie, but he's a good scout at that."

"Sure!" agreed Wilbur.

They found Herman alone at one of his tables staring morosely at an untouched glass of beer. The Vielhaber establishment was already suffering under the stigma of pro-Germanism put upon it by certain of the watchful townspeople. Judge Penniman, that hale old invalid, had even declared that Herman was a spy and signaled each night to other spies by flapping a curtain of his lighted room above the saloon. The judge had found believers, though it was difficult to explain just what information Herman would be signaling and why he didn't go out and tell it to his evil confederates by word of mouth. Herman often found trade dull of an evening now, since many of his old clients would patronize his rival, Pegleg McCarron; for Pegleg was a fervent patriot who declared that all Germans ought to be in hell. Herman greeted the newcomers with troubled cordiality.

"Sed down, you boys. What you have? Sassprillers? All right! Mamma, two sassprillers for these young men."

Minna Vielhaber brought the drink from the bar. Minna had red eyes, and performed her service in silence, after which she went moodily back to her post.

They drank to Herman's health and to Minna's, and told of their decision.

"Right!" said Herman. "I give you right." He stared long at his beer. "I tell you boys," he said at last, "mamma and me we got in a hard place, yes. Me? I'm good American—true blue. I got me my last papers twenty-two years ago. I been good American since before that. Mamma, too. Both good. Then war comes, and I remember the Fatherland—we don't never furgit that, mind you, even so we are good Americans. But I guess mebbe I talk a lot of foolishness about Germany whipping everybody she fight with. I guess I was too proud of that country that used to be mine. You know how it is, you boys; you remember your home and your people kind of nice, mebbe."

"Sure!" said Spike. "Me? I was raised down back of the tracks in Buffalo—one swell place fur a kid to grow up—but honest, sometimes I git waked up in the night and find m'self homesick fur that rotten dump. Sure, I know how you feel, Herman."

Herman, cheered by this sympathy, drank of his beer. Putting down the glass, he listened intently. Minna at the bar was heard to be weeping.

"Mamma," he called gruffly, "you keep still once. None of that!"

Minna audibly achieved the commanded silence. Herman listened until satisfied of this, then resumed:

"Well, so fur, so good. Then Germany don't act right, so my own country got to fight her. She's got to fight her! I'd get me another country if she didn't. But now people don't understand how I feel so. They say: 'Yes, he praise Germany to the sky; now I guess he talk the other side of his mouth purty good.' They don't understand. Me? I want Germany should be punished good, and my country she's goin' to do it good. That is big in my heart. But shall I go out on the street and holler, 'To hell with Germany?' Not! Because people would know I lied, and I would know. I want Germany should be well whipped till all them sheep's heads is out of high places, but I can't hate Germans. I could punish someone good and not hate 'em. I'm a German in my blood, but you bet I ain't a pro-German.

"Mamma, again I tell you keep still once—and now you boys goin' to fight. That's good! Me, I would go if I was not too old; not a better German fighter would they have than me. I kill 'em all what come till I fall over myself. You boys remember and fight hard, so we make the world nice again. I bet you fight good strong, husky boys like you. And I hope you come back strong and hearty and live a long time in a world you helped to put it right. I hope some day you have children that will be proud because you was good Americans, like mine would be if we had a little one. I hope you teach 'em to fight quick for their own good country. *Prosit!*"

They drank, and in the stillness Minna Vielhaber was again heard to be lamenting. Herman addressed her harshly:

"Mamma, now again I beg you shall keep still once." Minna appeared from back of the bar and became coherent.

"I wasn't cryin' no tears for Germans—wass cryin' fur them!" She waved a damp towel at Herman's guests. Herman soothed her:

"Now, now—them boys take care of themselves. Likely they have a little trouble here and there or some place, but they come back sound—I tell you that. Now you dry up—you make some other people feel that way. Hear me?" Minna subsided.

"You bet," resumed Herman, "we're Americans good. Mebbe I can't tell people so now, like they believe me; it's hard to believe I want Germans whipped good if I don't hate 'em, but it's true—and lots others besides me. They come in my place, Dagoes, Wops, Hunnyacks, Swedes, Jews, every breed, and what you think—they keep talkin' about what us Americans had ought to do to lick Germany. It's funny, yes? To hear 'em say us Americans, but when you know them foreigners mean it so hard—well it ain't funny! It's good!

"And me? Say, I tell you something. If anyone say I ain't good American I tell you this: I stand by America like I was born here. I stand by her if she fight Germany just as if she fight France. I stand by her in war, and I do more than that. You listen! Now comes it they say the country's goin' to be dry and put me out of business. What you think of that, hey? So they will shut booze joints like that feller McCarron runs, and even a nice place like this. So you can't buy a glass beer or a schoppen Rhine wine. What you think? Mebbe it's all talk, mebbe not. But listen! This is my country, no matter what she does; I stand by her if she fights Germany to death; and I stand by her if she goes dry! Could I say more? *Prosit!*"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Avalanche Lilies in Ktapatche Park on the West Side of Rainier

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The introduction at the New York Motor Show of the family of Dort cars portrayed on the opposite page can be properly considered as nothing short of an event of impressive importance.

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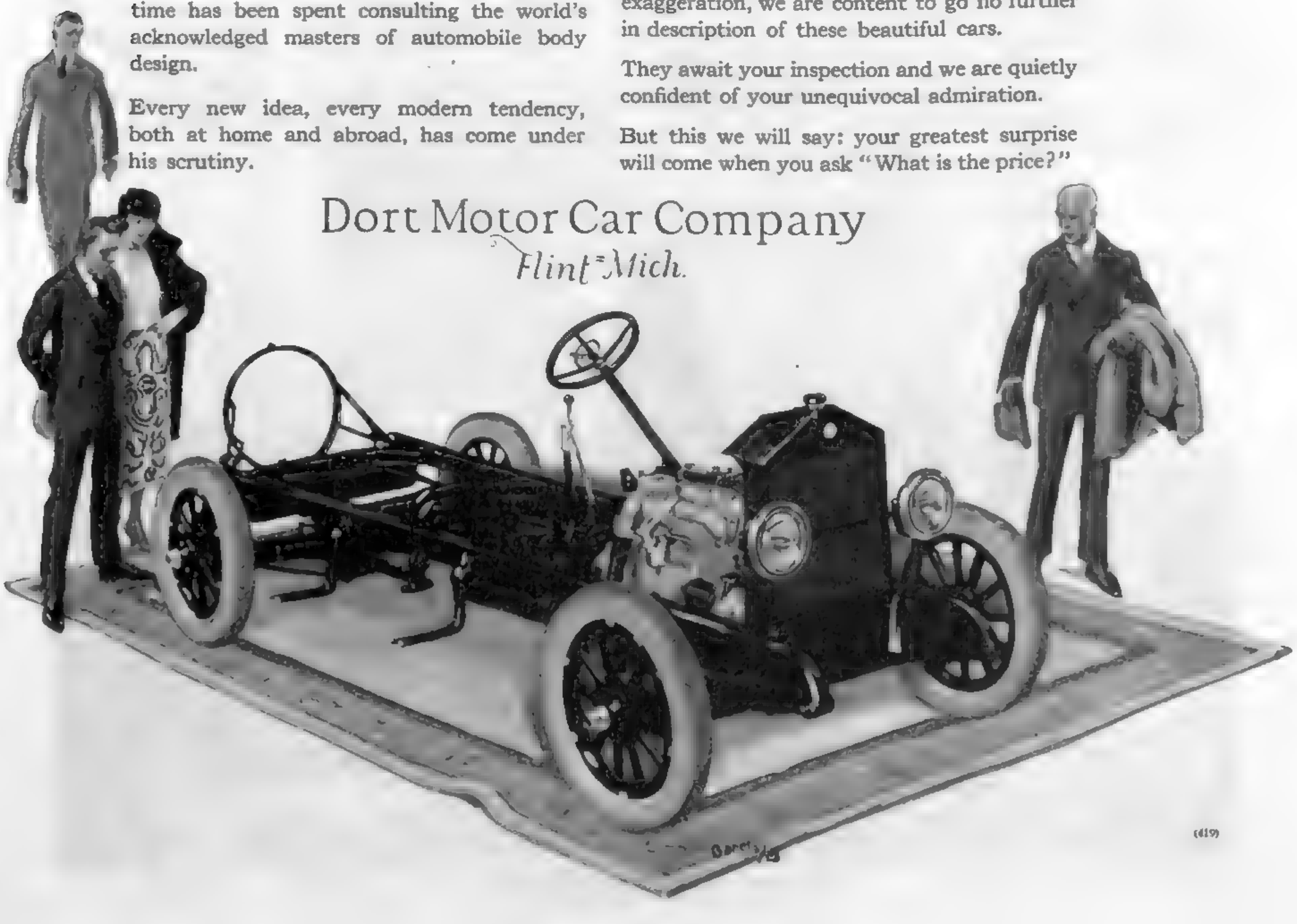

(d19)

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FORTY YEARS OF A DIPLOMAT'S LIFE

(Continued from Page 25)

have already many times had occasion to point out—separated by an almost unbridgeable gulf of mutual noncomprehension. They played the game of party politics among themselves. The bulk of the nation, the mainstay of its power and prosperity, the peasantry, were being drawn into the game only for the purpose of securing their support by holding out to their baser instincts the bait of a prospective spoliation in their favor of their neighbors, the landowning gentry.

All the parties, from the Kadets, the Constitutional Democrats, down, were dealing in such promises, endeavoring to outbid one another in the generosity of their potential disposal of other people's rights of property. But none of these parties could in justice claim to be truly representative of the people. They were, one and all, flesh from the flesh and bone from the bone of the Intelligentzia. "Mere doctrinaires," as Dr. E. J. Dillon has it in his Eclipse of Russia, "and moving far apart from the popular currents, they operated with borrowed theories. . . . They were Westernized politicians, foreign political ideal-mongers, who had no vested interests in the country and dealt mainly in abstractions, imported conceptions and exotic theories. This master fact of the situation appears to have been wholly missed by Entente diplomacy. For Great Britain and France took the liberals, who subsequently became the Kadets, as their advisers, and made support of the Kadets the corner stone of their Russian policy. Miliukoff, Gutchkoff, Rodzianko and their friends were the oracles whose utterances were eagerly sought after and whose counsels were generally followed—with the deplorable results recorded in recent history. They were upright, honorable, enlightened men, who lacked political experience and acquaintanceship with the temper of their own people."

On another page of his book, with reference to the policy adopted by the Entente Powers in regard to the Russian situation, Doctor Dillon, after admitting that the bulk of the nation are obviously still unfitted to discharge the functions that devolve upon a self-governing democracy, continues:

"But even the educated class of the Russian population, the 'Intellectuals,' are admittedly deficient in political sense as well as in deep-rooted concrete interests. One cannot affect surprise at this, considering their origin as a class, their status in the community and the ruthless way in which the Tsar's government suppressed the application of individual thought and energy to all national and most international concerns. Neither is it to be wondered at that so many Russian reformers were impracticable daydreamers, willing to sacrifice the feasible good for the unattainable best and always liable to run off at a tangent in quest of some secondary aim. Had it been otherwise . . . the party chiefs would have shrunk from the destruction of their last plank of safety, the Duma, and the abolition of the Tsardom, and abstained from the acts that led up to these suicidal measures. For, say what we may, the blast that destroyed the Monarchy and shattered the nation came directly from the Duma leaders, semiconsciously aided and abetted by the simple-minded representatives of the Entente, whom history may come to regard as drowsy if not sleeping partners of the active plotters. . . . The Entente governments were naturally impatient to see the Tsardom democratized and, ignorant of the State structure with which they were dealing, they bent its pillars and pulled down the whole fabric. Not only were the character and defects of the predominant element of the population—the Russian race—uniformly misunderstood by the chiefs of the Parliamentary party in Petrograd and their friends abroad, but the further all-important circumstance was unheeded, that there was no ethnic unity in the Empire, nor anything more politically than a loose amalgam of conflicting nationalities and mutually conflicting classes, knit together by awe of imperial authority and the pressure exerted by an omnipotent bureaucracy. Internal cement there was none. . . . The Chiefs, however, unconscious of the danger and solicitous about their parties, suddenly removed the one force that could have kept the nationalities and classes together, whereupon these collapsed like the staves of a barrel from which the hoops have been knocked off. And their collapse was so natural, so necessary, the elements being juxtaposed as they were, that it could and should have been foreseen. . . . From the first it was certain, if not obvious, that the radical reform of the Russian régime would entail the break-up of the State by the dissolution of the cement that had theretofore held its constituent parts together. . . . As for a violent rebellion with the aid or the connivance of the army, it was certain—considering the instincts and the ignorance of the lower classes—to culminate not in a glorious revolution, but in swift disruption and ruin. This was the logical and necessary outcome of the ethnic, social, cultural and religious conditions of the nation."

I have quoted at such length the views of Doctor Dillon in regard to the true and catastrophal meaning for Russia of the revolution and the overthrow of the monarchy—views which I fully and unreservedly indorse—because these views are the expression of the sober and unbiased judgment of a world-renowned publicist, whose authority as a widely experienced, clear-sighted student of politics, and whose intimate acquaintanceship with Russian conditions are universally recognized, and who at the same time can evidently not be suspected of any partiality for Russia, let alone for Tsardom.

If these views did not commend themselves to the Duma leaders, on whose political insight and patriotic resolve, at the most critical moment in Russia's history, depended the fate of the country, it merely proved how little they were qualified for the part of leaders of the nation and rulers of a great empire, a part which they so confidently assumed and were found so utterly incompetent to sustain when the revolution at first had literally thrown power into their inexperienced hands.

One fact alone throws a sufficiently lurid light on the condition of pitiable helplessness in which the revolution surprised them. That fact was the invasion, on the very first day of the revolution, of the Duma's own palace by a band of Socialists, who proclaimed themselves a "Soviet of Workmen's and Soldiers' Delegates," who could not claim to represent anything or anybody save revolutionary factory hands and mutinous soldiers of the Petrograd garrison, before whom, nevertheless, the legally elected representatives of the nation gave way at once, and with whom the Duma leaders felt themselves compelled to negotiate for the very formation of the Provisional Government, which was never more than a government in name and on sufferance, having, moreover, had to accept as a fellow member Kerensky, the vice president of the Soviet. All this would seem incredible if it had not been true. There is, however, a rational explanation of what at first must have appeared inexplicable to any observer only superficially acquainted with Russian mentality and Russian conditions. But this explanation, being an unwelcome one, was for a long time being discarded, until events confirming it rendered it impossible to deny its truth any longer... It was this:

That the Provisional Government was powerless from the very first day of its installation, and must in its inner consciousness have been aware of the true reason of its powerlessness, because it represented a fiction—whether deliberately created with intent to deceive, or produced by naïve illusions and pious, supposedly patriotic, self-deception, I shall not undertake to determine—the fiction of the supposed revolt of the people against the inefficiency of the overthrown Imperial Government's conduct of the war, or the fiction of the people's ardent desire for its continuation with redoubled energy, whereas the Socialist Soviet represented a reality—the desperate craving of the immense bulk of the nation for peace.

The fiction was for some time persistently maintained by war propaganda, and the reality was as persistently denied or attributed to the influence of German gold—an insinuation, which every Russian gifted with a modicum of national self-respect should resent as an offensive reflection upon the Russian people. But the proportion of real power possessed by each of the sides was necessarily commensurate with the importance of the popular backing it could rely on. On the Duma side it was limited to the adherents of the war-at-any-cost policy among the Bourgeoisie, or Intelligentzia, and therefore amounted practically to nothing, since the Intelligentzia had no material force at its command. Hence the helplessness of the Provisional Government in its contest with the Soviet. It was reduced to the necessity of resorting to systematic, diplomatic sabotage of the Soviet's peace policy, rendered easy and effective owing to the Soviet leader's glaring ignorance, evident inexperience and consequently quite natural incompetence in international affairs.

But the Provisional Government and its only support, the Bourgeoisie, placed themselves thereby in antagonism to the unmistakable will to peace of the overwhelming majority of the people. By the fatal unwisdom of the position taken by what might be termed the classes, as differentiated from the masses, in the vital, all-overshadowing question of peace or war, the classes have incurred the fierce hatred of the masses, in whose eyes they were primarily guilty of having brought down upon the people the unspeakable and unending misery of the war and its indefinite prolongation.

They have paid for their unwisdom, partly with bodily extermination, partly with all the bitterness of exile and utter destitution in foreign lands, and partly—cruelest of all—with degrading slavery to Bolshevist masters!

But the greatest and almost irretrievable misfortune that could have befallen unhappy Russia has been the elimination of the educated classes, who should have been the natural leaders of the nation, without whose leadership and active coöperation the rescue of Russia from her present condition of primitive communistic barbarism and her reconstitution as a civilized state will be a gigantic task, which perhaps the gradual evolution of coming generations alone will be able to accomplish.

Among the educated classes the most influential and best organized political party was the Constitutional-Democratic or, by abbreviation, Kadet Party, having of late adopted the style and title of Party of the People's Freedom. This party, which formerly had been opposed to the war with Japan and to Russia's imperialistic activity in the Far East, had become a strong supporter of Iswolsky's and Sazonoff's policy that had involved Russia in the World War, and, enjoying the favor of the diplomacy of the Entente, was wedded to the doctrine of war at any cost or war to the bitter end and no peace without victory. I felt that the moment was approaching when the persistent pursuit of such a policy, which had already led to the disastrous spectacular advance of our troops in Galicia, ending in the horrors and disgrace of Tarnopol; whose successful pursuit, as far as Russia was concerned, was, under existing conditions, manifestly impossible; and which was, moreover, utterly abhorrent not only to a demoralized soldiery but to a profoundly war-weary people, would unavoidably, unless arrested in time, lead to the seizure of power by the Bolsheviks, who were prepared to promise the people immediate peace.

Having failed in my persistent endeavors to approach the leading members of the government, it occurred to me that I might meet with better luck at the hands of the leaders of the Kadet Party, whose influence in the Coalition Government seemed to be still active in diplomatic matters. My earnest request to be given a hearing at a forthcoming meeting of the Central Committee of the Party elicited from one of its members a letter of regret, dated October 12 (old style), 1917, in which he wrote:

"However valuable might have been to the Central Committee of the Party of the People's Freedom an opportunity to hear you, circumstances have arisen owing to which the appearance before a meeting of the committee of a person of such weight and authority as yourself, and in support of the views which you have recently expressed on the pages of the Novaya Zhisn, would produce abroad"—meaning apparently in diplomatic circles of the Entente—"a quite definite impression and would be interpreted in a sense undesirable to the party."

The views here referred to had been expressed by me in an open letter to Maxim Gorky, editor of the Novaya Zhisn, a translation of which will be found in the

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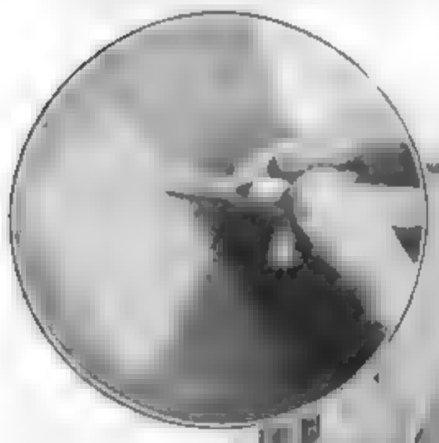
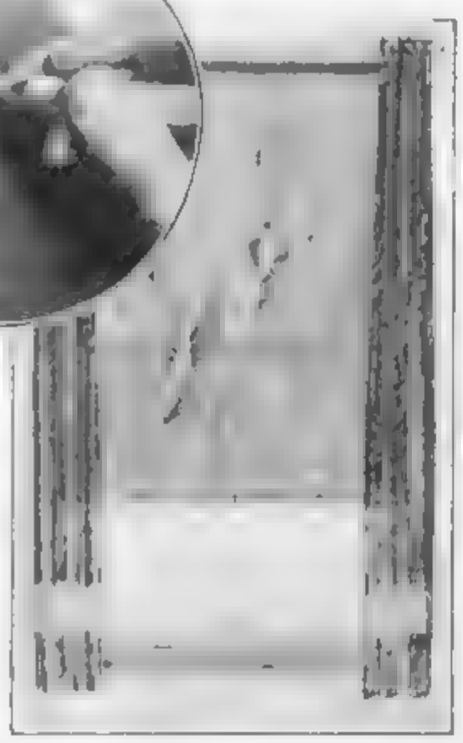
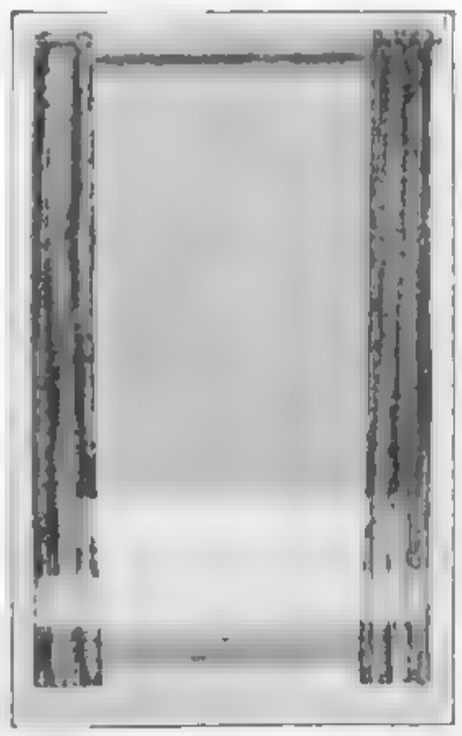
It's "filling" that causes cracks and pin holes



Scratch lightly through the surface of ordinary window shade material. Tiny particles fall out, leaving countless pinholes. That's the "filling" of chalk or clay



Ordinary shade—made with "filling"



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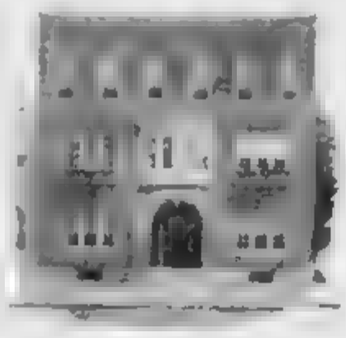

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preceding chapter of these reminiscences. These views, although favorably commented on, as far as my knowledge goes, by one or two English newspapers of acknowledged standing, may have been unpalatable to the diplomacy of the Entente. The proposition, however, that a Russian statesman who has grown gray in the service of his country and who can, after all, lay claim to some experience in affairs of state, could not appear and be heard before the Central Committee of a Russian parliamentary party without creating abroad an impression undesirable to that party is a proposition characteristic of a mentality whose apparent prevalence among our politicians goes far toward explaining the kind of estimation in which Russian statesmanship and Russian political parties seem to be held in more advanced countries.

I have mentioned this unimportant personal incident merely because I think that it throws an illuminating side light on the whole abnormal situation, inasmuch as it illustrates the extent to which the foremost and most influential of our Bourgeois parties was feeling itself dependent on the good will of foreign, albeit Allied, diplomacy.

The situation was really this: The March revolution, in the eyes of unprejudiced observers—whom war psychosis had not deprived of the faculty of seeing things as they are and not merely as they would have wished them to be—had plainly disclosed, not by any means the "union of the whole nation in the ardent desire to continue the war with redoubled energy," but on the contrary the division of the nation into two very unequal parts: on one side the immense but inarticulate bulk of the people ardently craving for peace, and on the other side a small but influential minority wedded to the policy of continuation of the war at any cost.

Such was undoubtedly the relative importance of the forces arrayed on either side in the country. In the Duma, however, the relative position of the sides was reversed, or rather the peace sentiment of the overwhelming majority of the people was not represented at all, if one leaves out of account the few Socialist Revolutionary members, disguised as laborites, including Kerensky himself, whose voices, if they could have been raised, would have been drowned in the general chorus of war enthusiasm, such as used to greet on every solemn occasion the appearance in the diplomatic box of the ambassadors of the Entente Powers. Whether any of these diplomats entertained doubts as to the genuineness of this enthusiasm manifested by men who could not but be aware of the desperately critical position of their country—which, as the far-seeing among them must have realized, was headed for a downright catastrophe in case of an indefinite prolongation of the war—I cannot say. But it would seem rather natural that they should have been deceived by appearances, and should have overestimated the influence and power of the Bourgeois parties, underrating the compelling force of the peace sentiment of the bulk of the nation. The immediate self-effacement of the Duma before the hurriedly constituted, entirely self-appointed Soviet, explicable only by the Duma members' unavowed consciousness of not representing the real feelings of the people, might have opened their eyes to the reality of the situation. If it did not have that effect on them at once it can only have been because they had suffered themselves to be deceived by the disingenuous assurances of their protégés, who had been allowed by the Soviet to form a simulacrum of a Provisional Government.

These assurances, however, were in direct opposition to the aim proclaimed at first by the Socialists, namely: The earliest possible conclusion of a general peace—emphatically not a separate peace with Germany—on the basis of the following principles: No annexations, no contributions, and self-determination of nationalities; principles which were persistently antagonized and even openly ridiculed and sneered at in the Bourgeois press and were at the same time quietly ignored in the official utterances of the Foreign Department of the Provisional Government.

Thus was laid bare from the very beginning the existence of a fundamental conflict of aims and policies between the officially constituted, universally recognized but shadowy Provisional Government and the real power behind the throne. The issue of this conflict could not be doubtful. It could end only in the elimination of the weaker side, which in this case was the Lvoff-Miliukoff Government, just as a few months later its successor, the Kerensky Government, under similar circumstances and for the same reason, was defeated and supplanted by the Bolshevist Government of the Soviets.

It becomes necessary now to examine the part played in these events by Kerensky and the party of which he was the leader. I have no doubt that at the time when he became head of the government he was sincerely determined to do his best to bring about a general peace. At any rate in the course of the only interview I ever had with him, on the very evening, in the beginning of May, when he had just succeeded in forming his first Coalition Government, he told me that he had decided to break definitely with Sazonoff's and Miliukoff's policy, which could evidently mean only one thing—namely, that he was prepared to enter into negotiations with our Allies with a view to the eventual conclusion of a general peace on the basis of the principles proclaimed by the Socialists, as the question of the conclusion of a separate peace with Germany had never even been considered in any shape or form.

That he very soon departed from his original standpoint—unless I had misunderstood his meaning—became evident to me when, a few days later, he transferred Mr. Terestchenko from the post of Minister of Finance, which he had for some weeks held, to that of Minister of Foreign Affairs, for the occupancy of which he was as little qualified by experience as could have been desired by those who would have to treat with him questions of the utmost importance to the country. This young, clever, well-bred and fashionable cavalier, who had apparently taken up revolutionary politics as a kind of multimillionaire's sport, seems to have fallen at once under the influence of his predecessors in office and the experienced staff of his department, who naturally were convinced and zealous adepts of the policy which unfortunate Russia was expiating so cruelly. He may, besides, not have been insensible to the attractions of social intercourse with high and mighty ambassadors, nor refractory to their blandishments, like his chief, the "Président du Conseil, Ministre de la Guerre et de la Marine," dwelling in the splendid halls of the Winter Palace and traveling in regal state in imperial trains and automobiles. Theirs were the ludicrously, or rather tragically, incompetent hands into which a mockingly pitiless fate had placed the destinies of a once proud and powerful empire and of a great and generous nation.

It was becoming evident that under these conditions an initiation by the Provisional Government of negotiations with our Allies aiming at the conclusion of a general peace could hardly be thought of.

A golden opportunity was going to be missed forever, a chance for bringing about the only condition that could have rendered possible the realization of the aim for the attainment of which so many noble minds are vainly striving now, a real league of nations, which could only have been based on the termination of the World War by a peace of conciliation. I do not know who was the author of the famous formula: No annexations, no contributions, and self-determination of nationalities. It seems to have been a spontaneous expression of an idea responding to the intimate sentiment of mankind and to its craving for a real peace and recovery from the psychosis of strife and hatred and revenge which threatens to overwhelm the civilization of the modern world. It was launched forth to the world by an entirely self-constituted body, but it was the voice of the soul of the Russian people. It was felt to be such, and that was the reason why the Russian revolution was at first hailed so universally as the dawn of a brighter day, just as was the proclamation by President Wilson of the principles responding to the noble ideals of the American people, which later caused his arrival in Europe to be hailed with enthusiastic, almost religious fervor by the masses—not the classes—of all European peoples as the advent of a Messiah of Peace.

Instead of availing itself in this sense of the all-powerful lever of the universal enthusiastic sympathy which the Russian revolution had evoked at first in the masses of the people all over the world, who undoubtedly would have hailed with unbounded delight newborn Russia's coming forward frankly as an apostle of pacification and initiator of negotiations aiming at the

(Continued on Page 125)

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More than 40,000 music merchants sell our Instruments

LYON & HEALY Musical Instruments

(Continued from Page 122)

conclusion of a general peace, the first revolutionary Provisional Government, under the leadership of Miliukoff and the Kadet Party, deliberately chose to cast in its lot with the classes, which in all belligerent countries, on both sides, in inconceivable blindness, were bent on the continuation of the war of mutual extermination, to the sole advantage of their common enemy—revolutionary socialism; whether in the guise of Bolshevism or Communism or Syndicalism, the most dangerous, relentless enemy of civilization.

By adopting this policy, in utter disregard of the tragically crying need of their own country, by their readiness to sacrifice its most vital interests to their mistaken sense of what their personal loyalty to the Allies required, the leaders of the Bourgeois classes and their followers committed political suicide, leaving the nation a leaderless prospective victim to the enterprise and audacity of any adventurers clear-sighted and determined enough to undertake to satisfy the people's craving, and were preparing the way for those who were planning to turn the war against the external enemy into a war of the proletariat against the Bourgeoisie, or, in other words, a war of the masses against the classes.

The moderate Social Revolutionaries under Kerensky's leadership might have saved the country from the obviously impending catastrophe had they remained faithful to their own at first proclaimed ideal of general peace on the basis of the three points and had they at once initiated negotiations with the Allies with that end in view. That may, indeed, at first have been and probably was, if I am not very much mistaken, their intention. But they were necessarily handicapped by their ignorance and total lack of experience in the handling of international affairs. Moreover, Kerensky's Minister of Foreign Affairs, Terestchenko, seems to have been taking advantage of his chief's ignorance of international relations in order to manage them more or less on the same lines as his predecessors in office, with whose policies Kerensky was supposed to have made up his mind to break for good. And then they had both evidently been taken in hand by the diplomacy of the Entente, as witness the advance of our troops in Galicia in June, 1917, recklessly undertaken evidently under pressure of the Allies, which led to such fatal consequences in disclosing to the enemy the utter demoralization and collapse of our army.

The zealous subserviency displayed by the Provisional Government in obvious disregard of Russia's most vital interests did not, however, protect it from the treatment at the hands of Allied diplomacy which its humble submissiveness evidently invited. We may judge of it now from the secret documents from the archives of the Russian Ministry of Foreign Affairs which have been published by the Soviet Government. The following secret telegrams refer to a painful incident illustrating the nature of the relations established between the Provisional Government and the Allied ambassadors accredited to it.

Secret telegram to the Ambassador of Russia at Washington:

"Petrograd, September 26 (October 9) 1917. No. 4559.

"The English, French and Italian ambassadors were received to-day by the Minister President and in the name of their governments made a communication to him on the necessity of reëstablishing the fighting capacity of our army. This *démarche* could not but produce a painful impression on the Provisional Government. The more so as all our Allies are cognizant of the efforts which the government is making for the continuation of the unremitting fight against the common enemy. I beg you will transmit in strict confidence to Mr. Lansing how highly the Provisional Government appreciate the abstention of the American ambassador from participation in the above-mentioned collective *démarche*.

(Signed) "TERESTCHENKO."

In another secret telegram, addressed on the same day to the Russian representatives in London, Paris and Rome, Mr. Terestchenko informs them that the three ambassadors in their collective communication pointed out that "recent events inspire doubts as to the force of resistance of Russia and as to the possibility for her to continue the war, in consequence whereof public opinion in Allied countries may demand of their governments an account of the material assistance extended to Russia. In order to render it possible for the Allied governments to quiet public opinion and to inspire it again with confidence the Russian Government must prove in reality its determination to employ all possible means in order to reëstablish discipline and military spirit in the army, and likewise to assure the regular functioning of the government apparatus at the front as well as in the rear. In concluding, the Allied governments express the hope that the Russian Government will fulfill their task and thereby secure the assistance of the Allies."

Such was the tone adopted by the Allies in their dealings with the Provisional Government. And now follows a third telegram, illustrating the spirit in which the Provisional Government responded to the comminatory communication of the Allied governments.

Secret telegram to the Russian Representatives in London, Paris and Rome:

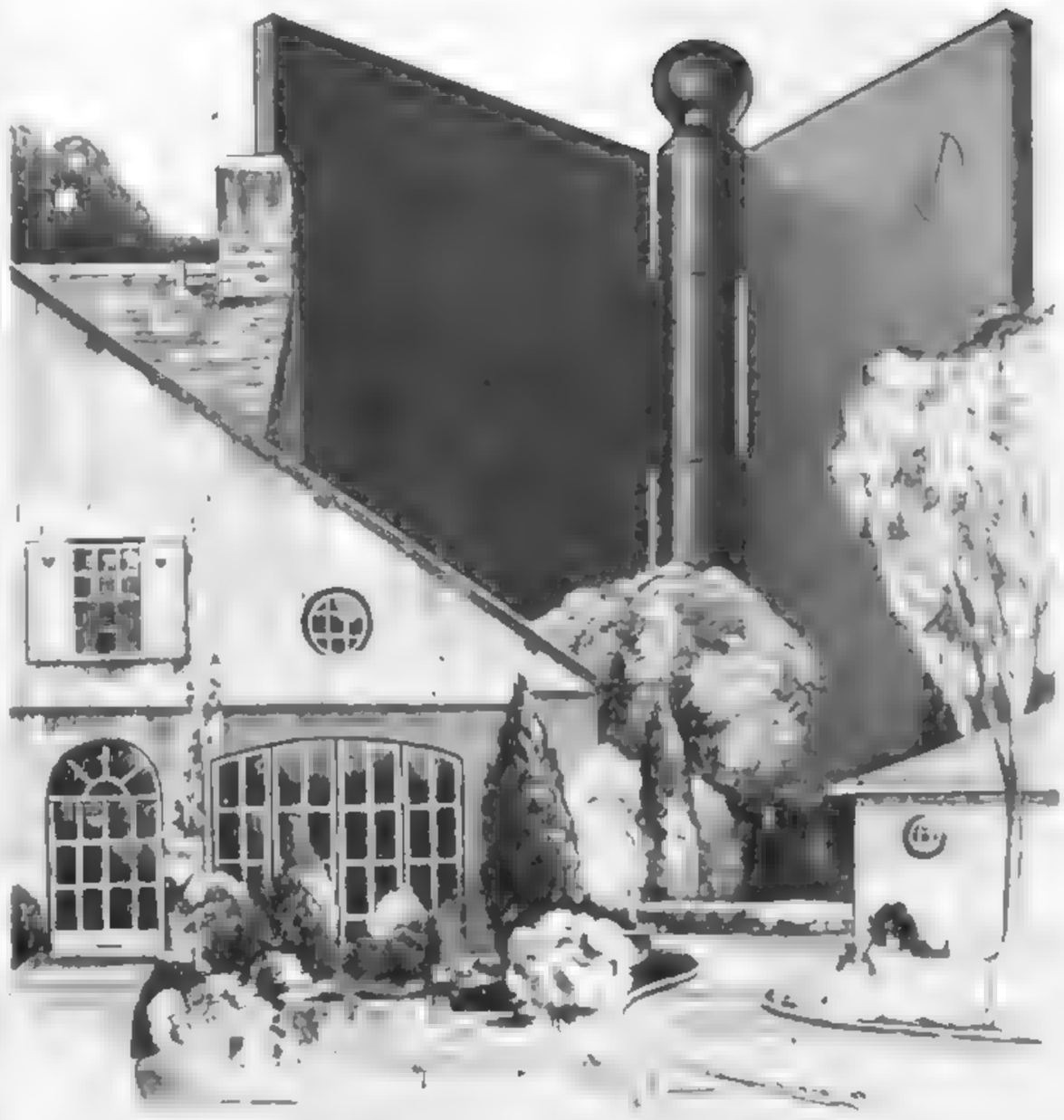
"Petrograd, September 28 (October 11) 1917.

"The collective communication of the three ambassadors has produced on us a painful impression by its essence as well as by the form in which it was presented. Our Allies are well acquainted with the exceptional efforts put forth by the Provisional Government with a view to reëstablish the fighting capacity of the army. Neither military defeats, nor interior troubles, nor enormous material difficulties within the last six months have been able to break the firm resolve of the Russian Government to continue to the end the fight with the common enemy. In these conditions we are decidedly at a loss to understand what motives could have caused the above-mentioned *démarche* of our Allies and what actual results they expect of it. Be pleased to communicate this telegram to the Minister of Foreign Affairs. Transmit to him also my insistent request not to publish the *démarche* of the Allies without previous agreement with us, so as to avoid a dangerous excitement of our public opinion. (Signed) TERESTCHENKO."

No Russian patriot could peruse without the deepest blush of shame these documents, which throw such a lurid light on the depth of abasement to which a once great and powerful country had been reduced by the revolution and the usurpation of power by the grotesque personages who presumed to speak in its name.

That the Allies should have treated the Kerensky Government with scant consideration is not to be wondered at. The Bourgeois parties having failed them, through their lamentable incapacity to maintain themselves in power, they were compelled to take up the game with the Socialists, who had succeeded in ousting their Bourgeois predecessors. But it was natural that they should have done so reluctantly. Neither of the two branches of the Socialist Party could, indeed, claim to be considered as a party fit to govern the country. The Social Revolutionaries had been carrying on for years an active revolutionary propaganda among the peasantry, with promises of the spoliation of the landowning gentry, and had been warring with the Imperial Government by means of innumerable terroristic crimes; the Social Democrats were bent on transplanting Marxian Socialism and class warfare on Russian soil, but had been opposed to terrorism on principle as an ineffective weapon of political struggle—that is to say, the terrorism which expressed itself in individual assassinations and not in the wholesale butchery which has been the most infamous feature of the Lenine-Trotzky régime.

"To non-Socialists," writes E. H. Wilcox in his Russia's Ruin, "there was, in the old days, very little to choose between Social Revolutionaries and Social Democrats. If any preference was felt, it was probably given to the Social Democrats, whose record was not yet stained with terrorism, and who, consequently, might be regarded as harmless doctrinaires so long as the realization of their theories lay outside the sphere of practical politics. However, the war, which upset so many old established conceptions, wrought a great change here. By all their traditions the Social Revolutionaries were inclined to be national and patriotic. By their fundamental principles the Social Democrats were essentially international; that is to say, unpatriotic. The 'harmless doctrinaires' thus became the most dangerous of men, the 'dastardly' terrorists the main



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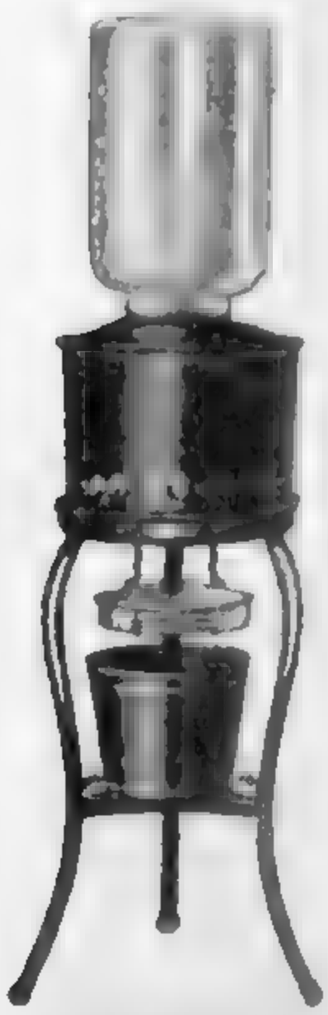
In many offices, stores and factories, water is served from unsanitary containers in which dirty or germ-laden ice comes into contact with the water, or where foul pipes, coils and faucets make it dangerous to drink.

Serve drinking water in a sanitary way. Install a "XXth Century" Cooler, in which water does not come into contact with the ice. Through a white porcelain jar and a patented, non-clogging, non-dripping push faucet, it is served in all its original purity. Be sure your cooler bears the name—



"XXth CENTURY" COOLER—Style 560

A popular style for office and general use. Write for our catalog for full description and details of other styles.

"XX*th* CENTURY" COOLER

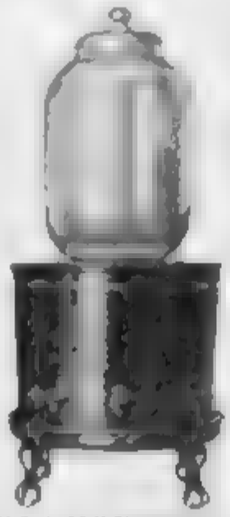
The "XXth Century" serves water at the coolness of a mountain spring, but never disagreeably and harmfully cold. The cooler itself uses far less ice than other coolers, because its ice container of "Fibrotta" is a non-conductor that keeps the heat out and the cold in. The cooler soon pays for itself in ice savings alone. Not all coolers with an inverted water bottle are "XXth Century" Coolers. If your spring water company supplies a cooler or if you buy one yourself, look for the name "XXth Century."

"C & H" Dispensers

Wherever soft drinks are sold "C & H" Dispensers for beverages serve them in the most sanitary, economical way and at just the right temperature—not icy cold nor lukewarm. They possess the same ice-saving, time-saving and sanitary features as "XXth Century" Coolers. The dealers who use these dispensers are protecting your health.

Write for our "XXth Century" Cooler Catalog, which also describes our "C & H" Dispensers.

We also make pails, waste baskets, umbrella jars, spittoons, baby baths, sealed liquid measures, funnels, etc., of "Fibrotta." It is a seamless mahogany colored ware, exceptionally durable and sanitary. Ask your dealer for "Fibrotta" pails for home use. Our "Fibrotta" catalog is yours for the asking.



"C & H" Dispenser—Style D 57 A

The popular style for fruit drinks

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hope of the Allies. These cross currents were not, however, uniform in their action, and two of the stoutest champions of the Allied cause were Plehanoff, the founder of the Russian Social Democratic Party, and Savinkoff, the author of a score of terrorist outrages."

This seems to be a fair statement of the view taken by the Allies of the respective positions of the two branches of the Russian Socialist Party, with one of which, after the collapse and passing of the Bourgeois parties, they found themselves compelled, in pursuing their policy, to deal as with the power standing behind the shadowy Kerensky Government and supposedly willing to champion their cause. Whether this cause—I mean the cause of the continuation of the war at any cost—could, in existing conditions, be held to be the cause of Russia, and in how far any of these political parties could be held to represent the real will of the Russian people, was obviously a consideration of secondary importance in the eyes of the Allies so long as they could, by the exercise of pressure on the Provisional Government, be able to secure the maintenance of the Russian front in some, at least, state of relative efficiency, this being of paramount importance to them from purely strategic considerations, which, to the exclusion of statesmanship, entirely dominated their policies.

The necessities of war, revolution and politics are apt to lead to strange bedfellowships, and it is perhaps but natural that the Powers of the Entente should have resigned themselves—not, I take it, without some reluctance—to deal, as with statesmen, with the leaders of a party whose erstwhile only claim to distinction had been that it had for years been carrying on, by seditious propaganda, conspiracies and terroristic crimes, a relentless warfare against the Imperial Government, the government of their own country and the former ally of these Powers.

It is abundantly clear from the contents of the joint communication made to the Provisional Government by the Allies that they were perfectly well aware of the hopeless condition of the Russian front. Their statesmen were far too experienced not to have realized that this condition could never be remedied by any representations, however comminatory, addressed to a government as helplessly incompetent itself and, indeed, as powerless as was Kerensky's Provisional Government. They must also surely have been able to foresee the fate that was in store for Russia unless she were rescued in time by a general peace.

Why, then, was this obvious conclusion not drawn and acted upon, instead of attempts being continued to push Russia farther down the road leading inevitably to her downfall and ruin? The game of high politics on the chessboard of Europe not being played on altruistic lines, the rescue, pure and simple, of Russia—her staying any longer in the war having become manifestly improbable, not to say impossible—could evidently never be either a motive or an aim of the policy of the Allies, unless such a rescue could serve their permanent interests aside from the strategic requirements of the moment.

In order to find a plausible answer to the above query it will be necessary to cast a cursory glance at the history of the relations which have existed between Russia and the rest of Europe all through the last two centuries. On these pages I can, of course, but briefly refer to the main feature characteristic of these relations. But to my American readers, who, I take it, are as a rule as little acquainted with the intricacies of European politics as Europeans are with American political affairs, I would recommend the perusal of the chapter headed Fear of Russia in Mr. Oliver M. Sayler's very interesting book, Russia, White or Red. Except where he seems to be leaning toward a sympathetic view of the Utopian doctrines of Socialism and its offspring, Bolshevism—a mental attitude apparently expected of young writers of liberal tendencies—or where he sacrifices to the no less obligatory traditional ritual of haughty scorn of "Tsardom" or "White Russia" as "a ghastly specter of human slavery," commonly observed by people whose only knowledge of Russia is derived from the propaganda literature spread abroad by Russian revolutionaries and their foreign sympathizers—the author presents a succinct but sufficiently illuminating explanation of the historical causes which have determined from time to time, as circumstances would have seemed to require, the attitude toward Russia of Great Britain and France as well as Germany. He also points to the United States as the only great nation with a viewpoint sufficiently disinterested and detached to observe and acknowledge the facts of the situation in Russia fearlessly and honestly, and adds, on Page 255 of his book: "We have not blamed her and cursed her for her downfall." This, I think, the Russian people will remember when the awakening from the present nightmare shall have come.

In the opening paragraph of the abovementioned chapter of his book Mr. Sayler says: "Fear of Russia has been the consistent attitude of every country in Europe ever since she emerged as a world power under Peter the Great and Catherine in the Eighteenth Century. Distrust of the motives of the great white autocracy of the North and anxiety as to what pose her changing and irresponsible will would assume in the face of important crises have put Great Britain and France, Prussia and later the German Empire, Austria and Turkey and Scandinavia eternally on their guard. At one time they have sought her favor, and then again they have patched up alliances to offset a possible change of heart of the Bear."

These few sentences express truthfully the viewpoint from which, ever since her entry into the family of European nations, Russia has been regarded by the other Powers. Thanks to the overshadowing size of her territory and to the overwhelming numerical superiority of her population, Russia loomed too large on the field of world politics not to be either feared as a potential enemy or courted as a possible ally. At the same time, in spite of the many lovable qualities which attracted to the Russian people sincere sympathies from those foreigners who were living in their midst or who were under the charm of their literature and their art, Russia as a state and on account of her political and cultural backwardness was at bottom an object of ill-concealed antipathy, not to use a harsher term, to open foe and pretended friend alike.

A realization, therefore, of the true character of the other Powers' relations to Russia should have guided the policies of her statesmen if she had possessed any worthy of that name. It was evidently Alexander III's intuitive comprehension of it that caused him to break loose from the alliance of the Three Emperors, and to remain, until within two years of the close of his reign, unfettered by any international political obligations of any kind. Thanks to this wise policy Russia under his reign had reached the zenith of her power and credit and had become the arbiter of the world's peace, since as long as she was not committed to the support of either side no one Power could have attempted the formidable risk of starting a general war in Europe. But by descending into the arena and joining one of the sides in the perennial, centuries-old struggle for military supremacy on the continent of Europe, Russia rendered such a war not only possible but unavoidable, unless the ruling powers in all the countries concerned were to undergo a fundamental change in their psychology, of which change not the faintest indication was then, nor is to this hour, perceptible to the eye of an unbiased observer.

It was but the logical outcome of this fatal departure from the Emperor Alexander III's original, wise and truly patriotic policy that Russia should have been involved in the catastrophe of the World War, for a participation in which she had no justifiable cause and was glaringly unprepared, and unfit materially as well as morally. Nor was it to be wondered at that, given the true character of the relations to her of friend and foe alike, the undoing and dismemberment of Russia should have become the object of the policy, first of her enemies, and after their failure to effect it, of her Allies, as soon as they perceived that her active and fruitfully utilizable participation in the war and in their plans for its ultimate settlement was no longer to be expected, or had, indeed, become impossible.

That this settlement, as regards Russia, should have taken the form of a vivisection practiced on the agonizing chief victim of the World War might have been expected, and, however disastrous to our unfortunate country, could, in a world such as it is and always has been, hardly be said to furnish sufficient ground for just complaints on the

(Concluded on Page 129)

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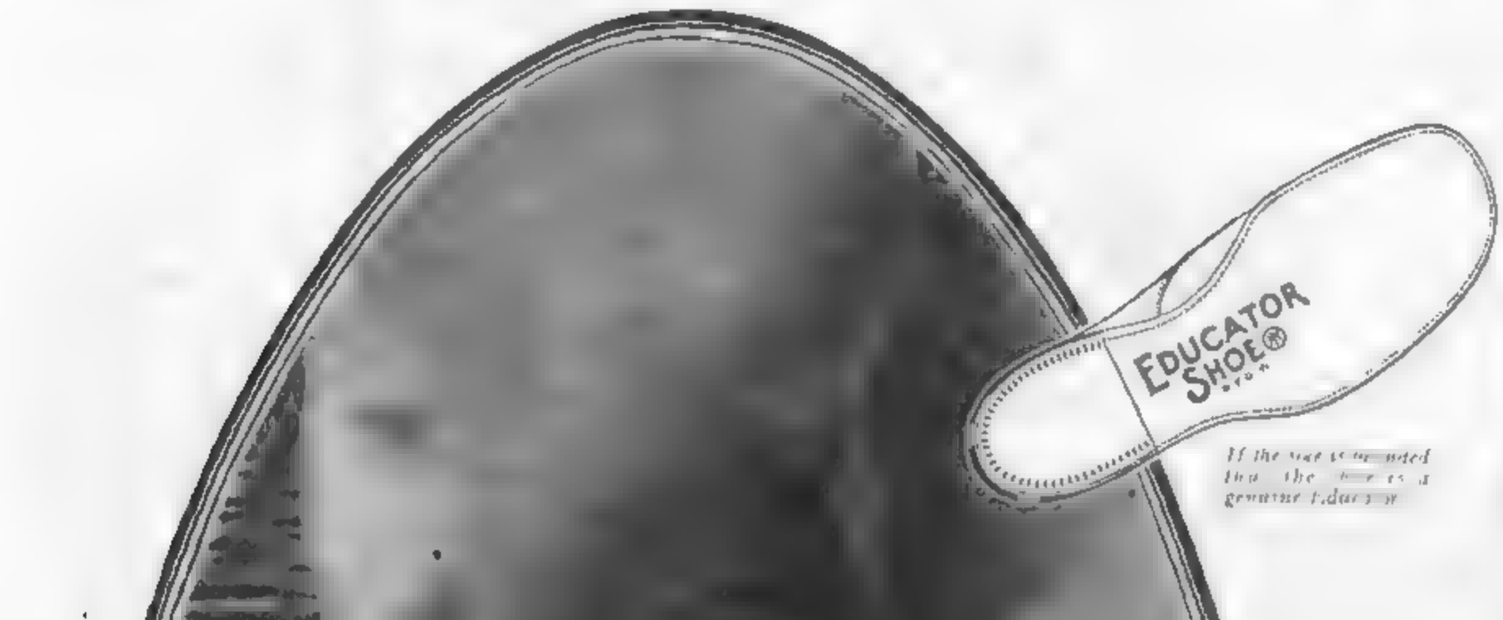

WHAT a pity it is to *abuse* Nature by wearing shoes that distort feet and bend bones all out of shape!

Yet thousands do it, and they pay the *penalty* Nature exacts—in painful corns, bunions, callouses, ingrowing nails, and fallen arches.

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Go to the Educator store near you, and see for yourself the wisdom of wearing Educators. For your own protection, make sure the sole of the shoe is branded with the trade-mark EDUCATOR.

Get this booklet—*"Bent Bones Make Frantic Feet"*

Send for this little booklet, which contains some startling information about the physical injury done by wearing incorrect shoes. Free. Write for it today.

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FOR MEN, WOMEN, *and* CHILDREN

This conservative, business-like, sensible Educator is just the shoe most men need

(Concluded from Page 126)

part of so-called statesmen, party leaders, politicians, writers, with the deluded herd of their followers from the ranks of the Intelligentzia, who by their policies have themselves all along been digging the grave of their country. But a day will come when a resurrected nation will with undying gratitude remember that the only voice that was raised in protest against the iniquity of such a settlement was the voice of the United States, the voice of the ever-generous American people.

There was, however, another possible point of view from which the Allies might have looked upon the situation created by the Russian revolution—the point of view not only of far-seeing statesmanship but also of plain business interests. That Russia, once started on the down grade of revolutionary anarchy, could not be arrested and would go from bad to worse until the very bottom of destruction and ruin was reached, must have been sufficiently evident to every unbiased observer. It must have been no less evident to any reflecting mind that the destruction of the political and social fabric of the Russian state would leave in the structure of the economic life of Europe—if ever it was to be resurrected after the general ruin wrought by the World War—an enormous void that nothing could fill; not to mention that the only possible security for the ultimate recovery of the billions of money loaned to Russia before and during the war would have been the maintenance of the Russian state as an unimpaired political entity. It would seem, therefore, that the plainest considerations of enlightened selfishness should have dictated the only possible policy that could have saved Russia from the catastrophe whose ultimate consequences would be bound to affect most injuriously their own well-understood interests.

But the question of an early peace or war to the bitter end had acquired, in connection with the underlying meaning of the Russian revolution, a momentous importance, overshadowing all considerations of traditional statesmanship and national self-interest. This meaning of the revolution, which war propaganda by its shallow interpretation was doing its best to obscure, carried nevertheless a solemn warning to the ruling classes in belligerent countries, inasmuch as it meant the beginning of the awakening of the toiling masses, which compose the overwhelming majority of the people of every country, to a realization of the fact that the war and its indefinite prolongation had been and was being forced on them by their rulers in the pursuit of tempting phantoms of power, of hegemony, of prestige, of revenge—which meant nothing to them simply as men and women, but for the pursuit of which they, the masses, were made to pay with the lives of millions of their sons and brothers, with millions of ruined homes and with all the untold misery and suffering wrought by a war on such a gigantic scale. It further meant that when the day of their final awakening should dawn upon the masses they would make it a day of reckoning with their rulers and that the fratricidal war between the nations might resolve itself into a fratricidal and suicidal war between masses and classes within the nations.

To this warning, unmistakably conveyed in the underlying meaning of the events which had taken place in Russia and were soon to lead to the tragic developments the world has since been witnessing in horror, consternation and dismay, the author of these reminiscences had attempted to call attention in the open letter addressed, in July, 1917, to an American friend then in Petrograd, in the hope of being able to secure its publication in the American press, the full text of which has been reproduced in a preceding chapter.

A similar warning in regard to the dangerous character of the policy of war to the bitter end had been expressed as early as two years before the advent of the Russian revolution, by the author of a diary kept in the year 1915, parts of which have seen the light of day in recent issues of a well-known London weekly paper. These are the truly prophetic words penned on March 23, 1915, by the distinguished author of this diary, who hides his name under the initials F. W. H.:

"Statesmanship has no right to contemplate war to the bitter end. The time may be near when it will be possible to consult the needs of humanity as well as to secure our war aims. If such an opportunity is lost the war will not go on forever. It will end in revolutionary chaos, beginning no one can say where and ending no one can say how."

To suppose for a moment that such grave considerations could have failed to occupy most seriously the minds of the leading statesmen in all belligerent countries, on both sides, would imply an undeserved reflection on their intelligence as well as on their patriotism. Nor could it be supposed that the Allied governments, with all the ample means of gathering information at their disposal, were not fully aware of the fact—since placed beyond any doubt by the publication of the various "Documents and Statements relating to Peace Proposals and War Aims, December, 1916–November, 1918," with an introduction by G. Lowes Dickinson—that Germany in the spring of 1917 had already reached the limit of her strength; a fact which, as Count Czernin, the Austrian Minister of Foreign Affairs, in his secret report to his sovereign of April 2, 1917, avers, "responsible leaders in Berlin did not seek to deny," and that consequently the powerful currents in favor of peace were countered solely by the desperate determination of the militarists in power to make only a victorious peace. In regard to this G. Lowes Dickinson remarks that it "should be borne in mind in estimating the policy of the Allied governments, for their attitude would react on the state of parties in Germany, would strengthen the peace elements if it were conciliatory, and, if otherwise, play into the hands of the militarists."

Be that as it may, it was plain that conditions were favorable for the initiation of negotiations aiming at the conclusion of a general peace, and that in the absolutely desperate position in which Russia found herself it was downright madness not to make at least an attempt to induce the Allies to enter upon joint negotiations to that effect.

In the prevailing helpless bewilderment the Kerensky Government seems to have had a vague inkling of the necessity of something being undertaken in that sense, but was apparently unable to understand precisely what it was that should be done and how it should be attempted to do it. In an assembly, mainly composed of members of the Soviets of Workmen's and Soldiers' Delegates, convoked by Kerensky under the pretentious and peculiar designation of "Fore-Parliament," endless discussions took place as to the instructions to be given to Russia's representative at a conference expected to be held in Paris by the Allied Powers for the revision of so-called war aims. Finally, however, it was announced that the conference was not to deal with the terms of peace at all.

After many fruitless attempts at obtaining an interview with the dictator Kerensky himself, and having become convinced with intense horror and despair that the new revolution was imminent, with its unavoidable sequel of anarchy and civil war, I determined to make one more and a last effort to obtain a hearing, and addressed on the twenty-second of October (fourth of November) the following letter to one of the ministers:

"I approach you, sir, to whom, as representative of some of the most important business interests, it cannot possibly be indifferent whether our country is entirely ruined and thrown into the abyss of civil war and anarchy by the policy of the ideologues of war at any cost and war until a final victory. I approach you with the request—nay, I implore you to give me at least a hearing and to give me a chance to explain to you the considerations derived from the experience gained by long years of participation in affairs of state and negotiations concerning the gravest interests of Russia, which lead me to think that even at this late hour it might be possible, as it is imperatively required, to reach an agreement with our Allies in regard to the earliest possible beginning of peace negotiations with the enemy."

No answer was ever returned to this letter. Three days later the government was overthrown, and the ministers—except Kerensky, who had sought and found safety in timely flight—were prisoners in the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul.

Editor's Note—This is the twenty-eighth of a series of articles by Baron Rosen. The final article will appear in an early issue.

Watch your Costs on
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Put Duracord on your portable electric tools, extension lamps and other places where the wear is hard. You can forget your cord-worries. Duracord withstands oil, water, gasoline and the hard knocks of everyday usage.
Duracord saves money in three ways.
There is less cord to buy, for Duracord lasts four to six times longer than ordinary cord. The labor cost of making replacements is reduced. And fewer replacements mean less time lost by tools and men while the cord is being changed.
Look at the picture of Duracord. It's not hard to understand why that big, heavy covering gives such wonderful service. It's woven like a piece of fire hose.
Duracord is made in all sizes of portable electric cord and in the larger sizes of single and duplex cable. Ask your electrical jobber or let us send you samples of Duracord and ordinary cord for you to test and compare yourself.
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THE unusual protection afforded by *Lucas Metal Coaters* is due, not alone to their extreme durability but to their great elasticity. This enables them to shrink and stretch uniformly with the constant contraction and expansion which take place in any metal surface exposed to weather or changing degrees of heat and cold. *Lucas Metal Coaters* penetrate every minute crevice of the metal surface; become a part of the metal, expanding and contracting with it; hard but elastic; clinging tenaciously; protecting completely. *Red Lead Preservative* for priming coat, possessing greater elasticity, tenacity and covering capacity than straight red lead; *Metalife*, for subsequent coats, obtainable in six attractive and serviceable colors.

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Purposely Made for Every Purpose

IN THE NATURE OF A PRELIMINARY ANNOUNCEMENT

(Continued from Page 9)

and he never will. Thanks be to the phrasing of your reply, he immediately fades right out of the picture instead of hanging round and pestering you for half an hour or so, which, being what he is, he certainly would do, did you but let down the bars to him by confession that you recalled him.

Then again, you are summoned to the telephone. You are told, let us say, that a lady who declines to give her name wishes to speak with you. Now, if you are constituted as I am, you have a deep-seated prejudice against the telephone as a medium for promoting chatty conversation. As a business convenience, yes. There, I grant you, the telephone has its proper place. But as a contrivance for the furthering and the facilitating of social pleasures, distinctly, no! Many of us find it well-nigh impossible to be apt and sprightly in our rejoinders over the telephone. There is something about the very appearance of the instrument which seems to dry up the fonts of sprightliness within us. Indeed, excepting on those occasions when Central has given one the wrong number for the third time, one so rarely can think offhand of anything graphic to say into the transmitter.

Assuming, therefore, that you have neither the inclination nor the ability to flash repartee over the wire, you approach the telephone with misgivings. Experience has taught you that ladies who decline, when calling up, to give their names or to state their businesses are almost inevitably of the type that twitters. Contrary to a somewhat common belief, hell is not exclusively paved with good intentions. A considerable area of hell is paved with twitterers of both sexes. Nevertheless, in this case ethics and the conventions of good breeding demand that you answer the call.

Filled with forebodings, you take the receiver off the hook and you apply it to your ear and you say "Hello!"

The response confirms your worst anticipations. Over the line floats a flutelike voice, saying: "Is that you, Mr. So-and-So? Well, you'd never in fifty years guess who this is! Now give a guess—do, won't you?"

You were forewarned; now you are forearmed. Equipped with the formulas provided for in the ordinary memory system, you would be able, through the sound of the voice, to recognize the owner of the voice. Indeed, you would be practically required to recognize it. As a truthful person you would have to confirm the suspicions which she seems to harbor touching on her own identity, and you would up and tell her who she was, and then you would pay the penalty. You would be held there minute after minute listening to the inconsequential outpourings of a pennyweight mentality while your luncheon or your work or your game of cards or whatever it was that you had been called away from lost its savor.

How to Treat a Twitterer

But happily you subscribed in due season for my antiremembering course, and now you are armored against her and all her kind. Your reply is as follows:

"Madam, you are right. I couldn't guess who it is in fifty years. Anyhow, if I live fifty years I feel that I should devote at least a part of that time to other matters."

That is all that you have need to say. That is amply sufficient. You have stopped her dead. She gets right off the wire; yet, really, you have not been uncivil. Thanks to your ability to disremember the trivial things of life, you merely have stated an absolute truth.

Or suppose she adopts another of the favorite introductory approaches of her breed. Suppose she begins by crying out archly, "Hello! Do you know who this is?"

To which your instantaneous response is, "No, do you?"

Again may you credit yourself with a point scored. You have put the burden of the proof upon her shoulders. In any event, with the handicap of that kind of start against her, she will not cling there to the wire and chafe a blurred spot on the lower flange of the mouthpiece with the point of her chin, for she has been effectually checked before she got under way.

To nearly every good thing there is some defect. The defect in my system, as I envisage it in its present incomplete state, is that under the criminal code it cannot be carried quite far enough. Nearly every one of us knows somebody whom it should be possible to abolish utterly; merely abating him is not sufficient. It is here that our laws are faulty. The statutes defining provocation to manslaughter are not broad enough in their scope and range of justifiable extenuation and excuse.

I think, in this connection, of the person whom for convenience I shall denominate as a chronic whatter. By this I mean one unnecessarily addicted to the use of the word "what" as a question in conversation. Such a one asks your opinion or your knowledge or your belief upon a given topic. You reply clearly and decisively and in simple language. He heard and comprehended every word you said; he fully grasped your exact meaning. But he looks right at you then and says "What?" or in some cases "Huh?" with the rising inflection, which leaves you with but two alternatives—either to commit murder upon him on the spot or, with your nerves tingling and your patience fraying to a fringe, to say the same thing all over again.

Swat the Whatter

If he were deaf there would be palliation for him. But he is not deaf. He says "What?" either because your answer was at variance with his preconceived ideas on the subject, or because, being surprised by the nature of the reply, he desires a few instants of time in which to chew his mental cud on it, or, most commonly of all, because saying "What?" has become with him a fixed and an incurable habit.

I ask you to pause for a moment and tally up in the circle of your acquaintanceship the number of confirmed whatters who cross your path each day or each week. You will be surprised at the figures of the lamentable total. You will realize then why sometimes you come home at night feeling that you tremble on the verge of nervous collapse. The real reason is that you have been spending hours in the company of a whatter.

"Swat the whatter" should be a popular slogan. It would be, too, if natural impulses were permitted to govern our course of action. But if we cannot, with our bare hands, destroy the professional whatter; if the faulty man-made code which governs our acts denies to us the sweet boon of removing him out of this life, we can at least forget him immediately after parting from him and never be able thereafter to remember ever having met him. I mean to say we can do these things when my antimemory system has been generally taken up throughout the country.

The more one considers this proposition the broader and the wider appears its scope for the promotion of human happiness. Regardless of whatever success one may achieve, still one's past life, as one looks back upon it, largely is made up of experiences which it would be better to forget—occasions when one failed to appear at one's best; times when one said the wrong thing; places where one failed to shine; situations from which one emerged covered with chagrin and regrets. Under my plan you not only are enabled to forget the unhappy circumstance or the disastrous event or the whatever-it-was, but coincidentally you are saved from the equally painful prospect of having to remember this or that pestiferous bystander who was present at the time and who does remember what happened and who insists upon referring to it every time the two of you meet thereafter.

I take my own case. But too well do I recall the time—the only time—when I undertook to ride a horse that had been trained to trot in the English style. It was also to develop that this horse knew how to buck in the Western style. But he had not been specially trained to do this; it was a natural gift with him, he being a Western horse by birth. It had been a good many years since I had tried to ride any sort of horse, and it may have been that I was a trifle nervous and uncertain of myself.

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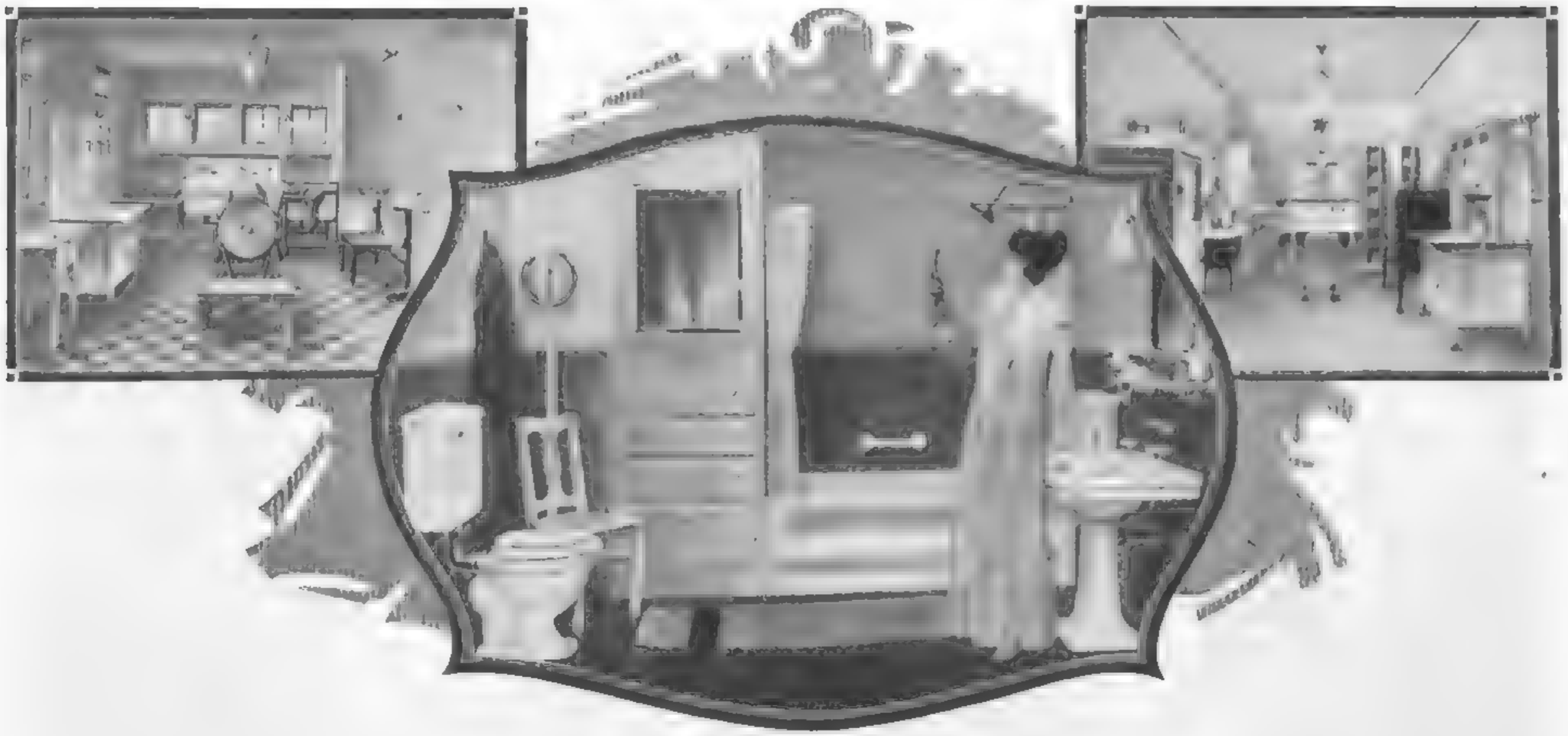

WHEN one thinks of the charm that beautiful plumbing fixtures reflect upon the entire household, is it not unwise to be without them?

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WESTINGHOUSE BATTERIES

(Continued from Page 130)

Certainly the horse was. The moment I was in the saddle he got in motion with a shuffling, sidewise gait, like a crab, which was rather disconcerting. I had no desire to go down the public highway broadside on. By manipulation of the bridle reins I checked him out of this gait, and immediately he broke into a trot. It was a hard sort of trot, and very jolty. Before we had traveled fifty yards in this fashion I thought I could feel my spine coming out through the top of my hat. If I was right in my deductions, this would mean that the hat would practically be ruined, and it was a new hat, and I liked it.

It was about this time or shortly thereafter that I conceived the idea of getting down off the horse. As a matter of fact, the horse himself assisted me in reaching this conclusion. Just after I had made up my mind that I would get down off him, and between jolts was trying to decide whether I would get off right there or go farther on around a bend in the road, out of sight of spectators, the horse indulged in a sudden lunging or leaping contortion. Leaving the saddle abruptly and soaring up in the air, I described a parabola, which under the circumstances was a rather remarkable thing for me to do, seeing that up until then I had scarcely known what a parabola was and had never tried pronouncing one, let alone describing it.

At the time I regretted that I had an audience, and ever since I have regretted that the members of that audience should have gone on living and that all of them should have preserved such perfect memories for faces, and that at the most inopportune moments one or another of them should keep turning up and referring to the occasion in question, and reminding me of what happened. Wishing that they might die does not seem to help. One cannot, with any degree of success, give this sort of absent treatment to those groups, classes and individuals who insist on remembering the things which one wishes to be forgotten. Somehow these persons seem to live on and on, as it were, forever. You pick up the paper of a morning and hopefully you run your eye down the obituary column. Somewhere or other somebody or other is dying—but only too rarely is it the right one.

I bear in my mind a rankling recollection of a certain canoeing experience too. It is a curious circumstance, or rather a curious coincidence, that so many of my most harrowing memories should relate to experiences undergone in the realm of out-of-door sports. This one dates back a considerable number of years. The scene of the distressing occurrence was a beautiful lake up in the North Woods. My family was spending the summer in a cottage on the shores of this lake. We had moved in only a few days before. One glorious morning I volunteered to paddle a canoe across the lake to get mail and provisions at a village on the opposite bank. The man who had been hired to do such jobs was busy at some chore, and I agreed to go in his stead.

Paddling My Own Canoe

Up until that time my acquaintance with small craft had been confined almost exclusively to rowboats. I had done some rowing, but I was still far from being an expert oarsman. My principal defect in the handling of the oars was that about every so often I would miss the water altogether. If I concentrated my energies on the task of making a perfect stroke with the right-hand oar, the left-hand oar would run wild, so to speak. I have been known to miss even so large a body of water as the Atlantic Ocean with an oar. Moreover, I had never attempted before this time to paddle a canoe; but I felt that I could.

I poised myself on the aft end of the canoe and, shoving off with one foot, I knelt in the stern and plunged the paddle blade alternately down into the water on the right side and on the left, at the same time imparting to the paddle the proper twisting motion, or at least what I deemed to be the proper twisting motion. In short, I endeavored to carry on the operation of paddling after the fashion in which I had seen expert canoemen carry it on. This proved to be a more difficult maneuver than I had imagined beforehand it would be. Consistent and consecutive execution of it required undivided concentration on my part. Still, after the first few experiments with the blade, I flattered myself that I was doing fairly well.

Raising my head presently for a glance about in order to make sure that I was upon the right course, I was struck by the fact that despite my labors I did not seem to be making the desired progress. Here I had been paddling steadily for some time, and was not more than sixty or seventy yards from shore. Yet all the while the canoe had been moving briskly. It was moving briskly now. Something must be wrong. Something distinctly was wrong. Instead of progressing across the lake the canoe was spinning around and around, so that I really gained only a foot or two on my course at each revolution.

I am no mathematician, but even at an offhand calculation I deduced that, traveling at this circular gait, it would require hours and perhaps days for me to get across the lake, and I would be exhausted long before I got there, and dizzy besides. It occurred to me there must be something radically faulty in my method of wielding the paddle. I changed the stroke somewhat. The rotating motion persisted. I tried paddling steadily on one side of the canoe for a period in an effort to correct the error. The only result was that I whirled about all the more rapidly. I switched then and tried the effect of continuous paddling on the other side. At once the canoe reversed. We now rotated the other way about.

In the Rôle of Cynosure

I grew angry. I set my jaw. I opened my shirt at the throat. I made up my mind that I would master that canoe and that paddle, both of which seemed to be in a conspiracy to thwart me. I bent to the task until my shoulder muscles creaked and my biceps throbbed and ached. I drove the paddle deep into the water. I twisted the handle savagely as I did so. I caused a white wake to boil and roil astern. Yet the canoe, like a demented automaton, continued to spin around.

The sun climbed higher in the heavens. It was a hot red sun, and next only to the sun I probably was the hottest, reddest thing in that latitude. Still I persevered. I fought the good fight. During this period I must have traveled at least a mile and a half without gaining more than fifty yards.

Could it be that I was caught in an invisible whirlpool? Could it be that some undertow, some crafty hidden current, some unsuspected maelstrom held the craft in its grip? No, the tiny wavelets pursued one another in a straightaway course down the lake.

I paused eventually to catch up, if I could, with my breathing. And now, above the drip-drip of perspiration falling in great globules from my brow and above my own panting, I became aware of sounds as of distant laughter. My eyes swept the nearer shore. An audience whose presence until that moment had been entirely unsuspected by me was gathered upon the bank. The members of my own domestic circle were there. Dwellers in near-by cottages and camps were likewise assembled. Through the birches which fringed the lake I could see more persons hurrying toward the water's edge to join the groups already collected on boathouses and diving platforms and what-alls. Everyone within sight was gazing steadfastly in one direction—to be exact, in my direction.

Realization came to me that for some time past I had been the cynosure of all eyes. I did not wish to be a cynosure. Canoeing and not cynosuring was for the moment my aim.

I felt a distinct and unmistakable sense of annoyance. This annoyance but served to make me all the more determined to master the trick of driving that canoe upon a straightaway course. Again my paddle blade flashed in the sun; again it buried itself deep in the water. Cheers began to mingle with the guffaws from the shore. Also sundry onlookers seemed to be shouting words of advice, but the purport of these was lost in the prevalent tumult, and anyhow I paid but small heed to them. I was in no mood to accept suggestions either from friends or from strangers, or even from blood relatives, for I was determined, unaided and single-handed, to conquer that canoe if it took me all summer. Besides, each revolution was carrying me a few inches farther out of earshot.

I think it must have been the preliminary symptoms of a stroke of heat prostration, characterized by ringing in the ears and black spots dancing before the eyes, which finally forced me to abandon, for the

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nonce, my labors, and to sink back well-nigh exhausted into the bottom of the canoe. I should say that at that time I had been paddling for about thirty minutes, and was upward of two hundred yards from shore, with perhaps three miles to go.

It was at this juncture that our hired man came out to me in a skiff which he had borrowed from a neighbor, and in a few sentences he explained to me the whole difficulty. Crouched as I was, in the stern, my weight sank the aft end of the canoe deep into the lake, simultaneously lifting the bow high in air, so that practically two-thirds of the craft was out of water, and she merely turned about on her own axis, so to speak. Following his instructions, I crawled forward to the center of the canoe and at once all was well.

At intervals, through all the years which have followed, I have been encountering individuals who were present on that occasion. There must have been hundreds of them. In all sorts of places and at the most inopportune times one of them turns up, and between the reminiscent gurgles and gusts of a fit of ill-advised merriment he asks me if I still remember the time when I gave an imitation of a demented churn dasher on Lake Chazy up in the Adirondacks. As a truthful person I am constrained to confess that such is the case. With the utmost difficulty repressing an almost overmastering desire to do murder with my bare hands, I admit to him that I remember it. Then tactfully I endeavor to change the subject; I strive to guide the course of the conversation into a more congenial channel. But he invariably refuses to be led. Nothing will do for him but that he must call in some third party to help him enjoy the joke, and then he just must tell about it all over again, amplifying and exaggerating the details. He describes how foolish I looked, as red as a beet and puffing like a porpoise, as I spun round and round and round out there under the blistering sun in a canoe that was standing on its own tail. And then he laughs in loud, raucous guffaws. You could hear him laughing across a ten-acre lot. Why do such persons always have such perfect acoustics?

The Truth About Golf

But the day is coming when, having perfected my antimemory course system, and having become the first graduate of my own course of instruction, I shall be able to look this human blight right in the eye and tell him that I do not recall the incident referred to, and moreover that I do not recall ever having seen him before in all my life, and finally that I do not recall having spent the summer of 1912 or any other summer whatsoever at Lake Chazy. I rather think that will detain him.

Recently I have taken up golf. Probably it would be more nearly correct to say that golf and I have taken up each other. I used to sneer at golf. Mankind is divided into two groups: Those who have never tackled golf and who sneer at it, and those who have tackled it and who curse it, but between curses persistently go on trying to master it. When I belonged to the former group I regarded golf as a young man's folly and an old man's pet; in short, a sport suited only to persons who either were too young to know better or who had reached that age where they had begun to exchange their emotions for symptoms. This is a common but erroneous belief among those who have yet to try golf. Having tried it they promptly alter their point of view and learn, as I have learned, that golf is not so much a form of physical exercise as it is a method to induce complete mental detachment from all the carking cares of commerce, the arts, the crafts and the professions. A man cannot possibly keep his mind on his business and his eye on the ball at the same time. This, I think, explains why so many men who play golf have practically abandoned business; for one cannot divide one's attention while playing golf, giving part of it to consideration of other matters and part of it to the undertaking in hand. That is why a half-wit with stout wrist muscles makes the ideal golfer.

But I digress. I was speaking of my own playing. I must confess that I am not making the desired headway in golf. Most of my drives resemble putts and many of my putts are really drives. So far as I have been able to figure out, the only thing which I share with Chick Evans is that neither of us, while playing, wears suspenders. There is a small cañon alongside the ninth hole at the Sleepy Hollow Country Club which has been renamed the Haunted Dell, because it is filled with the ghosts of golf balls lost there by me. But I am persistent. I have reached that phase of the disease where I practice alone. This, I believe, is one of the surest signs that the mania has assumed an incurable form and will endure throughout the life of the victim. For my practicing I usually select an early hour of the morning, when no other players are likely to be about. Ordinarily I do not even have a caddie. I prefer retrieving my own balls to being under the scrutiny of possibly unsympathetic eyes while I am endeavoring to perfect my style.

It is the loveliest, freshest time of the day when I arrive at the first tee. Glistening eyes of dew wink at me from the grass. Overhead in the trees robins are singing to me. On beyond, laborers are building bunkers for me. Far, as the poet says, from the madding throng, I practice for an hour; sometimes for two hours. And then in the fond belief that no one has been a witness to my failures I go away.

What happens then? A week later, or a month or a year, I am in company somewhere. I am at my best. I feel that in the detail of carrying on my share of the conversation I am acquitting myself creditably. I am at peace with the world. There is not a cloud on the horizon. And at this moment along comes a fiend in human form to announce in clear and ringing tones that he chanced to be within earshot on that occasion when the club professional, having arisen early, came sauntering out of his cottage to where I was practicing, and after watching me for a while ventured the opinion that I was correct in only one detail: My form was all wrong, my stance was awful, my swing was frightful, but I did have on golf stockings.

Things I Shall Forget

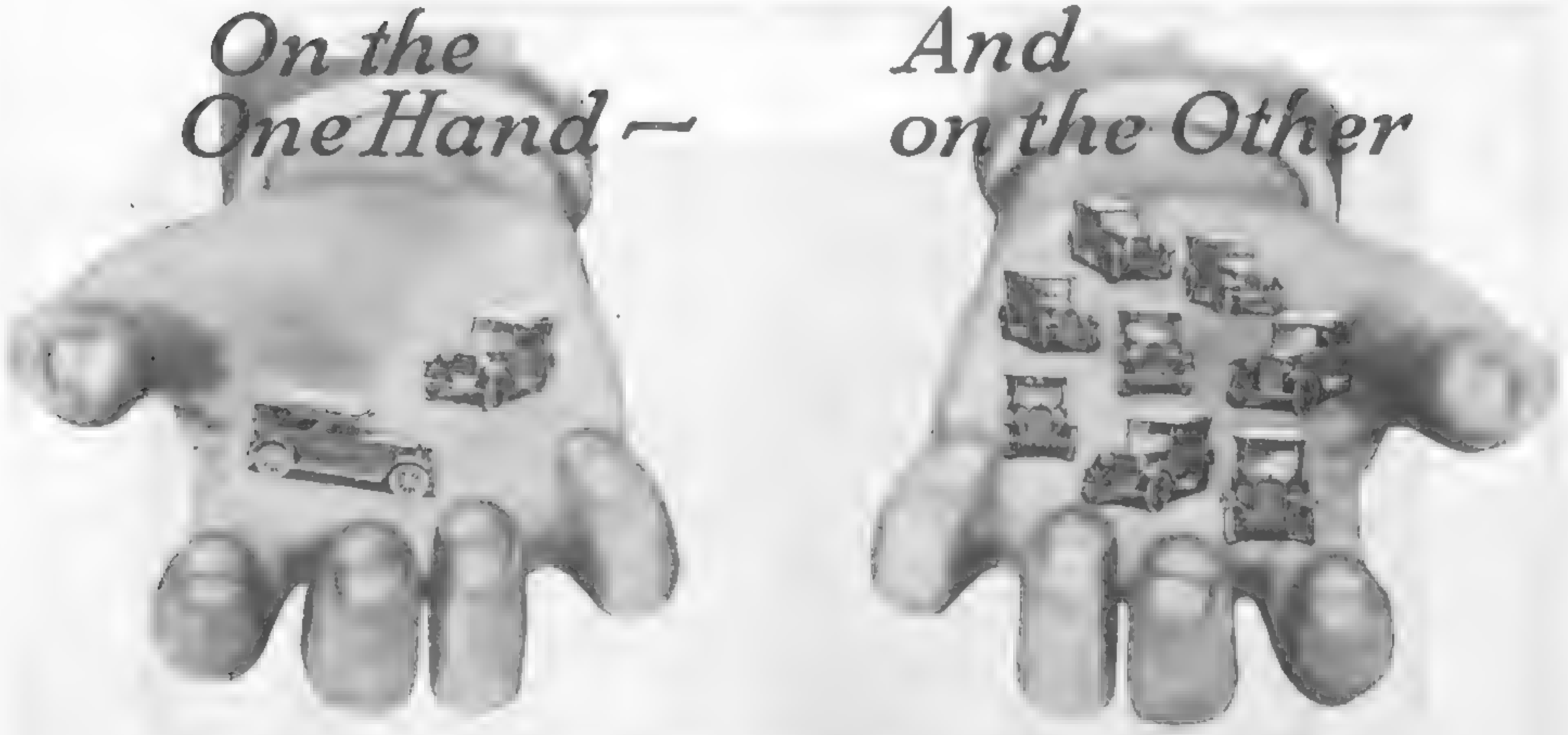
When my antimemory system is perfected, though, I shall have forgotten the morning when this happened, and I shall have forgotten that this person was within hearing, and I shall be able triumphantly to tell him so. Indeed, when that happy day comes I shall utterly have forgotten all the bad scores I made in the past and shall be thinking only of the good scores I expect to make in the future, when I have mastered the twenty-five hundred golfing faults, more or less, which now afflict me.

I shall be a blessed mortal then, for, strive as I may, I shall not be able to remember the man who was present the first time I tried to shoot clay pigeons and missed eighteen straight; nor the time I set out at an important banquet to tell a very funny story and forgot the point of it; nor the time at a smart dinner party when I carelessly flipped open a folded napkin and hit the hostess spang in the eye with the buttered roll which had been concealed therein; nor yet the time—the most lamentable and regrettable time—when I went to a large and very fashionable reception at a home of wealth and culture, and the man at the door called out my name loudly and everybody near turned and stared in my direction and I stepped across the threshold, with all those eyes upon me, endeavoring to look as though I were used to such scenes of refinement and distinction, and put my foremost foot on a small Oriental rug which immediately slid with me over the polished floor clear across the room and deposited me on the back of my neck under a grand piano.

I shall not remember any of these fiascos, nor yet any of those who were present—they amounting, in the aggregate, to a vast horde. Judging by subsequent occasions when someone who was present bobbed up and reminded me of what happened, I should say that at least ten thousand persons attended the reception alone.

But I do not mean to be selfish. I shall see to it that this sweet boon of systematic, comprehensive and eclectic forgetfulness is placed within reach of rich and poor alike. Those of humble means may share it along with the millionaire.

However, I would urge it upon the public not to start writing in for particulars, for the time is not yet ripe to launch this beneficent enterprise. The system is yet to be completed. In due season the glad tidings will go forth that the first leaflet is now ready for distribution among subscribing members and that in proper turn all may be served. Our motto will be: "Why Strive to Remember Everything When it is So Much Nicer to Forget Most of It?"



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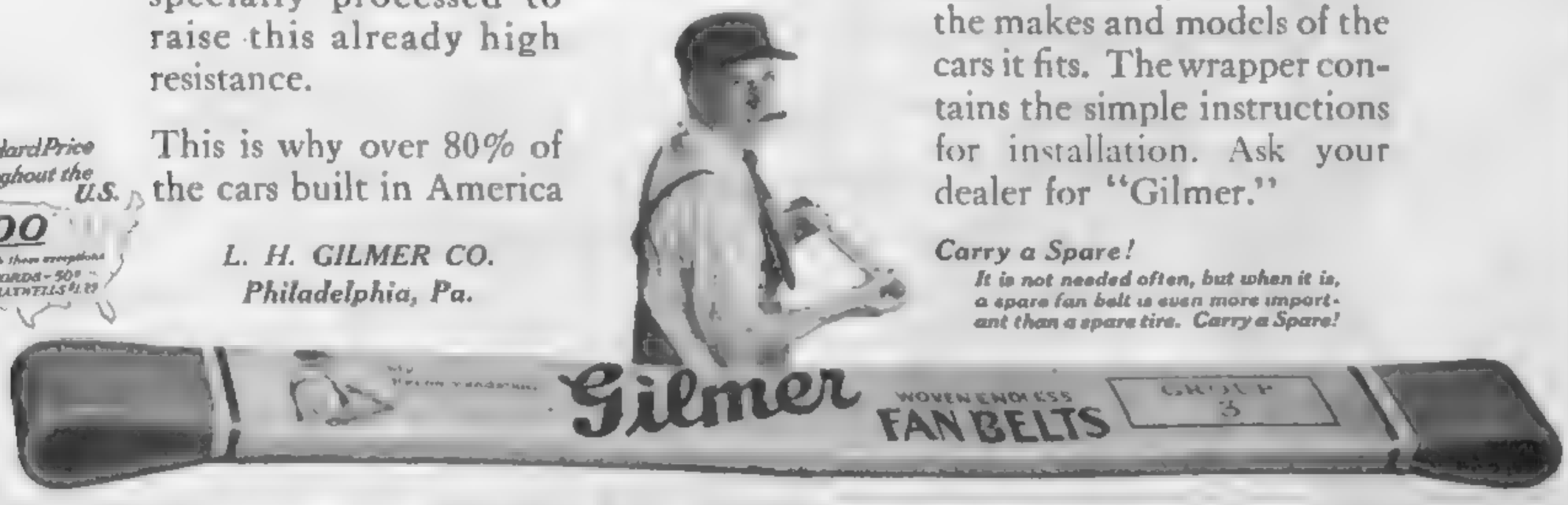

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THE REPRIEVE

(Continued from Page 11)

They were alone, he and Marjorie. The old man was still drawing in breath in deep gulps. He stumbled about a little, as if his legs could not bear him, and with ineffectual hands continually tried to push back into his waistcoat the tie which had escaped. So strong was still his impression of the scene that the gray head continually turned to the right and to the left, as if he sought his enemy. Before him stood Marjorie, the pale light picking out features without expression, all dusk and all whiteness. Then she took a step to the corner and switched on the light. He had a vision of her bravery as she so stood, the long arm outstretched to the switch. It was terrifying. She was like a witch under her carved black hair. In the harsh light her eyes expressed neither fear nor shame, did not entreat nor defy.

The commissioner knew then that he did not want to look at her, to see her just then. His shaking hand pointed to the door.

"Go!" he whispered. And again as she turned: "Go!"

He repeated the word two or three times after the rustle of her skirt had died away, as if her shameful ghost still stood on the spot where a little while ago her wanton body had filled the indifferent air.

Almost as soon as she was gone, as he crossed the dining room, he wanted her; wanted in an efflux of judicial spirit to confront her with herself, to make her see herself degraded and horrible, to hurt her, to infuse into his misery a glow of self-righteousness. But misery did not predominate in the old man, who still stood shaking, turning his head from side to side as a bird about to die; fury rather than pain possessed him still, a strange blood lust, revolving in dim circles about the fair head of the handsome young footman. His soul reared at the word "footman." He had heard of such things in society. Grooms—girls had run away with grooms. Chauffeurs, too; yes, of course. But a footman, a lackey, a low thing. Not like a chauffeur, who said "sir" and meant "damn you." A man in a way. No; a footman, who said "sir" and meant "sir." He ought to have killed him. He remembered the yielding cartilage of the throat in his hands. That was pleasant. He moved his fingers about sensuously.

The prevailing of anger over wretchedness renewed his energy. Quickly stepping, the commissioner went across the dining room, up the stairs, and opened his daughter's bedroom door without knocking. That trifling error for a moment locked his tongue; he did not know that he had not knocked, but his mind recorded the absence of something; never before had he entered a woman's room without knocking at the door. As he closed the door behind him he instinctively backed against it, elbows flat, saying by his attitude: "You shan't get out."

For a moment he considered his daughter, as well as he could, for she sat at the window, looking out, the black head upon an upraised hand. A long time seemed to pass. At last he shifted a little, needing to see her face, and was shocked because no tears moistened it. She looked out into Park Street, as if preoccupied with some detail, mouth closed and eyes dry. She frightened him, because she did not move. Her repose affected him, made her superior.

At last he had to speak: "What does this mean?" There was no reply. So, more loudly: "What does this mean?" And, misery possessing his voice: "Have I dreamed this, Marjorie?"

For a moment the girl was silent, but his anguish had reached her. Slowly she shrugged her right shoulder, as if saying: "What does it mean? How do I know?" But her helplessness infuriated him. Marjorie was down; he loved her so that he wanted to kick her.

"What's the good of talking like that? Don't think I'm going to be fobbed off like that when I find you—with a servant ——" His fury choked him. "With a servant—you! I can't believe it." He waited a moment. Then, shrilly: "Marjorie, say something! Tell me it's not true! Oh, don't lie to me! Marjorie, I beg of you—did he kiss you by force?"

"No."

"But why? Why? Oh, you couldn't! With a servant it's—it's indecent."

Sir Robert paused for a moment, involved in his tragedy. His first impulse to rave at his daughter as at a loose woman was being overwhelmed by his desire to hear details, by the official spirit of inquiry.

"Marjorie, how did it begin? For God's sake tell me how it began?"

This time Marjorie raised an idle hand and slowly let it fall. How could she explain? How explain the charm she had found in the young man, in his good looks, his ardor, in the refinement grafted upon his intelligence by association with the educated? How explain the first attraction? The first moment when something charming escaped from servility? Explain the first realization? The shocked repugnance? Explain her long loneliness before the coming of love, the death of Redvers, her realization that she could love again? How could she make her father understand the loneliness of heart in a girl of thirty?

She turned toward him those dry burning eyes, and looked at him as if to say: "I would explain if I could. I would tell you how from giving orders I passed into exchanging words with an equal. Yes, I would make you realize the slow corrosion of my pride, the tribute of shame, the contemptible joy mixing in with my exquisite torture. I can't explain."

Something of this, of this agony, of this inhibition, reached Sir Robert, for after a moment he turned and went away. He dressed hurriedly, automatically, tied his tie as neatly as usual.

At dinner Marjorie wore a frock of electric blue, trimmed with jet. He liked it. Liked it as the garb of an actress on the stage. And it was a nightmare dinner, wholly silent.

Only one word was spoken, at the end, when the butler said: "Port, sir?"

In the drawing-room this atmosphere was sustained. Both sat silent and absorbed, or pretending to read. But Sir Robert watched his daughter, who terrified and surprised him. How could she be so quiet? Why was she not on her knees to him? Or defying him? He could read no emotion on the clear pallor of her face.

Suddenly he jumped up. "Marjorie, play something."

Obediently she went to the piano, set up a piece he liked, an arrangement for the piano of the Concert Royal. But the tripping measures had not unwound before he was at her side, bright-eyed, feverish, and whispering: "Marjorie, say something."

"What can I say?"

"Tell me; explain. You ——"

"Yes, I. Who am I?"

"Don't talk nonsense. You and a servant! You've behaved like a servant."

At last a flush was driven into the pale cheeks: "He was an officer in the army during the war."

Sir Robert laughed on an animal note. "My poor child! And what was he before the war?" There was no reply, so the father grew more kindly. "I've got nothing against him except—this. I thought him a nice, good-looking, well-spoken young fellow. Very respectable for his class, I suppose. But to think that he ——" Sir Robert stopped abruptly, and, in a lower voice: "I wanted to kill him. I wish I'd killed him."

Marjorie rose from the piano stool and drew away, fixing upon her father eyes where pity mixed with fear. With an air of complete conviction she murmured: "You can't understand."

At these words the commissioner experienced a profound emotional stirring. "You can't understand." Perhaps one couldn't always. But his pride struggled, and he said "Why?"

"I'm sorry, father. You just can't." Then, with a gulp: "You see—oh, I'm not going back on him, no. But nearly all the men we knew have been killed."

Sir Robert flushed. "You don't mean to say that you did this just to get hold of a man—any man?"

"You see," she said sadly, "you can't understand: One's lonely—unmarried. One's not like other women—a husband—children—to be loved. Somebody loves one. One knows one oughtn't to. One can't help it."

Sir Robert paused for a moment. He almost sympathized, but his desperate need to know something else oppressed him. Hurriedly, in a shamed whisper, he said: "This man—of course you don't care for him?"

"I love him."

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NOTASEME HOSIERY COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

"It's a WDC"
WD C
TRADE MARK
There's character in every detail of a W D C Pipe; there's keen satisfaction in every puff. Your dealer has the shape you like.
WM DEMUTH & CO
NEW YORK
$1 and up

Thus the two stood for a little time, until at last, unable to bear that her father should wrench any more at her misery and her delight, Marjorie turned and left the drawing-room.

When she had gone her father went up to the mantelpiece, stared into a Lowestoft cup, and murmured: "Loves him? I don't understand."

IV

AFTER a night which began by an hour's feverish tossing, and converted itself, rather to his surprise, into the long sleep of exhaustion, Sir Robert got up, performed his usual tasks, read his letters, came down to breakfast, where Marjorie was not present, and went to Whitehall at the usual time. Indeed he approached his work more hurriedly than usual, as if he begged mental preoccupation to rescue him, to swallow him. But as he considered dossiers, as his secretary recited the conferences for the day, named the persons who wanted interviews, related a painful departmental collision, as Sir Robert agreed, refused or decided, still Marjorie's phrase, "You can't understand," obsessed him. Marjorie's phrase, the phrase of the young murderer!

Perhaps—and that was horrible—perhaps it was everybody's phrase.

So strong was this feeling that when he dismissed his secretary he at once took up the jacket relating to the execution. Again he read it through. Again he came to the words of the prisoner, who but for that one phrase was dumb, and pushed the papers away, suddenly exhausted, his brow wet, and conscious that he was old.

A little before one, much work done by an enervated hand, the commissioner felt that he could not bear his club that day, could not joke and gossip with the men who had lunched with him these thirty years. He wanted solitude and society. So he impulsively drove home, where Marjorie greeted him at lunch with that fixed pale expression upon her face that was growing familiar. They talked a little. Marjorie, in a few words, asked for money for one of her charities. The father mumbled something about going to a first night in the next week. In acute discomfort he made a sort of joke, and Marjorie smiled with hardly moving lips. When lunch was done and they were alone Sir Robert discovered a certain change in his emotions. No longer did he want to revile her. He did not even want to force her confidences. He desired intolerably to bring back a light smile to those somber lips, to do something, anything.

He fumbled: "Marjorie, it's all very dreadful, but it can all come right."

"You mean if I give him up?" she muttered.

He paused. It had not occurred to him that she might not give up her lover, that she might want to marry him, to justify love by marriage. The idea made him weak.

"Oh, no. I didn't mean that."

For the first time Marjorie looked him deeply in the eyes, as if she measured and analyzed him, as if she saw in the face she loved some pale reflection of a ghostly hope. She said: "Father, I know it looks dreadful to you. But"—she made an effort to discuss her lover—"he's not what you think, from the slums. He's from the country. A farmer's son."

"Don't!"

"I must, father. After all, he's clever. He was an officer." A stronger tone entered her voice: "And who are we? We, who call ourselves the nobility? Yes, I know, clever, a baronet, and all that. But who was the first? 'Open the window!' said Queen Elizabeth. And our ancestor did it. 'Find my Italian greyhound!' And our ancestor found it. Footmen all! Frank will open the window if you tell him to, father, and lead out your dog. Only you can't give him a baronetcy if you're pleased, as Queen Elizabeth did to us."

Sir Robert was silent. He was disgusted. If his personal grief had not occupied him he would have called this radicalism. So his impulses as an English gentleman, the pride that leads to contempt for public opinion, the cowardice in presence of a scene, the desire for definite action, and the paralysis before accomplished fact—all these fused into a passionate aspiration to compromise.

That aspiration in one sentence took symbolic form: "He's still young enough to go to a university for a while."

Sir Robert stared, surprised, at his daughter. All through, she'd been so hard, so set; she'd said hardly anything. But now, when he was giving way to his beloved, when, incredibly, he was accepting her lover, there she crouched, her face in her hands, crying, her throat full of horrible choking sounds, crying as he didn't know a woman could cry. It terrified him. At once he was on his knees by her side, his arms about her, murmuring, soothing, offering any surrender to arrest her tears. She ceased suddenly, looked up, smiled weakly, as on a hospital bed a patient some time after operation. He grew airy. "Well, that's all right. We'll see. Don't let's talk about it any more. I must get back to the office."

"Have you got a lot of work?" asked Marjorie, accepting his mood.

"Yes. And there's a matter I must settle to-day."

"Why? Don't go yet. Let's go for a walk."

"No, I can't. I must settle it. You see, there's a man waiting to know whether he's to be hanged or not."

"Oh, father!" A look of pain crossed her features. People mustn't suffer when she was going to be happy. "You'll let him off, won't you?"

The commissioner paused, all his doubts renewed. Let him off? Why let him off? As briefly as he could he told her the story.

"It's awful," he murmured. "All the man said when the judge sentenced him was: 'You can't understand.'"

"Oh, you must let him off! When one's angry one doesn't know what one does."

The commissioner remembered the impulse that would soon fade out of his memory, but was then mirrored in it as if it had been hewn in marble. He thought: "I wanted to kill Cople last night. I should have liked to kill him. Yes, I must let the boy off." And aloud: "All right, I'll let him off. I don't know why. I want to let him off, and I don't know why I want to. There are things one can't understand."

The Frying Pan Glacier in Pan Handle Gap on the East Side of Rainier

Is the human mechanism equal to the strain of modern life?

IS the average American becoming a physical sham?

Medical authorities, after examining thousands of workers, have shown that the average man uses less than ⅓ of his lung capacity; that over 400 of his muscles are actually weakened by disuse.

Calling attention to this startling condition, the late E. E. Rittenhouse of the Life Extension Institute said: "Time and labor devices have radically changed the living habits of a vast number of people. Physical exertion has greatly declined. The mortality rate from the wear and tear of life is abnormally gaining. The average American has no time to waste. He is getting bald. His eyes have been strained by the close focus of inside work—hence the eyeglasses. His teeth need attention. He never walks when he can ride."

With every forward step, advancing civilization puts new strains upon the human mechanism. It is vitally necessary for every one of us to conserve his energy—to prevent the inroads of fatigue.

Whenever the drain on nervous energy is too great for a few hours' sleep to replace, fatigue becomes an ever-present menace.

One of the greatest sources of fatigue today is pounding with hard heels on still harder pavements.

Every step you take on old-fashioned leather heels or ordinary "dead" rubber heels acts as a hammer blow to the delicate nervous system.

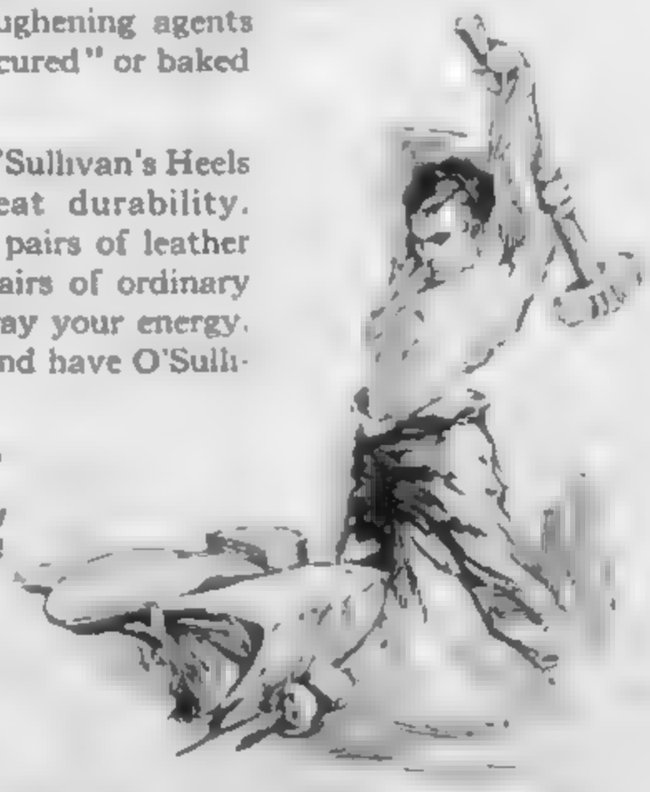
The average man takes 8000 steps a day—suffers 8000 jolts and jars. Constant repetition of these jolts and jars tends to exhaust your energy, to produce that tired-out feeling you so often experience.

Remove this cause of fatigue

You cannot change the pavements but you can change your heels. O'Sullivan's Heels absorb the jolts and jars that tire you out.

To secure the resiliency, the *springiness* of O'Sullivan's Heels, the highest grades of rubber are blended by special formula. With this blend of live, springy rubber are "compounded" the best toughening agents known. The compound is then "cured" or baked under high pressure.

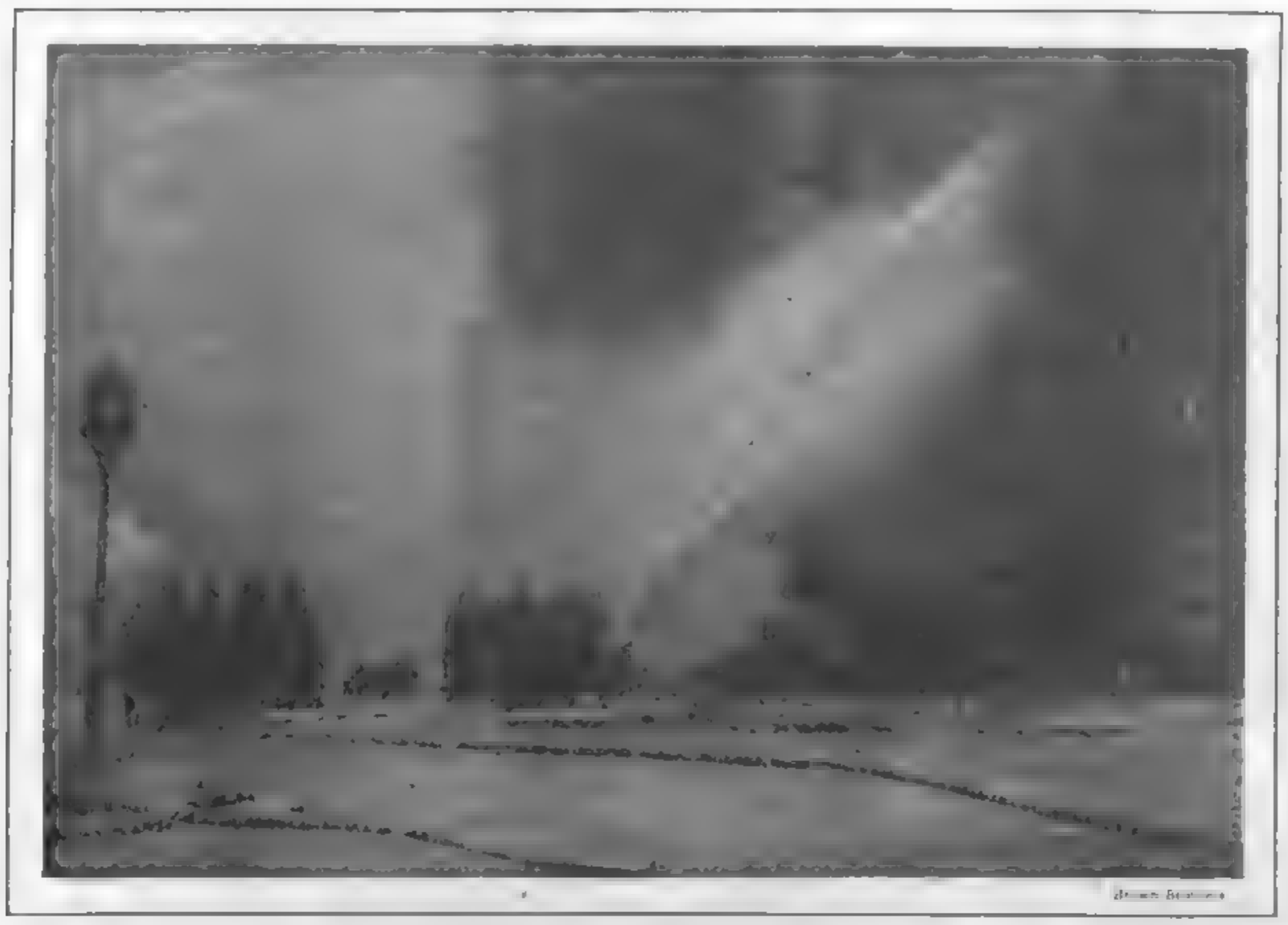
The same process that makes O'Sullivan's Heels resilient gives them their great durability. O'Sullivan's Heels outlast three pairs of leather heels—they often outlast two pairs of ordinary rubber heels. Stop pounding away your energy. Go to your shoe repairer today and have O'Sullivan's Heels put on your shoes.



With every step on hard heels you are pounding away your energy

O'Sullivan's Heels

Absorb the shocks that tire you out



At Midnight To-night 62 Buildings Will Burn—Are Your Papers Safe?

To-morrow morning a number of men will survey the ruins of their offices. You may be one of them, for every hour of every night and day sixty-two buildings are destroyed by fire.

ALL loss can be made good by insurance except the one most important thing—your business records. The cost sheets, price lists, contracts, all the organized data you have spent years in gathering, cannot be insured, and can seldom be replaced.

Are you "taking a chance" or are you one of those progressive business men who refuse to take such a grave chance, when important papers can be given the protection of an *Allsteel* Safe?

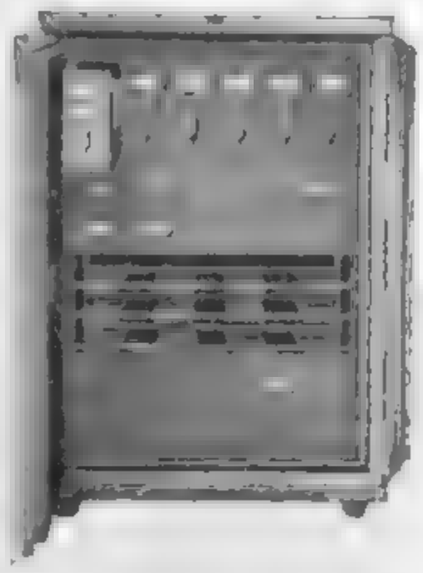
Worry ceases when you put your business records in this safe. It will keep your papers unscorched even through a conflagration. The Class B Model bears the label of the Underwriters' Laboratories, Inc., which means that it passes the terrific two-hour test at a maximum temperature of 1850° F. and a drop while red hot of 30 feet onto broken bricks.

The convenience of an *Allsteel* Safe is as great as its safety. It has maximum structural strength and yet can be easily moved about your office. It has more interior capacity than any other safe and you can choose the fittings to suit your own special needs.

Safeguard your success with a safe that is modern. Don't postpone a call at the *Allsteel* store in your town.

Allsteel Office Furniture

Ask to see the full *Allsteel* line of filing cabinets, desks, shelving—the equipment that belongs with success. A postcard brings you our 88-page illustrated catalogue.



Allsteel Class B Underwriters' Model Safe. When door is at right angles, drawers can be pulled out, making it possible to keep safe in a corner. Door can also be folded back against side, as shown.

The General Fireproofing Company

Youngstown, Ohio

New York Chicago Boston Washington Atlanta Seattle

Dealers in All Principal Cities

GF Allsteel Safes

HOW IS YOUR APPROACH?

(Continued from Page 12)

When Wiley was connected with the Simons company he asked for the plumbing department. Then, "Plumbing Department?"

"Uh-huh!"

"This is the Evergood Food Products Corporation."

"Uh-huh. Whad'ye want?"

"Have you any of that nickel-finish, one-and-a-half-inch pipe that you had a few weeks back?"

"Wait a minute."

Wiley waited. So did President Simons. At the end of a long minute the clerk at the other end of the line came on again.

"Did you say inch nickel-plated?"

"No, I said inch and a half."

"How much do you want?"

"I don't want any right now. I want to find out how much I could get from you if I decided to put in an order."

"Say, what're you doing—kidding me? Wait a minute."

Again Wiley waited, but this time not for long. President Simons banged up his receiver with a short oath growled under his breath.

"'S'nough for me!" he snapped. "Hang up that phone and go on and expand your lecture. Is that the sort of thing you were talking about?"

Wiley returned the telephone to its place and sat down again.

"That's the general idea," he said. "If I had gone to your salesroom to ask about that pipe that salesman would have treated me as well as though I had come to spend a million dollars. But there is something about the telephone that makes men revert to type and monosyllables."

"I wonder," President Baker mused thoughtfully, "if you have prescribed anything for our own plants, Wiley. I gather from Joe Simons' face that he got quite a jolt."

Wiley smiled.

"I didn't intend to start anything," he said. "But I would like to suggest to a good many business men the importance of the telephone approach."

"You've suggested to one of 'em, all right—right in the ear!" Joe Simons said. "Get on with your rat killing."

"Very well," Wiley said. "I can dispose of your salesmen in a few words. I suppose they are good men, and I am assuming that they know their line and are alive and alert and on the job. But for some reason or other the two or three of them who have called on me have managed to rub me the wrong way every time. There is one of them who always manages to reach my office at about nine o'clock in the morning, when my principal interest in life is my mail; and though I try as far as possible to suit my office routine to the requirements of the salesmen who visit me, I will confess that any time after ten is just about the earliest in the day that I am really ready to talk orders. Your men don't think anything of coming in, either, at one and one quarter minutes before noon, or when I am trying to clear up my desk around five."

Important Trifles

"Understand, Mr. Simons, I am now picking flaws like a crabbed old maid, but oddly enough little things like these I mention are vitally important considerations when you are studying the question of approach. I am always preaching the value to both the buyer and seller of business friendships, and if a salesman irritates me in trifling ways he never can make a friend of me. I don't think that the details of business transactions that are usually considered of paramount importance, such as prices, terms, delivery, and so on, count more to-day than little things like courtesy, friendliness, service and pleasant relations. Because, as a matter of fact, modern competition has brought those big factors to something approaching a standard, certainly in America. And now, especially in your particular case, where I am talking entirely about approach, what I must drive home to you is the need of your personal and intelligent attention to just these trifles."

"I'll trifle with 'em all right!" Simons said testily. "What about the other things?"

"Your letters," Wiley said. "Once more I am talking about the general run of business men, not particularly about you. There are three things in connection with all correspondence that are vital when viewed as a part of the approach of seller to buyer: dress, style and form. If you sent out a salesman who wore greasy overalls, who spat tobacco juice on the office floors where he called, and who couldn't speak English, you would be making exactly the same sort of approach to your customers as is made by a letter written on cheap, flimsy stationery, in a careless and slovenly form and in sentences that would shame a twelve-year-old schoolboy.

"I am rather proud to say that more than a year ago I worked a couple of the big local stationers up to the point of carrying and advertising high-grade letterheads and envelopes as a direct asset in business. Ever since I have been with the Evergood Food Products Corporation I have been paying exactly five times as much for stationery as was ever paid before I came. The auditor and I had two or three discussions over the subject early in my experience here, but although I am only a professional buyer I think I made him a pretty good selling talk on paper. Whether I sold him or not, I certainly shut him up."

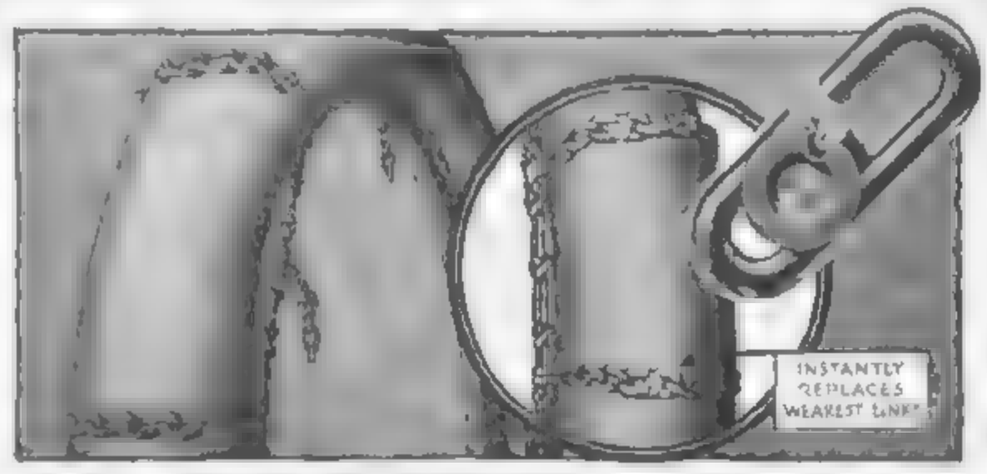
The Psychology of Stationery

"The letters and invoices and circulars of this business are a definite and important means of approach. The people with whom we deal receive from us stationery that it is a pleasure for them to see and handle, whether they are definitely conscious of it or not. And there is a psychology to stationery that you can test for yourself. Go into a third-class business office that deals with other third-class firms and you will see in the mail basket a miscellaneous assortment of flimsy, discolored and tawdry envelopes or letters, many of them addressed and written with a sputtering pen and poor ink. The office is low class, its incoming mail is low class, and unconsciously you give it a low-class rating and demand cash in advance when you sell it a bill of goods. On the other hand, go into the offices of one of our big corporations and take a look at their mail. Ninety per cent of it will come to them in heavy, stiff, pure-white envelopes that are a pleasure to handle. Those letters are an ornament to the mahogany desks on which they lie, and your instant reaction to the high-class stationery and the mahogany desks and the well-dressed manager and the neat and smart and pretty stenographer comes from the same cause in each case—your feeling that the institution has class.

"That is stationery dress. It is being preached rather extensively and convincingly now by the big paper manufacturers. I wish I could think that the two other items of importance in connection with your letters were receiving half as much consideration by the people whose business it is to consider them. Correspondence style is the second item. On paper and in their catalogues it is taught by business colleges, but when I see some of the letter forms and the typing in business letters I begin to understand the advertisements of schools guaranteeing to turn out stenographers in anywhere from three weeks to six months.

"Understand that I do not blame the girls and boys who take money under the false pretense of being stenographers. The girl or boy who goes in for a business course in a school is usually one who does it from necessity rather than choice. He is taken to the top floor of the school, figuratively speaking, and dumped into a funnel-shaped hopper with a hundred others. Gravity carries him down head over heels through machines for spelling, bookkeeping, a shorthand system, typing by the unseen method or something more newfangled than that, through a course on commercial paper and commercial law and commercial what not, and then they hand him a piece of parchment and he goes out believing that he is ready to take a job, and passes his own misinformation on that subject on to some poor sucker in a business office.

"If either he or the office manager doesn't lose heart he flounders along for a few years, and maybe he learns something and becomes proficient, and maybe he learns nothing and becomes a mere machine, and a poor one at that. If the



Chains Made Better Than New

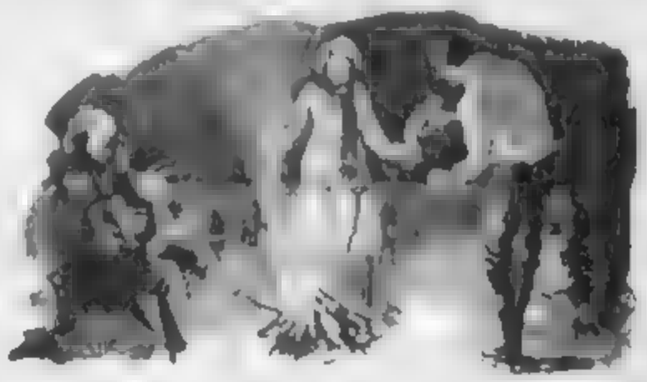
A QUICK, simple repair device for broken chains—that explains the tremendous success of the Clamert Chain-Repair Coupler. The chain is weakest at the point of most wear—the middle cross links. Hitherto it was discarded after two or three links let go. Clamert Couplers, guaranteed not to injure tires, are snapped into place the moment breaks occur. These larger, double case-hardened steel links are practically indestructible—they greatly strengthen the chain both at the points of replacement and also at either side, where they protect the smaller original links. With a complete set of three dozen Clamert Couplers, your chains will last twice as long.

Taxi Companies: Write for special proposition

The Clamert Manufacturing Co.
Pittsburgh, Pa.
Factory, Latrobe, Pa.

3 for 25¢ or 90¢ a doz.

CLAMERT Chain Repair Couplers
Make Chains Better Than New



ICY-HOT
Built for Lifetime Service

ALL through the winter Icy-Hot Bottles, Jars, and Carafes serve in hundreds of ways.

They provide piping hot food or drinks for the skating or coasting party, and the hunter.

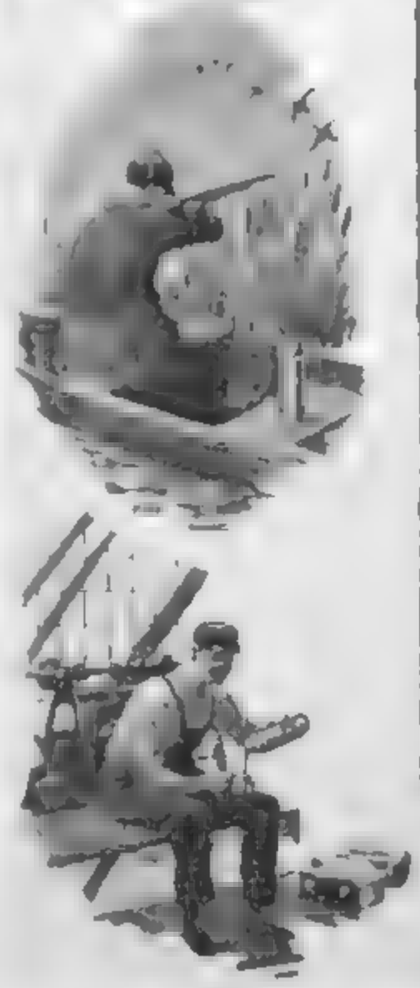
They improve the health of the workman or school child by making the noon lunch a hot meal.

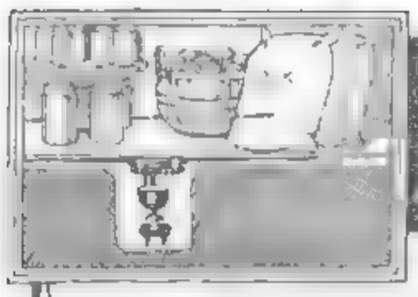
They make it unnecessary to interrupt a visit to prepare lunch; you can do it beforehand and serve from Icy-Hot pitchers and jars.

Built for Lifetime Service—Inner glass bottle is thoroughly protected by a heavy coiled spring and other shock absorbers. With ordinary care Icy-Hots last a lifetime.

Send for illustrated catalog and suggestions for using Icy-Hots in your home.

THE ICY-HOT BOTTLE CO.
Cincinnati, Ohio
Dept. I-11





Penberthy
Automatic Cellar Drainer

Keeps Cellars, Basements, Elevator Pits, Scale Pits, Fly Wheel Pits *Dry*

THE Penberthy Automatic Cellar Drainer is automatic and positive.

It uses only city water pressure or steam for power. It comes in various sizes to fit the requirements of the home or store cellar up to the large size for draining building excavations.

All the working parts are above water. This also eliminates rust in working parts, and makes the drainer very accessible.

The drainer is placed in a pit or sump, connected with city water, and as the refuse water rises in the pit the float is raised, opening a valve which automatically starts the flow of water. This creates a suction which steadily and quickly drains off the refuse water. As the water lowers it automatically shuts off.

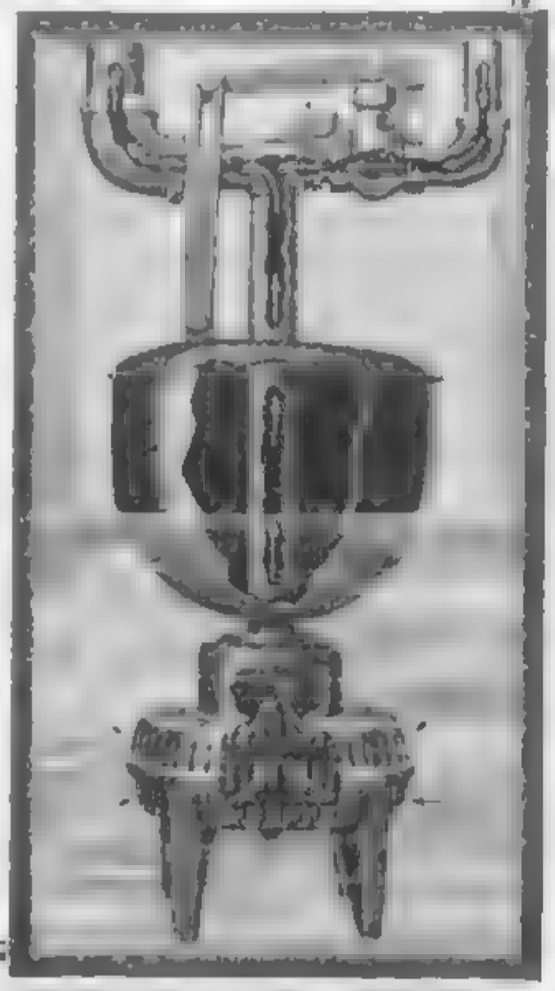
Easier, simpler and cheaper to install than a pump and very economical to operate.

For sale by plumbers and hardware stores everywhere.

Write us direct for booklets and complete details, also name of nearest dealer. Address Dept. "I."

PENBERTHY PRODUCTS

All Working Parts Above Water



PENBERTHY INJECTOR COMPANY

New York Depot 71 Beekman St. | Established 1886 DETROIT, MICH. | Canadian Plant Windsor, Ontario

"As easy to use as its name"

"Mum"

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

prevents all body odors

The dainty woman knows that no matter how careful she may be about her appearance, a body odor will mar her charm.

So she applies a finger-tip of "Mum" here and there after the bath.

This dainty snow-white cream prevents odors from perspiration or other causes, without interfering with natural functions.

"Mum" is harmless to skin and clothing.

25c at drug- and department-stores, or from us postpaid on receipt of price.

Amoray—the Talc Exotic—and yet Amoray is more than a talc—it is a Powder Perfume—the odor lasts all day. Try it—35c a box, postpaid

George B Evans 1106 Chestnut Street Philadelphia

graduate happens to be a girl and pretty she gets married, much to the relief of all concerned; and if she is plain she dries up and becomes a business nun, married to the church of industry and shutting herself off from the world in her cell of a back office.

"If you want to get me really started," Wiley broke off, laughing a little sheepishly, "just ask me what I think of a business system that treats stenographers and clerks as unimportant cogs in a machine. If I thought that I could organize the demand of American business for better business education of the young who want to go into commercial life or who have to go I would quit here now and start out to-morrow. The demand is universal, but like a lot of demands in America for important campaigns it is not organized, and our model in this matter is 'Let George do it!'

"This lack of training of stenographers and secretaries is only partly to blame, however, for poor style in business letters. Ignorant or slovenly office managers and business executives must take a full half of the responsibility. Most of them know a good-looking letter when they see it, but very few of them seem to know enough or care enough to give the matter any attention for themselves. When I speak of good letter style I refer not only to the general form which the finished communication takes but to every detail of its set-up. Margins, spacing, machine type face and size, punctuation and paragraphing and the general appearance of the sheet and container are all-important. I am afraid, from your face, Mr. Simons, that you think you can't be bothered with what you are probably calling the dotting of i's and the crossing of t's."

A Tirade Against Triteness

Joe Simons grunted. Then he took out his well-chewed black cigar, rose, looked about the room hesitatingly, and finally, muttering an apology, disappeared into the outer hall.

President Baker leaned back in his chair and began to laugh.

"You certainly are rubbing Joe on the raw, Wiley," he said. "I never before saw him chew a cigar so hard that he had to hunt a cuspidor to keep from choking himself to death. Incidentally I am wondering why I never before happened to get you started on this subject."

"I hope I'm not going too strong," the purchasing agent said. "But the Simons Building Supply Company is really a pretty bad offender against all the laws I'm preaching about, and as long as your friend asked for it ——"

"Go ahead," Baker said grimly. "Joe will take it hard, but it will do him all the more good for that reason."

As he spoke Simons returned, pulling from a vest pocket another black cigar and biting the end from it savagely. He sat down with a red face, looked for a moment from President Baker to Wiley and back, then quite suddenly broke into a roar of laughter.

"By golly, young fellow," he exclaimed, "I haven't had such a dressing down since I poured glue in my father's boots! It takes me a minute or two to get used to it, but I guess I can sit through the rest of it now. Don't worry over what I think about dotting i's—go ahead with the murder and then we'll get the blood wiped up off the floor."

Wiley smiled.

"When you've had enough," he said, "you'll have to stop me, because, as Mr. Baker knows, it is much easier for me to begin talking than it is to leave off when I get on any subject connected with modern professional buying. I am going to finish up on the matter of letters, however, in short order.

"The subject of business English is receiving more attention nowadays than it used to, and we will assume that the English used in your letters is up to standard. But have you considered the matter of letter appeal? When a good salesman comes in to talk to me he uses no set formula of address. He suits his salutation of me to our relationship and to my business. When he writes a letter, however, his instinct is to become stiff and mechanical. 'Yours received and contents duly noted' or 'We are in receipt of your esteemed favor of the 27th ult.' may be essential to good business, but letters that begin that way start me out with a chill. Some lawyer, probably from Philadelphia or Boston, invented that form of letter opening, and the business world adopted it just as it did the use of the title 'esquire.' If a man came to sell you a bill of goods and called you esquire you would punch him in the eye.

"According to my way of thinking, the letter that is the best form of approach is as free from all meaningless forms and set phrases as it is from French or Latin. The letter that gets over with me is, first, brief—if it can't be put on one letter sheet it had better be boiled until it can; second, it is in clear English and says what it means; third, it is couched in the terms of my business. I will admit that it requires something like genius to meet that last requirement. But there is a small manufacturer in Rochester, New York, who, I think, could make his fortune giving correspondence courses on this subject. He makes scientific instruments, but that is of small importance. What is much more vital, he makes me want to spend money with him every time he sends me a ten-line letter.

"Instead of saying 'Your favor of the 10th instant at hand and beg to state,' he says, 'Dear Wiley:—It has just occurred to me that by using my new improved vat thermometer you could save yourself in one year the profit on two thousand four hundred jars of your excellent California strawberry preserves. My wife uses your preserves, and my records show that you use my old-style vat instrument. If you are interested mail me the inclosed stamped and addressed postal and I will explain my improvements in words of one syllable. Yours for money in the bank, John Smith.' I have been doing business with that man now for five years, and I get a kick out of it every time I see one of his letters on my desk. He writes humanly and he writes in terms of my business, and I'll tell the world that those two qualities of his make him as dear to me as a rich aunt who is obligingly suffering from an incurable disease."

Joe Simons shifted heavily in his chair.

"You've said something there, Wiley," he exclaimed. "That's the kind of letter I used to write and the kind I like to get. Maybe I don't look it, but I'm as human as a corner policeman. The trouble is my lawyer tells me that a letter is sometimes as binding in the courts as a contract."

Wiley put a forefinger inside his collar and gave a good imitation of a man struggling for breath.

"Your lawyer!" he scoffed. "I might have seen that coming. Of course, a letter is as binding as a contract! So is what you say to a man when you are talking to him face to face. What do you write letters for—to stage a swindle or to get the better of your customers? If you are it might be well enough to have your precious lawyer censor all your correspondence. But if you are the straight business man that you look, nothing you can say in your talk with others or in your letters to them needs the red-taped, precedent-watching, double-shuffling interference of a lawyer between you and your customers." Wiley's face cleared and he grinned. "Now that is off my chest."

The Standardized Catalogue

"I'll begin being human again to-morrow," Joe Simons said with a huge and comical sigh of relief. "And I'll bet nine dollars' worth of two-dollar hats that I'll put some jazz into our telephone approach, our salesmen and our letters, beginning about eight-thirty A. M., too. Let's have your dope on my catalogues!"

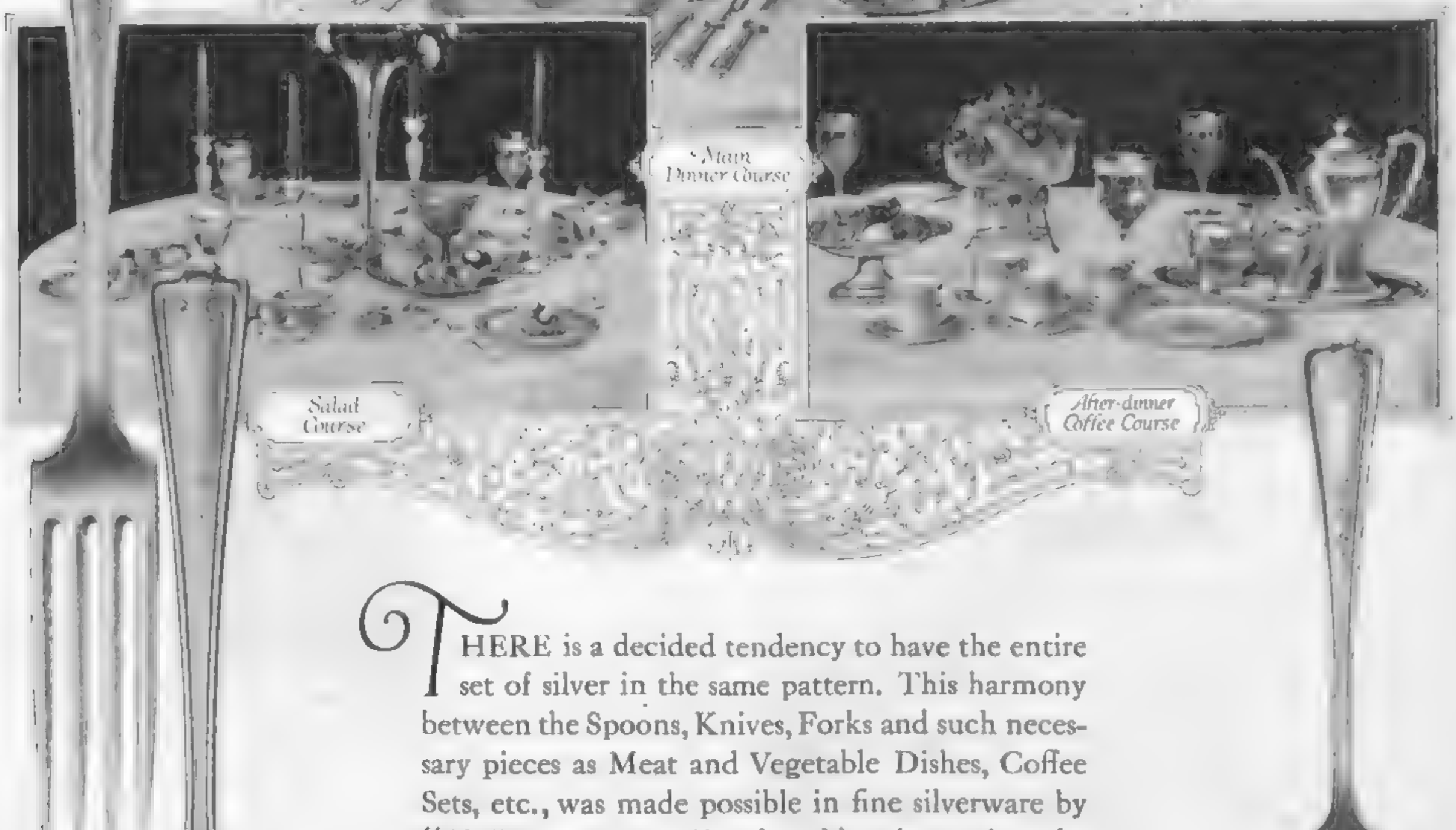
"The catalogue question is a big one," Wiley responded, "and until it is taken up seriously by some strong national organization American catalogues will not be what they should. You'd have probably heard of the movement purchasing agents all over the country have started for the standardization of catalogues. At present almost as much money is spent for books describing stocks and carrying prices for distribution among customers and people who were once customers and people who might be customers as is spent by the Government at Washington in useless publication; and because nothing has been done to standardize catalogues they continue to be more bulky and costly every year, and will until action is taken. If manufacturers and wholesalers could agree on a sheet size; if all catalogues were loose leaf so that they could be kept up to date and so that the man who used them could be sent only

(Concluded on Page 145)

1847 ROGERS BROS.

SILVERWARE

The three pieces above are pictured in the Centerpiece and the others that can be had in the following Lucerne pieces.



THERE is a decided tendency to have the entire set of silver in the same pattern. This harmony between the Spoons, Knives, Forks and such necessary pieces as Meat and Vegetable Dishes, Coffee Sets, etc., was made possible in fine silverware by "1847 Rogers Bros."—the oldest in service, the newest in ideas that increase a woman's love for her silverware.

Sold by leading dealers. Write for folder "A—90," illustrating other patterns, to the International Silver Co., Meriden, Conn.

The Family Plate for Seventy Years

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.

1921 Prices

Quality—Higher Price—Lower

You may now purchase your favorite type of Champion Spark Plug anywhere in the United States at these prices—

Champion X [Ford]	$ .75	*formerly*	$ .90
Champion Regular	$ .90	*formerly*	$1.00
Champion Heavy Stone	$1.00	*formerly*	$1.25

Over 30,000,000 Champion Plugs sold this past year.

Champion Spark Plug Co.
Toledo, Ohio

Champion
Dependable Spark Plugs

(Concluded from Page 142)

those pages that cover articles he is likely to want; and finally if changes in prices and stocks were sent out to the buyers interested as soon as they were determined, a catalogue would begin to be something it would be a pleasure to consult and a joy to have in the office. Quite a number of firms in this country have modernized their catalogue publication, but the majority are still guilty of one of two faults—having a catalogue too big and cumbersome and unwieldy to be either economical or attractive, or else having one that is vague, poorly written and arranged and entirely inadequate as a proper approach to the buyer.

"It is argued that the average customer will not take enough interest in catalogues to keep them up to date, even where the issuing firm sends forward each month or so corrections and changes in prices and stocks. I know there are buyers of that sort. But the answer to the problem they present is simply to cut them off the mailing list. A catalogue bulletin properly prepared on gummed paper, with a marginal note indicating just where it belongs in the book, can be inserted in a moment. The man who is too slovenly to attend to that detail is too slovenly to have dealings with.

"On the other hand, if you are going to keep your catalogues up to date you have to arrange some system for doing it properly and efficiently. Every few months I have a house cleaning, and I never fail to find catalogues that have come in to me weeks before but that I have had to give up using because they are as out of date as hoop skirts. A catalogue may be made a splendid method of approach, or it may be what the new poets call a perfunctory gesture. In these days of changing prices it would be quite hopeless to advise your customers of every cut or raise you make, but more and more catalogue editors are leaving prices out altogether, and in any case a bulletin every quarter will keep your customer thinking about you and your stock and your readiness to serve him, and that is an asset in itself. It is a profitable approach.

"Catalogue publication, I'm afraid, gets to be a sort of habit with many firms. They have issued catalogues since they began business, and they go on issuing them, usually with the same old pictures, the same old form, the same old preface and useless bulk of pages of information about the house, most of which every buyer is familiar with and none of which particularly interests him anyhow. I would like to show you just what I mean—excuse me a minute while I bring in some examples."

The purchasing agent went out. Joe Simons looked furtively at Gerald Baker, Sr.

Common Faults

"Snaps like a whip, that lad!" he growled. "The only thing that saves my pride is that he is right when he says there are a lot of us in the same boat. I noticed that some of his shots got you under the belt, Jerry."

Baker nodded.

"But I'm not going to let him know it!" he said emphatically. "I have a hard time keeping Wiley in the dark now as to how close he comes to running this business of mine. If I wince when he probes I'm ruined, you see."

Wiley returned, bringing three catalogues.

"Here," he began again briskly, "are two horrible examples and one that is worth studying for its good points."

The first book he opened was a tome the size of a dictionary, issued by a hardware wholesaler. It contained twenty-five hundred pages, was handsomely bound, and quite obviously cost close to ten dollars, even in the prewar days when it appeared. Wiley thumbed it through. It was elaborately got up, copiously illustrated, and Wiley pointed out that seventy-four pages were required for the index alone. After giving the two executives a general view of the imposing work he began to show them the proportion of the contents that concerned him in his buying. Washing machines, vacuum cleaners, patent milkers, cream separators, ice-cream freezers and supplies and equipment for soda-water fountains filled page after page. Wiley laughed a little at the list and the others with him. On Page 142 they found carpenter tools.

"The first thing in the catalogue that I could ever possibly need, and not ten dollars' worth a year of those!" he exclaimed. "It is the same thing straight through. Three hundred pages in this big volume probably contain all the information that is of value to me. The rest is sheer waste for the company that issued it, and a nuisance and shelf-eater for me."

The second volume was a beautiful example of the modern business publisher's art. It was a handsomely built loose-leaf volume, bound in real leather, and with its covers locked in place by a key. Wiley opened it. The paper was heavy and expensive, the cuts up to date and of excellent quality, and the thumb-index tabs with which it was equipped made it a pleasure to use.

"That's some catalogue!" Joe Simons exclaimed. "It would just about take my year's profits to turn out a dozen of those."

"Exactly!" Wiley said. "And yet that costly volume is as useless to me as water on the knee. I don't use it from one year's end to the other. I keep it because it is so good-looking."

"What's wrong with it?" Baker asked.

"It was sent me four years ago. As you see, it came from a firm manufacturing heavy machinery. When I first received it, it made the best approach to me for its house that I can remember in my experience. It made me want to buy, and during the first month or so I did buy, mainly because of this catalogue. Then the war really got going in Europe and the machinery business was shot full of holes. Meantime I kept waiting for new sheets for this catalogue. They never came. I wrote once, when I needed something, and they sent me four new pages for this book. But that was all. They forgot me again. From that day to this I haven't heard a syllable from them. So their high-priced catalogue is years out of date now—practically a dead loss to them, because they didn't finish what they started."

A Catalogue That Sells Goods

"This third volume is my idea of what a catalogue should be. It is issued by a manufacturer who makes nothing but blowers and fans and such things. It is loose leaf, it is kept up to the minute by the factory, and it is complete, while not showing me a lot of things I could never possibly have any use for. But the thing that recommends it to me most highly is the careful preparation of the subject matter."

He turned to a page at random, and came on the description and specifications of a ventilator system for factories. There were about ten pages of text, illustrated not only with pictures of the various parts of the system but with close-ups of vital parts. In addition there were complete specifications of the various units, so elaborately detailed that an engineer or architect, from the catalogue and without further information, could include such a ventilating outfit in plans for a factory or building.

"And to top that," Wiley said, "the manufacturer's technical men have given me here a short but informative discussion of ventilation and the latest scientific decisions and opinions about it. When you are talking about approach, this sort of catalogue says the last word."

"Are you all through, Wiley?" Simons asked shortly.

"I am through, and I thank you."

"Don't mention it!" the older man growled. "You've taken up my whole afternoon when I ought to have been busy. Might as well have been at a damned club somewhere playing checkers or matching pennies, or out playing golf and reducing my figure. But we'll let that slide. Good-by, Jerry. Watch this cub of yours or he'll get you in here some day and talk a leg off you!"

The big man walked out. His friend, President Baker, turned to his purchasing agent.

"If you knew Joe as I do," he observed, "you would understand that he was trying to thank you for what you've done for him."

"I wouldn't have guessed it," Wiley said. "But I'll take your word for it."

A week later he found reason to believe that his president was right.

His morning mail brought him a registered package. In that package were a watch and chain such as only railroad presidents and master plumbers can afford. And under the watch was a typewritten card reading, briefly and cryptically, "How is this approach?"

Through Venetian Canals

Through the storied canals of Venice, winding beneath *palazzo* balconies, native gondolas are swiftly overtaken by more modern craft driven by Evinrude Motors.

And even as the picturesque gondolier is being displaced by this new-day method of water travel, so the tiresome work of oar and paddle is being abandoned by sport-lovers of every land. For the Evinrude, quickly attached to any rowboat or canoe, is an *international institution*.

Special features of the Evinrude are Built-in-flywheel Magneto and Automatic Reverse.

Your hardware or sporting goods dealer will show you the Evinrude. Or send for catalog.

Evinrude Motor Company
215 Evinrude Bldg., Milwaukee, Wis.
Distributors:
[illegible] New York N Y
214 State Street, Boston Mass
440 Market Street San Francisco Cal
211 Morrison St Portland Ore

EVINRUDE
DETACHABLE MOTOR FOR WATERCRAFT

Lawson
Odorless Gas Heater

SOLID comfort! You can always be sure of cheering heat with a Lawson; RADIANT HEAT—like that of the sun. The red-hot "glowing heart" consumes gas effectively—extracts practically all the heat.

A Lawson is safe. No exposed flames to cause trouble. Takes up scant room; compact; powerful; attractive.

The use of Lawson Gas Heaters in your home will greatly reduce the consumption of coal. An economical size for every room. Can be adjusted for either artificial or natural gas.

Your hardware dealer, gas company or department store can show you a LAWSON

LAWSON MFG. CO.
of Pittsburgh

Also makers of Lawson Water Heater and Combination Boiler Heater.

RHINELANDER
AIRTITE
REFRIGERATOR

Why Food Keeps Longer Behind These Tight-Locking Doors

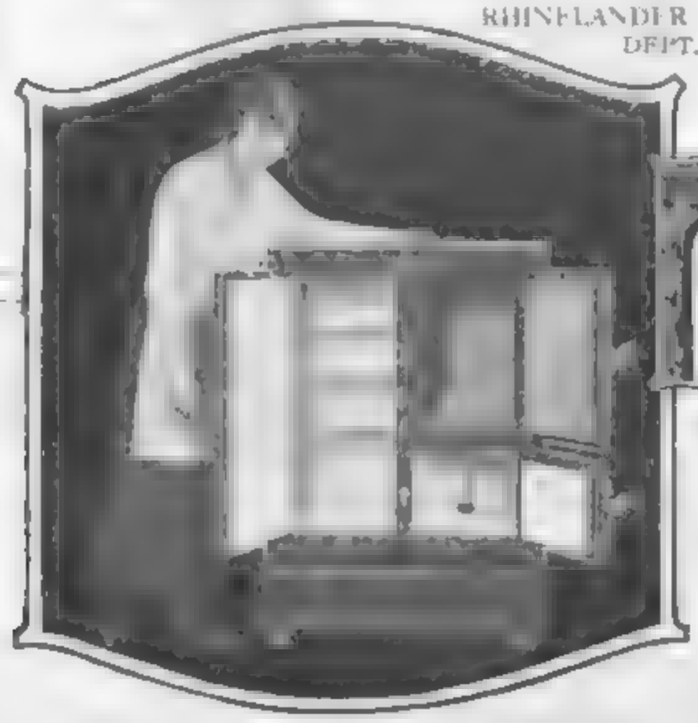
NO outside air can pass the snug-fitting closed doors of an Air-Tite Refrigerator. In the solidly built hardwood case there are no panels to loosen and leave cracks. Thus, by keeping the cold air in and the warm air out, Air-Tite construction effects greater economy of both food and ice

In the spotless, white enamel-lined food chambers of this better made refrigerator there is no exposed wood surface to become soggy or saturated with odors. Sealed within its walls are two and one-half inches of fibre felt insulation, power-pressed to one-half inch thickness—positive protection from outside air.

A Size for Every Home—Better Refrigeration at a Lower Price

If your retailer hasn't an Air-Tite on display, write us for illustrated booklet showing construction features and quoting prices.

RHINELANDER REFRIGERATOR CO
DEPT. 844 RHINELANDER
WISCONSIN



STEEL lining with double-seamed corners is made absolutely air-tight with air hammers. No possible chance for cold air to escape or warm air to creep in.

For Zero Weather

This Regal *Patrician* is the most comfortable of winter caps. Its warm earband, which folds inside when not needed, protects against bitterest cold. Remember, all Regal *Patricians* are "Cravenetted"—never shrink in size or become shapeless when exposed to bad weather. They wear much longer and always look smart. Sold by 20,000 dealers at $3.00 to $5.00.

425 Fifth Ave., New York THE REGAL-SPEAR CO. 647 S. Wells St., Chicago
LARGEST CLOTH HEADWEAR HOUSE IN THE WORLD

Regal Patrician Caps

C. O. D.

(Continued from Page 19)

At eight o'clock under a sputtering arc light on Front Street the Wildcat and Dwindle Daniels were established in the business of selling fried fish, and waiting for the rush of trade that would come when the parade passed them.

"Stan' close to de oil stove, ole Mud Turtle. I cracks de shell off o' you befo' de train leaves. Dis sho is de slow dryenest mud I ever seed. Leave them pants on you. Does you take 'em off you nevah gits 'em back. Stan' still."

The Wildcat broke a few pounds of mud from the porter's uniform.

"Stan' close to de blaze. When de mud dries you peels easy as a shellbark hick'ry nut."

The success of the peeling process was all gummed up at nine o'clock by the Portland humidity, which won its usual bet. From the heavy skies a light rain began to fall. At half past nine, with the booming drum of the parade sounding up the street, the raiment which draped the shivering form of Dwindle Daniels was again sogged down to its original saturation point.

"Wilcat, I don' see how kin I make my run to San F'mcisco."

"You makes yo' run all right. You deadheads me, an' I does yo' work whilst you hangs out de front vegetable of de car. Ole wind dry you out sudden. Git ready for de gran' rush. Here's de head of de parade."

The Wildcat threw back his head and bawled into the evening air:

"Fried fish! Smelt fish! Here you is, two bits a pan!"

He lowered his head to gratify his curiosity concerning the technic of beating a bass drum.

"Sho craves 'at boy's job. Some day when I gits rich I buys me a bass drum. 'At drum bammer sho swings a mean club.

"Fried fish! Smelt fish! Two bits a pan."

Following the band and leading the parade, heavily laden with a false dignity which had completely eradicated his spinal curvature, there appeared the rag-head Hindu who had escaped with the Wildcat from the carload of undesirable aliens on the night of the train robbers' fiesta below The Dalles. A little before the head of the parade reached the arc light under which the Wildcat and Dwindle Daniels had inaugurated their fish business the Hindu turned and raised his arms. The parade stopped. The rag-head signaled for his companions to come close about him. In precise English he broke into a violent harangue, wherein the least radical of the evil doctrines he preached would have been sufficient to have transformed the United States into a second Russia. Midway of his speech one of the accompanying platoon of police officers stepped up to him.

"Can that stuff, you anarchist! Come wid me!"

The officer reached for the Hindu, and this gesture of the law's hand was a signal which launched a riot into being.

"Boy, dis looks like a bad ruckus!" The Wildcat spoke quickly to Dwindle Daniels. "Wish't ole Cap'n Jack was here. Chances is us niggers gits lynched."

On the tense instant of conflict a solution to the threatening disaster was born to the Wildcat.

With all the energy of his lungs he bawled his peace message into the turmoil of the night:

"Free fish! Hot fish free! Come and git it!"

Fifty feet from him the rag-head Hindu broke loose from the police officer. The Wildcat witnessed the escape. The Hindu raced toward him, and it was then that mutual recognition was accomplished. The Wildcat leaped into the fugitive's pathway and extended his foot.

The Hindu anarchist pulled a galloping somersault. He revolved twice in the air, and then his face plowed heavily into the pavement.

"Hot dam! Never seed a boy so agile!"

The police officer exercised the good judgment common to the majesty of the law in moments of great mental stress. He made a swing at the Wildcat with his stick.

Plunk!

The locust club impacted heavily with the Wildcat's skull. The Wildcat blinked his eyes.

"How come? Cap'n, suh, I thought you craved to ketch dat rag-head boy!"

He pointed at the inert Hindu on the pavement.

"Didn't aim to hit you."

"Cap'n, yes, suh."

The Wildcat hoped that the next time the policeman would aim straight at him. He turned to the crowd and renewed his pacifying propaganda:

"Free fish! Come and git it! Here you is, boys!"

The Wildcat's invitation and the smell of the frying smelt won the field against the doctrines of the defeated agitator. A minute later the fish wagon was ringed about with a hundred brunet fish eaters. The riot had evaporated. Here was the end of the trail. Serious thinking gave place to heavy eating. Crazy ideas no longer tormented heads whose owners' object in life was to eat more fried smelts than the men next to them. The sergeant commanding the platoon of police sized up the situation.

"Looks to me like the end of a perfect day."

A brother officer addressed the sergeant.

"Better take this rag-head in with us. How about it?"

"Sure! Book him as a vag until we see who he is. Tell Jimmy to hold him on an A-and-B charge if any of them jail-breaking sharks try to spring him."

The Wildcat broke in with a little testimony.

"Cap'n, suh, I knows dat boy. He bust loose from a travelin' jail on de train comin' from Chicago. The gov'ment men ketched him some place."

The sergeant of police looked quickly at the officer whose fingers were closed about the chain attached to the handcuffs of the Hindu's wrists.

"Hear what this boy says? Maybe this rag-head is that agitatin' alien that got loose from the carload that landed here three days ago."

"How about holdin' this fellow for a witness?"

The officer nodded his head toward the Wildcat. The sergeant debated for a moment, during which the Wildcat's freedom wavered in an unstable balance. Finally the sergeant spoke, and with his words the Wildcat's liberty was assured.

"We don't need him. We've got enough to hold this rag-head with—and the bull pen is crowded anyhow."

The Wildcat got the drift of the crisis that had passed.

"Cap'n, suh, I sho is obliged to you. Me an' ole Mud Turtle here aims to take our midnight run to San F'mcisco."

The Mud Turtle, who was busy dealing out free fried smelts, paused long enough to crack a few segments of dried mud from his uniform. He hit himself on the chest and another nickel-plated button in an area of blue cloth was revealed in the light of the street lamp.

"Us sho do," he confirmed. "Me an' dis Wilcat boy's railroad men."

A few minutes later the Wildcat augmented the disappearing supply of free fish with a little sound advice to his patrons.

"Nevah seed such fool niggers. Was ol' Cap'n Jack here he sho would calm you down wid a club. You gits yo' heads full o' crazy notions, an' after de ruckus dey hauls you out feet fust. Think like white folks, does you crave to, but unless you aims to festoon your health an' strength wid a funeral box an' lead a graveyard procession, stop wid de thinkin'. Think like white folks does, but don't act dat way. Next time befo' you 'filiates wid any wild men say howdy to a mess o' vittles. De river's full o' free fish, and de jail's full o' crazy folks like dat rag-head Hindu boy. Nex' time anybody tells you you's de same as white folks bust him in de nose an' walk away fast. 'At's all."

The Wildcat ended his preaching and turned to his associate.

"Come on heah, ole Mud Turtle. Le's take dis mule an' wagon back to dat liv'ry stable boy befo' us gits 'rested for lendin' hum permanent."

The Wildcat drove to the livery stable. The Mud Turtle, seated beside him, spent the time en route to the place in scraping the mud from his southern hemisphere.

At the livery stable he removed his ponderous rubber boots and sloshed his feet with a hose. He paid the rent for the mule and wagon.

(Continued on Page 149)

STANDARD EIGHT

A POWERFUL CAR

POWER is the factor behind big men that makes their work so smooth and confident.

The unusual power of the Standard Eight shows in the quiet, easy way it takes the steepest hills. But in the mazes of downtown street traffic—its wheels barely turning—there is at your command that same telling, decisive force.

To catch the full joy of motoring, have the smooth, confident work of this powerful car demonstrated to you.

See the models on display at the leading automobile shows.

Vestibule Sedan, $5000 *Sedan, $4800* *Sedanette, $4500* *Coupé, $4500*
Touring Car, $3400 *Roadster, $3400* *Chassis, $3150*

Above prices, f. o. b. Butler, Pa., guaranteed until April 1, 1921

STANDARD STEEL CAR COMPANY
Automotive Department *Pittsburgh, Pa.*

The Premier

First among cleaners

PICTURES

RADIATORS

WALLS

MATTRESSES

UPHOLSTERY

An Attachment for Every Task

and with abundance of power

The cleaning of upholstery and mattresses, of pillows, curtains and hangings, is quite as important as the regular cleaning of rugs. And it is often much more difficult.

Your vacuum cleaner should do this work easily, quickly and thoroughly, if it has efficient attachments and adequate suction power.

Premier attachments are scientifically designed and are made efficient by an abundance of powerful suction. This suction gets all dust and dirt from rugs and carpets. The attachments clean everything else in the room—walls, woodwork, pictures, chandeliers and radiators. There is an attachment for every cleaning task.

A light, handy machine

The Premier, with all its power, weighs only eleven pounds. It is easily carried from room to room or up and down stairs.

Made of aluminum, the metal which combines light weight with strength, with a powerful G-E type motor, Premier construction is standardized. A Premier is a lifetime investment.

Every Premier is sold with service, just as are fine motor cars. There are 50 Premier Service Stations in the leading cities of the United States and Canada.

Have a home demonstration

Every Premier dealer will gladly bring the Premier to your home and show you how it solves every cleaning problem.

If you don't know his name, write us and we will advise you. Better do this today.

ELECTRIC VACUUM CLEANER CO., Inc., Cleveland, Ohio

Premier Service Stations in Principal Cities

Exclusive Canadian Distributors, Canadian General Electric Company, Limited, Toronto, Ontario, and Branches

(Continued from Page 146)

"Heah's fo' bits mo'. Take dat oil stove back to dat sto' by de riveh," he directed.

Carrying the boots in his hand he walked beside the Wildcat toward the ramshackle hotel below Burnside Street. In the cold night a summary of the day's misfortunes settled heavily upon the marching pair.

"Sho turned out rough," the Mud Turtle remarked.

The Wildcat sought a smile in the frown which had gathered on Lady Luck's features.

"Sho might have been worse. S'posin' you'd been drownded in de riveh. S'posin' dat policeman had took me to de jail. S'posin' I'd 'a' had two thousan' dollars 'stid o' one when 'at boy cleaned me. Naw, suh! Us is half lucky. Wish't I could meet up wid 'at boy now an' give him a ride wid a pair o' taper bones like de Backslid Baptis' used to make."

The Mud Turtle looked sideways at the Wildcat.

"Boy, you an' me is podnehs. Confidential I tells you does you crave taper bones I has me a pair."

"Is you? Lemme see, Mud Turtle, lemme see!"

The porter fished round in an inside pocket of his soggy uniform and produced a pair of green dice.

"Heah dey is. I dasn't use 'em. Ain't learned de thumb twist yit, an' dey sho means trouble is you ketched workin' 'em."

"Gimme dem bones, boy. I craves trouble wid dat Spindlin' nigger what cleaned me. Gimme ten dollars. Pray to Lady Luck to have dat boy waitin' at de hotel. By rights 'at's my money. Does I meet up wid dat boy, I sho cleans him rough!"

The Mud Turtle handed the dice and a ten-dollar bill to the Wildcat.

"Lady Luck don't have to do nuthin'. Dat boy nevah is anywhere else 'cept at de hotel.

"Does you start sumpin', finish quick! It's midnight now, an' 'at San F'mcisco train pulls out at one o'clock."

The Wildcat paid no heed to his companion's words. He was engaged in twisting the dice in the nervous fingers of his right hand.

"Dey feels right. Dey sho feels right. Boy, de thumb twist come to me befo' I was nine yeahs old. When I was fo'teen mah Uncle Gabe learnt me nevah to ace, deuce or twelve. Wid dese bones an yo' ten-dollah bill, when I gits thoo wid 'at nigger he won't have no mo' money than a frog has feathers."

The pair entered the hotel. The Mud Turtle went directly to his room, wherein he began the difficult business of oozing his Number Twelve feet into a pair of Number Ten shoes.

The Wildcat sought the Spindlin' Spider, in whose web he had sacrificed his thousand dollars earlier in the day. He found his man leaning against a pool table in a room adjoining the lobby of the hotel.

"Howdy, boy."

The honeyed accents of gentle forgiveness dripped from the Wildcat's quiet salutation. The Spindlin' Spider looked at him.

"Howdy? How is you?"

"Me, Ise noble—an' bustin' wid a cravin' fo' revenge." The Wildcat raised his voice. "Shoots ten dollars!"

Under the flat nose of the Spindlin' Spider he waved the ten-dollar bill he had borrowed from the Mud Turtle. The Spider produced a roll of bills and peeled a ten-spot therefrom.

"Roll 'em! You an' me both craves action."

The Wildcat had hooked his fish. He twisted the green taper dice in a handful of fingers whose tips bulged with a fine technic that had been distilled from years of study and practice. Here on the green cloth of the pool table was his field of battle.

Before him lay his entire capital, matched by an equal amount from the Spindlin' Spider's roll.

"Ise a wile cat for revenge, an' Ise on my prowl! Pay-day dice, speak my name! Bam! Five an' deuce. I lets it lay. Shower down!"

The Spindlin' Spider covered his bet.

"Gallopers, stay lame on seven! Train-robber babies, fo'ty dollars in de sack. I reads six-five!

"Rally roun', boys! Shoots fo'ty dollars! Fade me, boy! Bugle dice, blow de cash call! Harvest babies, pick yo' cotton! Bam! An' I reads fo'-trey!"

The Wildcat stowed away a trio of ten-dollar bills as an insurance policy against accident.

"Shoots fifty dollars!"

The Spindlin' Spider shaved five ten-dollar bills from his roll.

"Roll 'em!" he said.

The Wildcat lifted his brace of tapered cubes high above his head.

"Honey-bee babies, git yo' stinger hot! Shotgun dice, spout yo' lead! Key cubes, unlock de han'cuffs! Bam! Dey reads seven. I lets it lay. Shower down, boy! Fade me! Shoots a hund'ed dollars!"

"You're faded."

Summerland and Mount Rainier

More Money

What Would You Do With It?

Suppose you were earning $100.00 a week instead of—$40.00—what would you do with the difference?

Suppose you could add even $10.00 a week regularly to your present income—could you spend it pleasantly and profitably?

Think it over. For if you want more money, there is an easy way to get it—a way that is bringing extra dollars to men and women the country over.

Mr. George M. Brigham
Illinois

Mrs. I. O. Dodge
Indiana

Mr. Jack Hoefer
Missouri

What Others Have Done

All over the United States are scattered prosperous, contented representatives of *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*. Many of them are earning $100.00 a week and more—practically all of them receive from us for their spare time from $1.50 to $3.00 an hour. Yet the demand for the three Curtis publications is so great that these subscription workers' can't begin to meet it. They have hardly scratched the surface of the opportunities open to live workers in every community. As Mr. Hoefer, one of the representatives pictured at the left, so truly remarks, "Any hustler should easily earn $100.00 to $200.00 extra each month looking after the renewals and new subscriptions for the Curtis publications."

What You Can Do

So here is your chance. If you have even an hour or two a week to spare, you can turn every minute to money-making. Age is no barrier to success. Whether you are under twenty or more than fourscore, we have a plan of work that will exactly fit you. Your appointment will be permanent; you need not worry about how long your job will last—every month, every year will bring bigger profits for easier work.

If you want more money, now is the time to learn all about our offer. It costs you just the two cents you pay for a stamp: it may be the means of your earning hundreds of extra dollars.

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The Spider had his feet wet, and now he waded deeper into the river of revenge. The Wildcat rolled the dice carefully against his leg.

"Squirrel dice, ketch de top limb! Ham cubes, drip yo' gravy! Mule bones, resurrection morn! Brakin' on de B. & O.—bust an' out!"

The gallopers rattled across the pool table and went to sleep with a six-five staring the Spindlin' Spider in the face.

"I lets it lay! Shoots two hundred dollars. De gin dice makes de big boy sick. Fade me, ole Mule Lip! What fo' yo' mouth draggin'?"

A look of doubt began to travel across the Spindlin' Spider's features, but the moral pressure of the crowd about him forced him into the slaughterhouse.

Slowly he counted two hundred dollars from his roll and laid it beside the Wildcat's stake. The Wildcat breathed the hot breath of hope upon the twin cubes in his hand.

"Lady dice, git lovely! Snake babies, coil roun' de coin! Grub cubes, 'semble yo' rations! Army gallopers, as you was! Bam!"

The green clickers subsided near the end cushion of the pool table. A five-spot smiled on the top side of one and a helpful deuce laughed cheerfully at the Wildcat from the other.

"Hot dam! Weddin' dice done rung de bell! 'At's fo' hundred dollars. Shoots fo' hundred! Fade me! You says yo' blood is hot fo' action. Fade me!"

The lower jaw swinging from the Spindlin' Spider's face dropped something less than a foot. His expression was suddenly full of quinine. He craved an exit while the exit business was good, but a reputation created by considerable indiscreet language had locked the door.

From his depleted roll he laid down forty ten-dollar bills.

"'At about cleans me." He looked at the remains of his stake. "'At about cleans me."

His voice had lost the aggressive quality which had marked his oratory five minutes earlier.

"'At's eight hundred dollars. More like Ise used to shootin'."

The Wildcat rubbed his finger tips quickly across the taper cubes.

"Eight hundred iron men. Lady Luck, stan' by me! Preacher bones, make 'em bow down! Riveh dice, high an' dry! Over de riffle! Whuff! Bam! An' I reads seven."

"Ump!" The Spindlin' Spider grunted an accompaniment to a wave of gray which lightened the ebony of his features.

The Wildcat picked up the mass of bank notes and straightened them out. He turned to the Spider:

"Mule Lip, how much is you got left? Shoots you fo' what you's got. Mebbe you builds up. Nevah can tell. Mah luck's boun' to break sometime."

The Spider replied weakly, "Ise got mine. 'At's plenty."

"What you mean, you's got yours? Thought you claimed you was a sport. You's got money, ain't you? You ain't got yours till you goes broke. Ain't I right, boys?"

The Wildcat made a quick survey of the faces about him. From the lips of the Mud Turtle, who had silently joined the group, came a come-on verdict:

"You sho is."

"H-ar dat?" The Wildcat turned again to the Spindlin' Spider. "Hear dat? You ain't got yours till you goes broke. How much is you got? Shoots it all—double or nuthin'."

The Spider weakly disgorged his roll. He counted out a total of two hundred dollars.

"Boy, one pass an' I cleans you! Li'l' snow flakes, sof'ly fall! Come on dice, C. O. D. Bam! An' de black specks read—seven. Hot dam! Boy, you's done! Lady Luck, heah you is!"

The Wildcat pocketed his roll of bills and covered the money with a wide palm wherein lay the taper cubes. He edged through the crowd. With his left hand he reached for the Mud Turtle:

"Come on heah, boy. Dat San F'mcisco train gits nervous dog-gone soon."

In the vestibule of the Mud Turtle's car on the San Francisco train the Wildcat held out the taper cubes and a handful of winnings. "Ole Mud Turtle, heah's yo' victory dice, an' heah's fo' hundred dollars. Dat gits you a new unifawm. Git in dere by de steam pipes whilst I tells dem passenger folks where de San F'mcisco train goes to. Hot dam! I knowed dem smelt fish was lucky!"

The Mud Turtle pocketed his dice.

"Wilecat, Ise lucky too. Falls in de riveh an' comes out wid fo' hun'ed dollahs! You sho got speed!"

"Call dat speed? Wait 'til us 'cumulates mah mascot goat. Den us heats up dem C. O. D. dice an' Ah shows you what me an' Lady Luck kin do when de speed bell rings. You ain't seed me speed yet!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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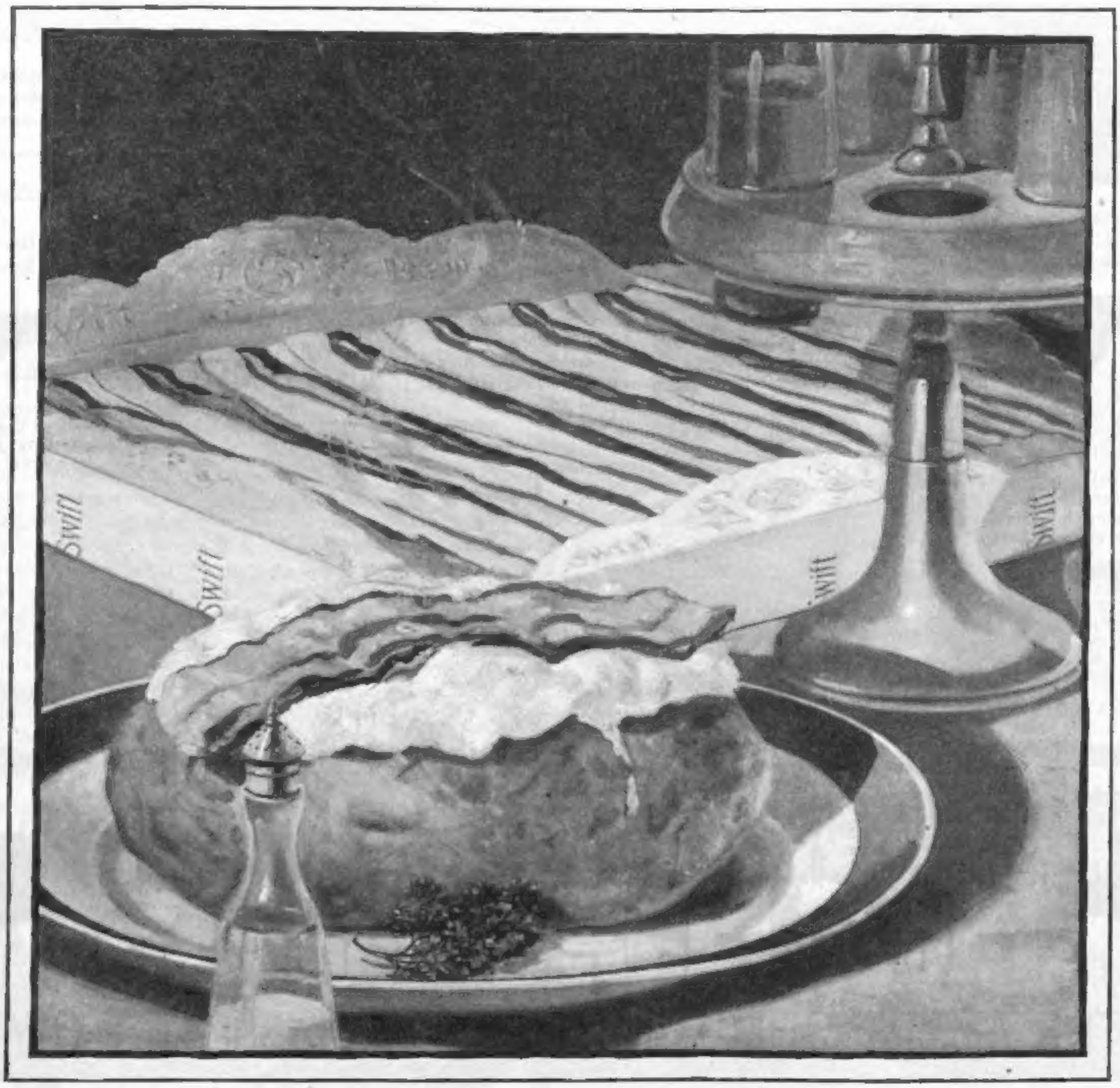

A Premium Bacon dish for dinner

THE delightful possibilities of bacon in the dinner menu were discovered by the good home cooks of America. Here is one of those good home recipes which is easy to prepare and well worth trying.

Choose a nice big potato for each member of the family, grease the surface and bake. Cut off the top of the baked potato and remove the inner part without breaking the shell. Mash potato, season with salt, paprika and one teaspoon cream or milk. Refill shell, place a strip of Swift's Premium Bacon along the top and set under the broiler to brown.

The charm of the dish is, of course, dependent upon the bacon which gives the seasoning. The delicate flavor of Premium Bacon pervades the tender, mealy potato heart, steaming out from it in appetizing odors.

No other bacon will give you just that rare balance of flavors which is the charm of Swift's Premium Bacon. Be sure to ask for it when you are buying. This bacon assures you an even balance of fat and lean and a uniform delicacy of flavor. It comes in the strip or cut in thin, even slices and packed in cartons. It is not touched by hands.

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Swift's Premium Bacon

A message to family men [*Meaning all those who take their meals at home, and are glad of it.*]

Just a little action there please, Gentlemen—right by your own fireside. Ask Her to order some "crackin' good Walnuts"—and show Her you mean it, by eating them when She puts them on the table.

You'll thank *us* for the suggestion, and *Her* for meeting it!

DIAMOND BRAND Walnuts are just fine to nibble on—beat candy four ways for Sunday—or if you *will* have candy, what's better than Walnut Candy, made to order right in your own home?

And Walnut Cake! There's nothing like Walnuts for cake!

Of course She'll co-operate if *you* show some interest. Have Her get our free Recipe Book, or *you* send for one for Her. A post-card will bring it—and *anyone* has time to scratch off a post-card.

Why not give Her this page right now and let Her read *these* recipes? Maybe She'll have a surprise for you when you sit down to dinner tomorrow night.

—and a message to "Her" [*Meaning the real Head of the House, who tries so hard to get Him to say what he'd like for dinner.*]

He is like so many other men, perhaps—often remarking he'd like "something different," but seldom making a *definite* suggestion, because not posted along cookery lines.

If he'll only get to eating these wholesome DIAMOND BRAND Walnuts more often, you'll have a menu help that will make many a meal easy and "different"—really *distinctive*.

Many ways to use them besides right out of the shell. Our Recipe Book gives more than a hundred practical, proven cooking formulas—and all of them will "come out right," if you're careful to use DIAMOND BRAND, the Walnuts of dependable quality—better grown, better graded, even tested for weight, to insure you plump, perfect kernels. Be sure that your Dealer takes them direct from the DIAMOND BRAND bag.

BROWN BETTY PUDDING

2 cups finely chopped apples; ½ cup brown sugar; ½ cup bread crumbs; ½ cup chopped Diamond Brand Walnut Meats; cinnamon, nutmeg, butter. Put layer of apples in buttered baking dish. Sprinkle with sugar, bread crumbs, walnut meats and spices. Dot with butter. Put in another layer of apples. Sprinkle with Walnuts, etc. and repeat till ingredients are used, finishing with bread crumbs on top. Cover and bake 45 minutes. Remove cover and let brown on top. Serve warm with cream.

DELICIOUS WALNUT BREAD

3 cups flour; ¾ cup brown sugar; ½ teaspoon salt; 3 teaspoons baking powder; 1 cup Diamond Brand Walnut Meats; 1 egg; 1 cup milk. Mix and sift dry ingredients. Mix in Walnut meats. Add egg, well beaten, and milk. Pour into a greased pan and bake one hour. Have oven barely warm the first fifteen minutes, gradually increasing the heat. You will find this bread especially tempting when served warm. Also it is delicious when toasted and served with marmalade or jam.

ROASTED WALNUTS

Something new and delicious

Put any number of Diamond Brand Walnuts in a moderate oven, right in the shell. The time necessary depends upon the oven temperature, but 30 minutes will generally be found satisfactory. When the nuts are roasted, crack and eat the meats. You'll find they have a new flavor—piquant, distinctive, "morcish."

The recipes on this page—and many more just as tempting—are given in our new recipe book pictured here. It contains the favorite dishes of the Wives of the Walnut Growers as well as the choicest Walnut recipes of a leading culinary expert. Send your Dealer's name and address for a free copy. Address Department I, California Walnut Growers Association, Los Angeles, California.

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